

BOSTON MEDICAL
LIBRARY



COLLECTION OF
EDWIN NEWTON OHL, PH.D.

Ashmole (Elias), 1617 - 1692.

Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum. Containing Severall Poeticall Pieces of our Famous English Philosophers, who have written the Hermetique Mysteries in their owne Ancient Lnaguage. Faithfully Collected into one Volume, with Annotations thereon. Thick small 4to. Title printed in red and black with a very fine engraved title vignette. With folding plate by John Goddard, 7 full-page and several smaller engravings by Robert Vaughan. Old Calf, neatly rebacked, gilt title-piece.

London: J. Grismond for Nath. Brooke, 1652

Ashmole, "perhaps the most remarkable antiquarian adventurer of the century" (Gunther) and founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, provided in the Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum the most valuable collection of old English alchemical writings in verse, 29 altogether. The first and longest (106 pages) of them is the original English version of The Ordinall of Alchimy Thomas Norton of Bristol (fl. 1477), a true storehouse of medieval science. Two other contributions of first-rate importance are The Compound of Alchymie by George Ripley (c.1415-1490) and The Tale of the Chanons Yeoman by Geoffrey Chaucer.

Ashmole's collection was one of the favorite books of Sir Isaac Newton. An entry in one of his note-books shows that he bought it in 1669 for £ 1.8.0. Manuscript transcripts of parts of this book, in Newton's handwriting, are still extant and his richly annotated copy of the printed book is also preserved. The fine engravings by Vaughan are of unusual interest.

One of the very rarest books in English alchemy. Ours is a fine, well-preserved copy, but without the unnumbered plate between pp. 436-437, which is found

in half-a-dozen copies only.— Wing A.3987. Not in the James Young Collection (see Ferguson I, 52, who consequently says: "Difficult to get complete."). Read 174 ff. Thorndike IV, 351 ff. Jung, passim. M. Nierenstein & P.F.Chapman, Enquiry into the authorship of the Ordinall of Alchimy, in : Isis, XVIII (1932), 290-321.

THEATRUM CHEMICUM BRITANNICUM.

CONTAINING

Severall Poeticall Pieces of our Famous *Engliſh Philoſophers*, who have written the *Hermetique Myſteries* in their owne Ancient Language.

Faithfully Collected into one Volume, with Annotations thereon,

By ELIAS ASHMOLE, *Eſq.*

Qui eſt Mercuriophilus Anglicus.

THE FIRST PART.



LONDON,
Printed by *J. Griſmond* for NATH: BROOKE, at the Angel in *Cornhill*. MDCLII.

TO
All Ingeniously Elaborate Students, In the most Divine Mysteries of *Hermetique Learning.*

THE Subject *of this ensuing* Worke, *is a* Philosophicall *account of that Eminent* Secret *treasur'd up in the bosome of* Nature; *which hath been sought for of* Many, *but found by a* Few, *notwithstanding* Experienc'd Antiquity *hath afforded* faithfull (*though not* frequent) Discoveries *thereof. Past* Ages *have like* Rivers *conveied downe to us,* (*upon the floate,*) *the more* light, *and* Sophisticall *pieces of* Learning; *but what were* Profound *and* Misterious, *the weight and solidity thereof, sunke to the Bottome; Whence every one who attempts to dive, cannot easily fetch them up: So, that what our* Saviour *said to his* Disciples, *may* (*I hope without offence*) *be spoken to the Elected* Sons *of* Art; Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdome of God; but to others in Parables, that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand,

Our English Philosophers *Generally,* (*like* Prophets) have received little honour (*unlesse what hath beene privately paid them*) in their owne Countrey; nor *have they* done any mighty Workes amongst us, *except in covertly administring their* Medicine *to a* few Sick, *and* healing them. (*For greater* Experiments *then what it performes in* Physick, *they never publikely made shew of.*) *Thus did* I. O. (*one of the first foure* Fellowes *of the* Fratres R. C.) *in curing the young* Earle *of* Norfolke, *of the* Leprosie; *and* Doctor B. *in carrying off the* virulency *of the* Small-pox, *twice, from* Queen Elizabeth; *insomuch that they never appeared. But in* Parts abroad *they have found more noble* Reception, *and the* world *greedy of obteyning their* Workes; *nay,* (*rather then want the sight thereof*) *contented to view*

them through a Translation, though never so imperfect. Witnesse what Maierus, Hermannus, Combachius, Faber, and many others have done; the first of which came out of Germanie, to live in England; purposely that he might so understand our English Tongue, as to Translate Norton's Ordinall into Latin verse, which most judiciously and learnedly he did: Yet (to our shame be it spoken) his Entertainement was too too course for so deserving a Scholler.

How great a blemish is it then to us, that refuse to reade so Famous Authors in our Naturall Language, whilst Strangers are necessitated, to Reade them in Ours, to understand them in their Own, Yet think the dignity of the Subject, much more deserving, then their Paines.

If this We do but ingeniously Consider, We shall judge it more of Reason that We looke back upon, then neglect such pieces of Learning as are Natives of our owne Countrey, and by this Inquisition, finde no Nation hath Written more, or better, although at present (as well through our owne Supineneſſe, as the Decrees of Fate,) few of their Workes can be found. John Leland tooke very much paines, even at the yeilding up of the Ghost, of our English Learning, to preserve its latest (but weakest, 'cause almost spent) Breath; and from him John Bale, with John Pitts (who indeed is but Bale's Plagiary) hath left us a Catalogue of the Writers of this Nation. and that's neere all. Yet Posterity for this is deeply obliged. What punishment then did their pestilent Malice deserve, who rob'd us of their whole Workes?

A Juditious Author speaking of the Dissolution of our Monasteries, saith thus: Many Manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition then Red letters in the Front, were condemned to the Fire; and here a principall Key of Antiquity was lost to the great prejudice of Posterity. Indeed (such was Learnings misfortune, at that great Devastation of our English Libraries, that) where a Red letter or a Mathematicall Diagram appeared, they were sufficient to intitle the Booke to be Popish or Diabolicall.

Our English Nation hath ever beene happy for Learning and Learned men, and to illustrate this, I hope it will not prove distastfull.

As first, the Druydæ (the famous and mysterious Druydæ) that were Priests, Diviners, and Wise men: and took their Originall and Name from Druys Sarronyus the fourth King of the Celts, (styled Sapientum & Augurum Doctor,) who dyed Anno Mundi. 2069.

Next

Next the Bardi, *who celebrated the* Illustrious Deeds *of* Famous Men, *which they ingeniously disposd in* Heroique Verse, *and sung them to the sweete* Melody *of the* Harpe: *Amongst other* Testimonies *hereof receive* Chaucer's;

> The old gentle Britton in her dayes
> Of diverse adventures maden Layes,
> Rymed fell in her Mother Tongue,
> Which Layes, with her Instruments they songe.

These Philosophers *had their Name from* Bardus Druydus (*the* King *of the* Celts,) *who was the first* Inventor *of* Verses, *as* Berosius *tells us*; *and dyed* An. Mundi 2138. *Neither of these* Sects *of* Philosophers *used any* writing (*indeed it was not lawfull*; *for*,) *such was the* Policy *and* Curiosity *of* Elder Ages (*to defend their* Learning *and* Mysteries *from the Injury of* Ignorant Interpretations) *that they delivered them to* Posterity, *by* Tradition *only*.

Cæsar *testifies*, (*and tis a noble* Testimony) *That the* Learning *of the* Druydi, *was first invented in* Britaine, *and thence transferr'd into* France; *and that, in all his time, those of* France *came over hither to be Instructed*. Agricola (*in* Tacitus) *preferrs the* Britaines *before the* Students *of* France (*notwithstanding that they were of a* docible Wit, *and apt to* Learne) *in that they were curious in attaining the* Eloquence *of the* Latin Tongue.

As for Magick, Pliny *tells us*, *It flourished in* Britaine, *and that the* People *there were so devoted to it* (*yea, with all Complements of* Ceremony) *a man would think that even the* Persian *learned his* Magick *thence*.

A Germane Poet, *sayes, that when the World was troubled with* Pannonick Invasions, England *flourished in the knowledge of all* good Arts; *and was able to send of her* Learned Men *into other Countries, to propogate* Learning; *and instances* Winifrid (*alias* Boniface *the* Devonshire *Man*) *and* Willebroad (*the* Northerne *Man*) *that were sent into* Germany.

Nay more, England *was twice* Schoole-Mistris *to* France (*for so saith* Peter Ramus) *viz. First by the* Druydæ (*who taught them their* Discipline) *and afterwards by* Alcunius, *in* Charles the Great's *time, through whose perswasions the* Emperour *founded the* University *of* Paris.

For the Saxons, *it is not to be denied but that many of them, after their*

their conversion to Christianity, *were exceedingly* Learned; *and before that, much addicted to* Southsaying, Augury, *Divination* by the Neighing *of* Horses, *&c. And tis worth the Enquiry (there being more in it then we ordinarily apprehend) why they in Generall worshiped* Herthus [*i. e. Dame* Earth] *for a* Goddesse, *and honoured* Mercury *above all the* Gods *of the* Germanes, *whom they called* Wooden, (*hence* Wodensday *now our* Wednesday?) *For, they believed that this Dame* Herthus *Intermediated in* Humane Affaires *and* Relieved *the* Poore; *whose* Image *was made* Armed, *standing among* Flowers, *having in its* right hand *a* Staffe, *and in it a* Banner, *wherein was painted a* Rose; *In the other* Hand *a* Ballance, *and upon the* Head *thereof a* Cock; *on the* Brest *a carved* Beare, *and before the* Midle, *a fixed* Scutchion; *in* Chiefe *whereof was also a* Ballance; *in* Face, *a* Lyon; *and in* Point, *a* Rose. *And for their* God Wooden *they esteemed him as their* God *of* Battaile, *representing him by an* Armed Man. *Insomuch that wee to this very day retaine the Word* Wood *among us, to Signifie Fierce, Furious, Raging,* [*as when one is in a great* Rage, *we usually say he is* Wood:] *So the* Mercury *of the* Philosophers *is shaddowed under the fierce and terrible Names of* Lyon, Dragon, Poyson, *&c. But this is not* All, *although it be* Something.

And now to come yet neerer to our Selves; *we must needs say that of* Later Times (*since the* Conquest) *our Nation hath produced such* Famous *and* eminently learned Men, *as have equall'd (if not surpast) the greatest* Schollers *of other* Nations, *and happy were We if now we could but partake of those* Legacies *they left, and which* Envy *and* Ignorance *has defrauded us of: (Howsoever the small remainder which is left, we have good reason to prize,*

> For out of olde Fields as Men saythe,
> Cometh alle this new Corne fro yeare to yeare;
> And out of olde Bokes in good faythe
> Cometh alle this Scyence, that Men leare.)

That England *hath beene successively enrich'd with such* Men, *our Country-men* John Leland (*and I never heard he was* Partiall) *abundantly* Testifies: *who avers, That* Generally *wee have had a great number of excellent* Wits *and* Writers, *learned with the best as* Times *served, who besides their knowledge in the* foure Tongues, *in which*

which part of them excelled, there was no Liberall Science *or any* Feate *concerning* Learning, *in which they have not shewed certainte* Arguments *of great* Felicity *and* Wit. *And thus much for the* Generality *of* Learning.

Now for a Particular *account of the* Hermetique Science, *vouchsafe* (Ingenious Reader) *to accept the ensuing* Collections, *yet not so, as if therein were contained all the* Workes *of our* Englisſh Hermetique Philoſophers, (*for more are deſign'd in a* Second Part *to follow and compleate* this *a full* Theatrum; *the which* GOD *allowing me further* Time *and* Tranquility *to run through it, as I have already this, I intend ſhortly to make ready for the* Preſſe.) *Whereby yet more to manifeſt what* Men *we have had, no leſſe famous for this kinde of* Philoſophy, *then for all other Commendable* Arts *and* Sciences.

To adde any thing to the praiſe *thereof, were but to hold a* Candle *before the* Sunne; *or ſhould I here deliver a full* Account *of the* Marvellous Operations *and* Effects *thereof, it would be as far beyond the limits of a* Preface, *as remote from the* Beliefe *of the generality of the* World. *Nor doe I expect that all my* Readers *ſhould come with an* Engagement, *to believe what I here* write, *or that there was ever any ſuch thing* in rerum natura *as what we call* A Philoſophers Stone, *nor will I perſwade them to it, (though I muſt tell them I have not the* vanity *to publiſh theſe* Sacred *and* Serious Myſteries *and* Arcana, *as* Romances) *tis enough that I know* Incredulity is given to the world as a puniſhment. *Yet Ile tell them what one of our* Ancient Poeticall Philoſophers ſayes,

If yow wyl lyſten to my Lay,
Something thereby yow mate finde,
That may content your minde:
I will not ſweare to make yow gibe credence,
For a Philoſopher will finde, here in Evidence
Of the Truth; and to Men that be Lay,
I ſhill not greatly what they ſay.

I muſt profeſſe I know enough to hold my Tongue, *but not enough to* Speake; *and the no leſſe* Reall *then* Miraculous Fruits *I have found in my diligent* enquiry *into theſe* Arcana, *lead me on to ſuch* degrees *of* Admiration, *they command* Silence, *and force me to loſe*

my

my Tongue. *Yet, as one greatly affecting my* Native Countrey, *and the satisfaction of all* Ingenious Artists, *I have published (for their use) these ensuing* Collected Antiquities; *and shall here say something more then they speak of.*

He who shall have the happinesse to meet with S. Dunstans *Worke* De Occulta Philosophia, (*a Booke which* E.G.A.I. *made much use of, and which shall chiefly back what here I am about to say) may therein reade such* Stories *as will make him* amaz'd *to think what* stupendious *and* Immense *things are to bee performed by vertue of the* Philosophers Mercury, *of which a* Taste *onely and no more.*

And first, of the Minerall Stone, *the which is wrought up to the degree onely that hath the power of* Transmuting *any* Imperfect Earthy Matter *into its utmost degree of* Perfection; *that is, to convert the basest of* Metalls *into perfect* Gold *and* Silver; Flints *into all manner of* Precious Stones; [*as* Rubies, Saphirs, Emeralds, *and* Diamonds, *&c.*] *and many more* Experiments *of the like nature. But as this is but a* part, *so it is the least share of that* Blessing *which may be acquired by the* Philosophers Materia, *if the full vertue thereof were knowne.* Gold *I confesse is a delicious* Object, *a goodly* Light, *which we admire and gaze upon* ut Pueri in Junonis avem; *but, as to make* Gold (*saith an incomparable* Authour) is the cheifest intent of the Alchimists, so was it scarce any intent of the ancient Philosophers, *and the lowest use the* Adepti *made of this* Materia.

For they being lovers of Wisdome *more then* Worldly Wealth, *drove at* higher *and more* Excellent Operations: *And certainly* He *to whom the whole* Course *of* Nature *lyes open, rejoyceth not so much that he can make* Gold *and* Silver, *or the* Divells *to become* Subject *to him, as that he sees the* Heavens *open, the* Angells *of* God *Ascending and Descending, and that his own Name is fairely written in the* Book of life.

Next, to come to the Vegitable, Magicall, *and* Angelicall Stones; *the which have in them no part of the* Minerall Stone (Quatenus *a* Stone Fermented *with* Metalline *and* Earthy Nature) *for they are marvelously* Subtile, *and each of them differing in* Operation *and* Nature, *because* Fitted *and* Fermented *for severall* Effects *and* Purposes. *Doubtlesse* Adam (*with the* Fathers *before the* Flood,

and

and since) Abraham, Moses, *and* Solomon, *wrought many* Wonders *by them, yet the utmost of their* Vertues *they never fully understood; nor indeed any* but GOD the Maker of All things in Heaven and Earth, blessed for evermore.

For, by the Vegitable *may be perfectly known the* Nature *of* Man, Beasts, Foules, Fishes, *together with all kinds of* Trees, Plants, Flowers, *&c. and how to* produce *and make them* Grow, Flourish *&* beare Fruit; *how to encrease them in* Colour *and* Smell, *and when and where we please, and all this not onely at an instant*, Experimenti gratia, *but* Daily, Monethly, Yearly, *at any* Time, *at any* Season; *yea, in the depth of* Winter. *And therefore not unlike, but the* Wall-nut-Tree *which anciently grew in* Glastenbury Church-yard, *and never put forth* Leaves *before S.* Barnabies Day, *yet then was fully loaded with them, as also the* Hawthorne *there, so greatly fam'd for shooting forth* Leaves *and* Flowers *at* Christmas, *together with the* Oake *in* New-Forrest *in* Hampshire *that bore greene* Leaves *at the same* Season; *may be some* Experiments *made of the* Vegitable Stone.

Besides the Masculine *part of it which is wrought up to a* Solar Quality, *and through its exceeding* Heat *will* burne *up and* destroy *any* Creature, Plant, *&c. That which is* Lunar *&* Feminine (*if immediately applyed*) *will mitigate it with its extreme* Cold: *and in like manner the* Lunar Quality *benums and congeals any* Animall, *&c. unlesse it be presently helped and resolved by that of the* Sun; *For though they both are made out of* one Natural Substance; *yet in working they have contrary* Qualities: *nevertheless there is such a* naturall Assistance *between them, that what the one cannot doe, the other both can, and will perform.*

Nor are their inward Vertues *more then their* outward Beauties; *for the* Solar *part is of so* resplendent, transparent Lustre, *that the* Eye *of* Man *is scarce able to indure it; and if the* Lunar *part be expos'd abroad in a* dark Night, Birds *will repaire to* (*and circulate about*) *it, as a* Fly *round a* Candle, *and submit themselves to the* Captivity *of the* Hand: *And this invites mee to believe, that the* Stone *which the ancient Hermet* (*being then* 140 *Years old*) *tooke out of the* Wall *in his* Cell, *and shewed* Cornelius Gallus, *Ann.* 1602. *was of the Nature of this* Vegitable Stone: *For,* (*upon the opening his* Golden Box *wherein it was inclosed*) *it dilated its* Beames *all*

over the Roome, *and that with so great* Splendor, *that it overcame the* Light *that was kindled therein*; *Besides the* Hermet *refused to* project *it upon* Metall (*as being unworthy of it*) *but made his* Experiment *upon* Veronica *and* Rue.

By the Magicall *or* Prospective Stone *it is possible to discover any* Person *in what part of the* World *soever, although never so secretly concealed or hid*; *in* Chambers, Closets, *or* Cavernes *of the* Earth: *For there it makes a strict* Inquisition. *In a Word, it fairely presents to your view even the* whole World, *wherein to* behold, heare, *or* see *your* Desire. *Nay more, It enables Man to* understand *the Language of the* Creatures, *as the* Chirping *of* Birds, Lowing *of* Beasts, *&c. To* Convey *a* Spirit *into an* Image, *which by observing the* Influence *of* Heavenly Bodies, *shall become a true* Oracle; *And yet this as* E. A. *assures you, is not any wayes* Necromanticall, *or* Devilish; *but* easy, wonderous easy, Naturall *and* Honest.

Lastly, as touching the Angelicall Stone, *it is so* subtill, *saith the aforesaid* Author, *that it can neither be* seene, felt, *or* weighed; *but* Tasted *only. The* voyce *of* Man (*which bears some proportion to these subtill properties,*) *comes short in comparison*; *Nay the* Air *it selfe is not so penetrable, and yet (Oh mysterious Wonder!)* A Stone, *that will lodge in the* Fire *to* Eternity *without being prejudiced. It hath a* Divine Power, Celestiall, *and* Invisible, *above the rest*; *and endowes the possessor with* Divine Gifts. *It affords the* Apparition *of* Angells, *and gives a power of conversing with them, by* Dreames *and* Revelations: *nor dare any* Evill Spirit *approach the* Place *where it* lodgeth. *Because it is a* Quintessence wherein there is no corruptible Thing: and where the Elements are not corrupt, no Devill can stay or abide.

S. Dunston *calls it* the Food of Angels, *and by others it is tearmed* The Heavenly Viaticum; The Tree of Life; *and is undoubtedly* (*next under GOD*) *the true* Alchochodon, *or* Giver of Years; *for by it* Mans Body *is preserved from* Corruption, *being thereby inabled to* live *a long time without* Foode: *nay 'tis made a question whether any* Man *can* Dye *that uses it. Which I doe not so much admire, as to think why the* Possessors *of it should desire to* live, *that have those* Manifestations *of* Glory *and* Eternity, *presented unto their* Fleshly Eyes; *but rather desire to be* Dissolved, *and to enjoy the full* Fruition, *then live where they must be content with the bar of* Speculation.

After

After Hermes *had once obtained the* Knowledge *of this* Stone, *he gave over the use of all other* Stones, *and therein only delighted*: Moses, *and* Solomon, (*together with* Hermes *were the only three, that*) *excelled in the* Knowledge *thereof, and who therewith wrought* Wonders.

That there is a Gift *of* Prophesie *hid in the* Red-stone, Racis *will tell you*; *for thereby* (saith he) Philosophers *have* foretold things to come: *And* Petrus Bonus *avers, that they did* Prophesie, *not only* Generally *but* Specially; *having a* Fore-knowledge *of the* Resurrection, Incarnation *of* Christ, day *of* Judgement, *and that the* World *should be consumed with* Fire: *and this not otherwise, then from the* Insight *of their Operations.*

In Briefe, by the true and various use *of the* Philosophers Prima materia (for there are diversities of Gifts, but the same spirit) *the perfection of* Liberall Sciences *are made known, the whole* Wisdome *of* Nature *may be grasped*: *And* (*Notwithstanding what hath been said, I must further adde*) There are yet hid greater things then these, for we have seen but few of his Workes.

Howbeit, there are but a few Stocks *that are fitted to Inoculate the* Grafts *of this* Science *on*: *They are* Mysteries Incommunicable *to any but the* Adepti, *and those that have beene* Devoted *even from their* Cradles *to* serve *and* waite *at this* Altar: *And how rarely* such *have been heard of, may appear by* Norton:

For, saith he (saith he) of scarcely One
In Fifteene Kingdomes had our Red Stone.

And they *perhaps were* (*with S.*Paul) Caught up into Paradice, and *as he*, heard unspeakeable Words, *so they, wrought unoperable Workes*; such as it is not lawfull for to utter.

Of such *as these therefore* will I glory, yet of my selfe I will not glory, but of mine Infirmities. *And truly* whether such were in the Body or out of the Body I cannot tell, GOD knoweth, *doubtlesse* they were not far from the Kingdome of GOD.

But I feare I have waded *too farre*; *and therefore now to give some* Particular Account, *as well touching the* Publication *of this* Worke, *as also the* Disposition *thereof, and the* Nature *of the* Obsolete Language *wherein tis Written*: *I shall in the First place acquaint the* Reader, *that the kinde* Acceptance *my former* Endeavours *received at the Hands of* Candid Artists, *in publishing some* Chemicall Collections; *very earnestly invited me to finde out a* Second Piece

wherewith to present those Gratefull Persons. *Whereupon I intended to rally up some of my own* Conceptions *in this* Science, *and expose them also to the* Test: *But* (*to this end, reviewing the* Philosophers) *I found that many* (*assuming that Name*) *wrote what their* Fancies, *not their* Hands *had wrought, and further then in* Apprehension *had not seene* Projection; (*amongst whom our* Ripley *was sometime One, as appeares by his Ingenious* Retractation, *hereafter mentioned:*) *and being truly sensible of the great* Injury *such* Workes *have done young* Students (*at the first not able to distinguish, who have written upon their undeceveable* Experience, *who not; and consequently, not which to follow, or which to avoyde*) *I withdrew my* Thoughts (*having never as yet set my selfe* Effectually *upon the* Manuall Practise) *lest I should adde to the many* Injuries *the* World *has already suffered, by delivering the bare* Medley *of my* Dubious Apprehensions, *without the confident* Attestation *of* Practise: *and be justly esteemed as* indiscreete *as those whom* Ripley *mentions, that prate*

Of Robin Hode and of his Bow,
Which never shot therein I trow.

Yet still casting about what to make choyce *of, at length* (*by the incouragement of some that are* Industrious *after* publique benefit) *Centred my* Thoughts, *and fix'd them on this* designe *of* Collecting *All* (*or as many as I could meete with*) *of our own* English Hermetique Philosophers, *and to make them* publique.

Nor did I change this Resolution *with my* Clothes, *notwithstanding the* Difficulties *I saw, ready to encounter and obstruct the* Undertaking: *For, besides the* Paines *and* Care *that was thereunto requisite, the* Feare *of not meeting with, or obtaining the* Originall Manuscripts, *or* Authentique Copies *of this* Nature, (*which I knew to be in some* Mens hands, *yet wanting them my selfe,*) *shrewdly beset, though nothing discourag'd me: yet was I therewith freely and plentifully supplyed by some* worthy *and* intimate Friends, *whom I would gladly here* mention, *but that I well know they delight not to see their* Names *in* Print. *These had, My* Care *was next to* dispose *them in such a* Series *as might be answerable to the* Respective Times, *wherein each* Author Flourished; *and withall to the best* Advantage *of the laborious* Student: *the which I have manag'd with so just an* Adequation, *as (I hope) will neither detract from the due* Honour *of the* One, *nor yet disturbe or darken the direct* path *of the* Other.

But

But whilst I was doing this, I made a Question (*in regard some* Philosophers *had writ in* Verse, *others in* Prose) *which of these should take* Precedency; *and after some* Consideration *adjudged it to the* Poetique part: *And that, not only because its* Originall *may probably* Anticipate *the time of* Orpheus, (*although he be noted by* Maierus, Primus Antistes, Sacerdos, Theologus, *VATES*, & Doctor totius Græcorum nationis) *because that* Linus *is said to be the most* Perite *of any* Lyrick Poet, *and so* Ancient *that some suppose him Master to* Orpheus, *who writ that admirable* Allegory *of the* Golden Fleece, *and was the first of all the* Grecians *that brought the* Chemick Learning (*with other* Sciences) *out of* Ægipt, *as the other the first that brought the* Phænician Learning *to the* Grecians: *I say not only for that it is the* Ancientest, *and* Prose *but of* Latter *use with other* Nations: *but because* Poetry *hath bin most* Anciently *used with* us, *and* (*as if from a* Grant *of* Nature) *held unquestionable.*

Again, the Excellent Melody *thereof is so* Naturall *and* Universall, *as that it seemes to be* borne *with all the Nations of the* World, *as an* Hereditary Eloquence *proper to all* Mankinde: *Nor was this all, for I considered that it Claimes a* Generall succession, *and* Reception, *in All* Nations, *all* Ages, *Who were never without a* Homer, *a* Virgil, *or an* Ovid: *No not this small* Segment *of the* World [England] *without a* Rasis Cestrensis *and an* Hortulanus; *For the* First *of these, His* Liber Luminum, *and his* Lumen de Luminum, *are the* Ancientest *now extant in* Latine Verse: *In the latter of which, I cannot omit this* Title *of his,* [Responsio Rasis Cestrensis Filio suo Merlino;] *Whereby it appeares he was* Merlin's Contemporary (*at least*) *if not his* Master, *in this* Abstruse Mystery. *These* Workes *of his are both Published by* Hermannus, *but very* Imperfectly, *as I found by Comparing them with a* Manuscript, *as ancient as* King John's Time. *And for the* Second He *was the first* Christian Philosopher *after* Morienus, *who* (*travelling abroad and returning hither in the* Raigne *of* William *the* Conquerour) *because he was the first that* Transplanted *the* Chemicall Muses *from remotest* Parts *into his own* Country, *is called* Garland, ab Coronam Hermeticam & Poeticam. *But, to returne to our* Matter.

If neither its Antiquity, *nor the* Naturall Ratification, Generall Succession, *and* Reception *thereof, were enough to allow it the* Right-hand *of* Fellowship, *yet I suppose the* Effects *thereof,* (*which so affect and delight the* Eare, *rejoyce the* Heart, *satisfie the* Judge-

ment,

ment, *and indulge the* Hearers) *justly may : In regard* Poesy *has a* Life, *a* Pulse, *and such a secret* Energy, *as leaves in the* Minde, *a far deeper* Impression, *then what runs in the slow and evenlesse* Numbers *of* Prose : *whereby it won so much upon the* World, *That in* Rude Times, *and even amongst* Barbarous Nations, *when other sorts of* Learning *stood excluded, there was nothing more in* Estimation. *And for that we call* Rythme ; *the Custome of divers of our* Saxon *and* Norman Poets, *shewes the* Opinion *they had thereof ; whilst the* Latine *(notwithstanding its* Excellency *) could not sufficiently delight their* Eares, *unlesse their* Verses (*in that* Language,) *were form'd with an* Harmonicall Cadence, *and brought into* Rythme : *Nor did the* Ancients *wrap up their* Chiefest Mysteries, *any where else, then in the* Parobolical *&* Allusive *part of* Poetry, *as the most* Sacred, *and* Venerable *in their* Esteeme, *and the secureſt from* Prophane *and* Vulgar Wits. *For such was the goodnesse of our* Fathers, *that they would not willingly hazard (much lesse throw) their* Childrens Bread *among* Dogs ; *And therefore their* Wisdome *and* Policy *was, First, to finde out a* way *to* Teach, *and then an* Art *(which was this) to* Conceale. *In a* word, *to prefer* Prose *before* Poetry, *is no other, or better, then to let a* Rough-hewen-Clowne, *take the* Wall *of a* Rich-clad-Lady *of* Honour : *or to* Hang *a* Presence Chamber *with* Tarpalin, *instead of* Tapestry.

And for these Reasons, *and out of these* Respects, *the* Poeticall (*as I conceiv'd) deserved the* Precedency.

Howbeit probably some of these Pieces (*now brought to* publique Light) *had welnigh* perish'd *in a silent* Ruine ; *and* Destruction *got a compleate Victory over them, but that my* Diligence *and* Laborious Inquisition *rescued them from the* Jawes *thereof : being almost quite shrouded in the* Dust *of* Antiquity, *and involv'd in the* obscurity *of* forgotten things, *with their* Leaves *halfe* Worme-eaten. *And a wonder it is, that (like the* Creatures *in* Noahs Arke) *they were hitherto so safely preserved from that* Universall Deluge, *which (at the* Dissolution of Abbies) *overflowed our greatest* Libraries.

And in doing thus, I presume it no Arrogance *to challenge the* Reputation *of performing a* Worke, *next that of a* Mans *own : and something* more, *in that (as if having the* Elixir *it selfe) I have made* Old Age *become* Young *and* Lively, *by restoring* each of the Ancient Writers *not only to the* Spring *of their severall* Beauties, *but to the* Summer *of their* Strength *and* Perfection.

As

As for the whole Worke *it ſelfe, it is* ſheav'd *up from a few* gleanings *in part of our* Engliſh Fields; *where though I have beſtowed my* Induſtry *to pick up here and there, what I could finde in my* way, *yet I believe there are many other* Pieces *of this* Nature *in private* Hands, *which if any are pleas'd* (*out of the ſame* Ingenious ſcore *that I have* publiſhed *theſe,*) *to* Communicate *to me: I ſhall ſet thereon a* value *ſutable to the* worth *of their* Favours, *and let the* World *know its* Obligation *to them beſides.*

The Style *and* Language *thereof, may, I confeſſe (to ſome) ſeeme* Irkſome *and* Uncouth, *and ſo it is indeed to thoſe that are* ſtrangers *thereunto; but withall very* Significant: *Old* words *have ſtrong* Emphaſis; *others may look upon them as* Rubbiſh *or* Trifles, *but they are groſly* Miſtaken *: for what ſome light* Braines *may eſteem as* Fooliſh Toys; *deeper* Judgements *can and will value as ſound and* ſerious Matter.

We Engliſh have often varied our Faſhions (ſuch is the levity of our Fancies) *and therefore if you meet with* Spellings *different from thoſe in uſe; or uncouth* Words *as ſtrangely ridiculous, as a* Maunch, Hood, Cod-piece, *or* Trunke-hoſe, *know; as they were the faſhionable* Attyres, *ſo theſe the uſuall* Dialects *of thoſe* Times: *And* Poſterity *will pay us in our own* Coyne, *ſhould we deride the* behaviour *and* dreſſe *of our* Anceſtors. *For We muſt conſider that* Languages *which are daily uſed in our* Diſcourſe, *are in as continuall* Mutation: *what* Cuſtome *brings into* habit, *is beſt lik'd for the* Preſent, *whether it be to revive what is* loſt, *or introduce ſomething* new; *or to piece up the* preſent, *with the retained ſhreds of what* preceded; *But* learned Tongues (*which are contain'd in* Books) *injoy a more* immutable Fate, *becauſe not* ſubject *to be waſht away with the daily* tyde *and* current *of* Times. *They are like the* faſhion *and* Drapery *wrought on* Marble Statues, *which muſt ever be retained without* alteration.

And therefore that the Truth *and* Worth *of their* Workes *might receive no* Diminution *by my* Tranſcription, *I purpoſely* retain'd *the old* Words *and manner of their* Spelling, *as I found them in the* Originalls (*except only ſome palpable* Miſtakes *and* Blemiſhes *of former* Tranſcribers, *which I took upon me to* correct and purge *as litle more then* Litterall Imperfections:) *yet not to leave the* Reader *unſatisfied, have added a* Compendious Table, *for the* Interpretation *of* Old, unuſuall, *and* obſolete Words, *and thereby ſmooth'd (as I ſuppoſe) the* Paſſage *for ſuch as have not hitherto bin* Converſant *in theſe* Ancient Rough-hew'd Expreſſions.

Where-

Wherefore you that love to converse with the Dead, *or consult with their* Monuments, *draw near: perhaps you may find more benefit in them, then the* Living; *There you may meet with the* Genii *of our* Hermetique Philosophers, *learne the* Language *in which they woo'd and courted* Dame Nature, *and enjoy them more* freely, *and at Greater* Command, *(to satisfie your* Doubts) *then when they were in the* Flesh; *For, they have* Written *more then they would* Speake; *and left their* Lines *so* Rich, *as if they had dissolved* Gold *in their* Inke, *and clad their* Words *with the* Soveraign Moysture.

My Annotations *are limited within the Bounds of what is* Historicall, *or what* occasionally *must needs intrench on the* Confines *of other* Arts, *and all* Glosses *upon the* Philosophicall Worke *purposely omitted, for the same* Reasons *that I chose to send forth other* Mens Children *into the* World, *rather then my own. And what* presumptuous Mistaks, *or* Errors, *the* Candid Reader *shall meet with, will (I hope) be* Censured *with no lesse* Favour *and* Charity, *then that whereby they are wont to* Judge *the* Faults *of these they esteem their* Friends *and* Well-wishers.

And now to Conclude: *May the GOD of NATURE be graciously pleased (out of the Immense Treasury of his* Goodness) *to vouchsafe all such (whose good* Angells *direct them to, or have already Religiously Engaged them in this* Mysterious *knowledge) the Full and Entire* Accomplishments *of a True and Pious* Philosopher, [*To wit,* Learning, Humility, Judgement, Courage, Hope, Patience, Discretion, Charity *&* Secrecie:] *That so they may enjoy the* Fruits *of their* Labours, *which otherwise will be but* vain, *and* unpleasant: *and causelessly render the* Divine Science *and* Secret *it selfe,* Contemptible.

Farewell (Industrious Students) *and let your* Goodnesse *still invite me to accomplish the* End *I have proposed: In doing which,* (*I presume*) *you may one* Day *esteeme me, better deserving your* Patronage; *At least-wise, your charitable* Censure: *which is all the* Recompence Expected *or* Merited, *by him, who is*

Yours Really Devoted,

26 *Jan.* 165$\frac{1}{2}$.

E. Ashmole.

THE ORDINALL OF ALCHIMY.

VVritten by

THOMAS NORTON

OF

BRISTOLL.

Liber iſte Clericis monſtrat ſcientiam,
Liber ſed Laicis *auget* inſcitiam:
Liber, honores juvans per copiam:
Et Liber pauperum fugans inopiam:
Liber fiduciæ eſt & veritatis:
Regibus conſilium, doctrina Prælatis:
Et Liber utilis viris beatis
Vivere qui cupiunt abſq; peccatis.
Liber ſecretum, Liber doni Dei,
Electis ſemita, vires bonæ ſpei,
Valens conſtantibus firmæ fidei:
Ve non credentibus verbis oris mei.
Quærunt Alchimiam, falſi quoque recti:
Falſi ſine numero, ſed hi ſunt rejecti,
Et cupiditatibus (heu) tot ſunt infecti,
Quod inter mille millia, vix ſunt tres electi,
Iſtam ad ſcientiam multi ſunt vocati
Nobiles, & pauperes, inſcii, literati,
Qui noe lunt labores, neque tempus pati;
Ideo non perficient, quia ſunt ingrati:
Liber Artis filios docet iſte ſatis,
Quibus hæc percipere deus dedit gratis,
Verſiculis propheticis quatuor his credatis,
Omnia dat gratis divinæ fons pietatis.
Hæc nobilis ſcientia eſt tantum illis data,
Qui diligunt juſtitiam, mente cum beata;
Dolo/is, & raptoribus ſed eſt denegata,
Propter peccata tardantur *munera grata.*

Sæpe

THis Booke the greatest *Clearkes* may teach,
But *shorteneth* the *Vulgar-Reach*:
A Booke that gets (by Wealth) *Renowne*,
And *Boggles* at a *thred-bare-Gowne*:
A *trusty-Booke* of *faithfull-Things*;
Instructing *Priests*, Advising *Kings*:
A Booke that's fitted for the *sence*
Of Man, who lives without *offence*:
A Booke of *secrets* given by *God*;
To men *Elect*, *a Beaten-Trod*:
Availing such as *constant* be
In *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *trusting Me*.
Good Men and *Bad*, even Numberlesse,
(The latter, but without successe)
Desire the *Art*: But still (Alas!)
They are so given to *Avarice*,
That of a *Million*, hardly *three*
Were ere Ordaind for *Alchimy*.
Yet many *called* every *Houre*,
Learn'd and *Unlearned*, *Rich*, and *Poore*;
Who'll neither *Tend*, nor take the *Paines*;
And therefore *Trudge* without the *Gaines*.
On whom *God* doth this *Art* bestow,
Her *Sons* may herein fully know:
By these * *foure-lines* you may believe
Heaven doth all things gratis give.
This *Art* in such you only finde
As *Justice* love, with *spotles-Minde*:
But tis deny'd to *guilefull Men*;
For sin protracts the gifts of Heaven.

* These foure Prophetick lines extracted from Sir *John Abbot* of *Bridlingtons* Prophecies, *Ubi de Tauro*, &c.

Sæpe Reges Angliæ decoraſſet hæc res,
Firma ſi in domino fuiſſet eorum ſpes;
Ille ſed qui capiet per hanc rem honores,
Antiquos mores mutabit in meliores.
Iſte cumque venerit, regnum reformabit,
Virtutibus & moribus, & exemplum dabit
Sempiternum Regibus; plebs tunc jubilabit,
Et mutuo ſe diligens laudes Deo dabit:
O Rex, hæc facturus! Deum Regem ora,
Et ejus auxilium pro re hac implora:
Tunc regi juſto fulgenti mente decora
Grata ſupervenient *quâ non ſperabitur hora.*

Theſe had adorn'd the *Engliſh-Throne,*
If they had truſted *God* alone:
For he that hereby *Honor* winns,
Shall change the old for better things.
And when he comes to *rule* the Land,
Reforme it with a *vertuous hand:*
Leaving *examples* of *good deedes*
To every *King* that him *ſucceedes:*
Then ſhall the People *Jubilize*
In *mutuall love*; and *ſacrifiſe*
Praiſes to *God.* O *King* that ſhall
Theſe *Workes!* implore the *God* of all
For timely helpe, in this *good thing:*
So to a *Juſt*, and *Glorious King,*
Moſt goodly Graces *ſhall deſcend,*
When leaſt look'd for: *To Crowne his End.*

The Proheme.

TO the honor of *God*, One in Persons three,
This Boke is made, that *Lay-men* shulde it see,
And Clerks alsoe, after my decease,
Whereby all *Lay-men* which putteth them in prease,
To seech by *Alkimy* great ryches to winn
May finde good Counsell er they such warke begin;
And greate deceipts they may hereby eschewe,
And by this doctrine know falf men from trewe.
Nathles Clerks greate secreats heere may leare,
But all *Lay men* shall finde heere cause to feare,
And to beware of falf illusions,
Which *Multiplyers* worke with their Conclusions:
But for that I desire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers, unknowne shall be my name.
That no man shulde therafter search, ne looke,
But wisely Consider the flowers of this booke:
Of every estate that is within Mankind
If yee make search much people ye may finde,
Which to *Alkimy* their Corage doe addres
Only for appetite of Lucre and Riches.
As *Popes* with *Cardinalls* of *Dignity*,
Archbyshopes with *Byshopes* of *high* degree;
With *Abbots* and *Priors* of Religion,
With *Friars*, *Heremites*, and *Preests* manie one,
And *Kings* with *Princes* and *Lords* great of blood,
For every estate *desireth* after good;

And

And Merchaunts alſo which dwell in the fiere
Of brenning Covetiſe, have thereto deſire;
And *Common-workemen* will not be out-lafte,
For as well as *Lords* they love this noble Crafte;
As *Gouldſmithes* whome we ſhulde leſt repreve
For *ſights* in their Craft meveth them to beleeve:
But wonder it is that *Wevers* deale with ſuch warks,
Free Maſons and *Tanners* with poore *Pariſh Clerks*;
Tailors and *Glaſiers* woll not thereof ceaſe,
And eke ſely *Tinkers* will put them in the preaſe
With greate preſumption; but yet ſome collour there was,
For all ſuch Men as give Tincture to Glaſſe:
But many *Artificers* have byn over-ſwifte
With haſty Credence to fume away their thrifte:
And albeit that loſſes made them to ſmarte,
Yet ever in hope continued their hearte,
Truſting ſome tyme to ſpeede right well,
Of many ſuch truly I can tell,
Which in ſuch hope continued all their lyfe,
Whereby they were pore and made to unthriſe:
It had byne good for them to have left off
In ſeaſon, for noughte they founde but a ſcoffe,
For trewly he that is not a greate *Clerke*
Is nice and lewde to medle with this warke;
Ye may truſt me well it is no ſmall inginn
To know all ſecreats pertaining to the Myne;
For it is moſt profound *Philoſophie*,
The ſubtill ſcience of holy *Alkimy*,
Of which Science here I intend to write,
Howbeit I may not curiouſly indite.
For he that ſhulde all a common people teache,
He muſt for them uſe plaine and common ſpeache;
Though that I write in plaine, and hoemely wiſe
No good Man then ſhulde ſuch writenge diſpiſe.

All *Maſters* that write of this Soleme werke
They made their Bokes to many Men full derke,
In Poyſes, Parables, and in Metaphors alſoe,
Which to Shollers cauſeth peine and woe:
For in their practiſe whan they would it aſſay,
They leeſe their Coſts, as men ſee aldaye.
Hermes, *Raſis*, *Geber*, and *Avicen*,
Merlin, *Hortolan*, *Democrit*, and *Morien*,
Bacon, and *Raimond*, with others many moe
Wrote under covert, and *Ariſtotle* alſoe.
For what hereof they wrote with their penn,
Their Cloudy Clauſes dulled many Men:
Fro *Lay-men*, Fro *Clearks*, and ſo fro every Man
They hid this *Art* that no Man finde it cann.
By their bokes do they ſhew Reaſons faire,
Whereby much people are brought into diſpaire.
Yet *Anaxagoras* wrote plaineſt of them all
In his boke of *Converſions naturall*;
Of the old *Fathers* that ever I founde
He moſt diſcloſed of this *Science* the grownde;
Whereof *Ariſtotle* had greate envy,
And him rebuked unrightfully
In many places, as I can well report,
Intending that men to him ſhulde not reſort:
For he was large of his cunning and love,
God have his ſoule in bliſſe with him above:
And ſuche as ſowed envious ſeede,
God forgive them their miſdeede.
As the *Mounke* which a Boke did write
Of a *thouſand receipts* in mallice for deſpight;
Which be coppied in many a place
Whereby hath beene made pale many a Face;
And many *Gownds* have byne made bare of hewe,
And men made fals which before tyme were trewe.

Wherefore

Wherefore my Pitty doth me conſtreyne
To ſhew the trewth in fewe words and plaine,
Soe that you may fro falſe doctrine flee,
If ye give Credence to this boke and mee;
Avoide your Bokes written of Receipts,
For all ſuch Receipts are full of Deceipts;
Truſt not ſuch Receipts, and lerne well this Clauſe,
Nothing is wrought but by his proper Cauſe:
Wherefore that Practiſe falleth farr behinde
Wher Knowledge of the cauſe is not in minde:
Therefore remember ever more wiſely, (whie.
That you woorke nothing but you knowe howe and
Alſoe he that would in this *Arte* proceede,
To eſchewe falſhood he hath greate need:
For trewth is good which this *Arte* muſt guide,
Wherefore to falſhood ye may never ſlide;
But ſtedfaſtly your minde muſt be ſet,
Fals Colloured Metall never to Counterfett;
As thei that ſeeke Blanchers or Citrinacions,
Which woll not abide all Examinacions,
Wherewith fals Plate they make as they cann
Or Money to beguile ſome good trew Mann:
But *God* hath made that of this bleſſed *Arte,*
All that be fals ſhall have thereof nøe parte;
He muſt have Grace that would for this *Arte* ſue,
Therefore of right him needeth to be trew:
Alſo he may not be trobled in his Minde
With outward charges, which this *Arte* would finde:
And he that would have his intent,
He muſt have Riches ſufficient.
In many wayes he maie not looke
But only purſue the order of this Boke;
Named of *Alkimy the Ordinall,*
The Crede mihi, *the Standard perpetuall:*

For like as the *Ordinall* to *Preests* ſetteth out
The ſervice of the dayes as they goe aboute:
Soe of all the Bokes unordered in *Alkimy*
The effect is here ſet out Orderly:
Therefore this Boke to an *Alchimiſter* wiſe,
Is a Boke of incomparable price;
Whoſe trewth ſhall never be defiled,
Though it appeare in homely wiſe compiled:
And as I had this *Arte* by Grace from Heaven,
I give you the ſame here in *Chapters ſeaven*:
As largely as by my fealty I may,
By licence of the dreadfull Judge at domes daye.
The *firſt Chapter* ſhall all Men teache
What manner People may this *Science* reache,
And whie the trew *Science* of *Alkimy*,
Is of old Fathers called *Bleſſed and Holy*.
In the *ſecond Chapter* maie be ſayne,
The nice Joyes thereof, with the greate paine.
The *third Chapter* for the love of One,
Shall trewly diſcloſe the Matters of our Stone;
Which the *Arabies* doon *Elixir* call,
Whereof it is, there underſtonde you ſhall.
The *fowerth Chapter* teacheth the groſſe Werke,
A foule laboure not kindly for a *Clerke*.
In which is found full greate travaile,
With many perills, and many a faile.
The *fift Chapter* is of the ſubtill Werk,
Which *God* ordeyned only for a *Clerke*;
Full few *Clerks* can it comprehend,
Therefore to few Men is the *Science* ſend.
The *ſixt Chapter* is of Concord and love,
Between low *natures*, and heavenly ſpheares above:
Whereof trew knowledge advanceth greatly *Clerks*,
And cauſeth furtherance in our wonderfull werks.

The *seaventh Chapter* trewly teach you shall,
The doubtfull Regiments of your Fires all.

NOw Soveraigne *Lord God* me guide and speede,
For to my Matters as now I will proceede,
Praying all men which this Boke shall finde,
With devoute Prayers to have my soule in minde;
And that noe Man for better ne for worse,
Chaunge my writing for drede of *Gods curse*:
For where quick sentence shall seame not to be
Ther may wise men finde selcouthe previtye;
And chaunging of some one sillable
May make this Boke unprofitable.
Therefore trust not to one Reading or twaine,
But twenty tymes it would be over sayne;
For it conteyneth full ponderous sentence,
Albeit that it faute forme of Eloquence;
But the best thing that ye doe shall,
Is to reade many Bokes, and than this withall.


Frater age, et confortet cor-
tuum
Fiducia Iustitia
Sacrario
Accipe donum Dei tui
Secreta

Nortons *Ordinall.*

Chap. I.



MAIS tryefull merveylous and Archimastrye
Is the tincture of holi *Alkimy*:
A wonderfull *Science*, secrete Philosophie,
A singular grace & gifte of th'almightie:
Which never was founde by labour of Mann,
But it by Teaching, or Revelacion begann.
It was never for Mony sold ne bought,
By any Man which for it hath sought:
But given to an able Man by grace,
Wrought with greate Cost, with long layser and space.
It helpeth a Man when he hath neede,
It voydeth vaine Glory, Hope, and also dreade:
It voydeth Ambitiousnesse, Extorcion, and Excesse,
It fenceth Adversity that shee doe not oppresse.
He that thereof hath his full intent,
Forsaketh Extremities, with Measure is content.
Some people would not have it cauled *Holy*,
And in this wise thei doe replye,
Thei say how *Painims* maie th's *Arte* have,
Such as our *Lord God* woll never save:
For their wilfull fals infidelitie,
The cause of goodnes, possessours cannot be.
Alsoe it maketh none other thing
But Gold or Silver, for Mony, Cupp, or Ring.
Whiche of wise men is proved and well founde
Least verteous thing that is upon the Ground.
Wherefore concluding all men of that sect,
Say, how this Science n'is holy in effect.
To this we say and wittnes as we cann
How that this *Science* was never tought to Man;

Chap. 1.

But he were proved perfectly with ſpace,
Whether he were able to receyve this Grace:
For his Trewth, Vertue, and for his ſtable Witt,
Which if he faulte he ſhall never have it;
Alſo no man coulde yet this *Science* reach,
But if *God* ſend a *Maſter* him to teach:
For it is ſoe *wonderfull* and ſoe ſelcouth,
That it muſt needes be tought from mouth to mouth:
Alſo he muſt (be he never ſoe loath)
Receive it with a moſt ſacred dreadfull Oath,
That as we refuſe greate dignitie and fame,
Soe he muſt needly refuſe the ſame.
And alſo that he ſhall not be ſo wilde
To teach this ſeacret to his owne childe;
For nighnes of Blood ne Conſanguinity
May not accepted be to this dignity:
Soe blood as blood, may have hereof noe part,
But only vertue winneth this holy *Arte*:
Therefore ſtraightly you ſhall ſearch and ſee,
All manners and vertues with th'abilitie
Of the perſon which ſhall this *Scyence* leere,
And in likewiſe make him ſtraightlie ſwere:
Soe that noe man ſhall leave this *Arte* behinde,
But he an able and approved Man can finde;
When Age ſhall greeve him to ride or goe,
One he may teach, but then never no moe:
For this *Science* muſt ever ſecret be,
The Cauſe whereof is this as ye may ſee;
If one evill man had hereof all his will
All Chriſtian Peaſe he might haſtilie ſpill,
And with his Pride he might pull downe
Rightfull *Kings* and *Princes* of renowne:
Wherefore the ſentence of perill and jeopardy,
Upon the *Teacher* reſteth dreadfully.

Soe

So than for doubt of such pride and wreach, *Chap.* 1.
He must be ware that will this *Science* teach:
No Man therefore maie reach this greate present,
But he that hath vertues excellent.
Soe though Men weene Possessours not to aide,
To hallow this *Science* as before is said;
Neither seeme not blessed effectually,
Yet in her Order this *Science* is *holy*.
And forasmuch as noe Man maie her finde
But only by grace, she is holy of her kinde.
Also it is a worke and Cure divine,
Foule Copper to make Gold or Silver fine:
No man maie finde such chaunge by his thought,
Of divers kinds which *Gods* hands have wrought.
For *Gods* Conjunctions Man maie not undoe,
But if his Grace fully consent thereto,
By helpe of this *Science*, which our *Lord* above
Hath given to such Men as he doth love;
Wherefore old *Fathers* conveniently
Called this *Science Holy Alkimy*.
Therefore noe Man shulde be too swifte,
To cast away our *Lords* blessed guift:
Consideringe how that Almighty *God*
From great Doctours hath this *Science* forbod,
And graunted it to few Men of his mercy,
Such as be faithfull trew and lowly.
And as there be but *Planets* seaven
Amonge the multitude of starrs in Heaven:
Soe among millions of millions of Mankinde,
Scarslie seaven men maie this *Science* finde.
Wherefore *Lay-men* ye may lere and see
How many *Doctors* of great authoritie,
With many searchers hath this Science sought,
Yet all their labours have turned into nought;

Chap. 1. If thei did coſt, yet found thei none availe,
For of their purpoſe every tyme thei faile;
And in deſpaire thei reaſon and departe,
And then thei ſaid how there is noe ſuch arte;
But fained Fables thei name it where thei goe,
A fals fond thing thei ſay it is alſoe:
Such Men preſume too much upon their minde,
They weene their witts ſufficient this *Arte* to finde.
But of their ſlaunder and words of outrage,
We take thereof trewlie little Charge:
For ſuch be not invited to our feaſt,
Which weeneth themſelves wiſe and can doe leaſte.
Albeit ſuch Men liſt not lenger to perſue,
Yet is this *Science* of *Alkimy* full trew;
And albeit ſome proude *Clerks* ſay nay
Yet every wiſe *Clerke* well conſider may,
How he whiche hereof might no trewth ſee
Maie not hereof lawfull wittnes be,
For it were a wonderous thing and queinte,
A man that never had ſight to peinte.
How ſhoulde a borne blinde Man be ſure
To write or make good Portrature.
To build Poules ſteeple might be greate doubt,
For ſuch proude *Clerks* to bring aboute;
Such might well happ to breake their crowne,
Ere they coude wiſely take it downe.
Wherefore all ſuch are full farr behinde,
To fetch out the ſecreateſt pointe of kinde;
Therefore all Men take theire fortune and chaunce,
Remit ſuch *Clerks* to their Ignorance.

NOw ye that will this *Science* purſue,
Learne ye to know fals Men from trew.
All trew ſearchers of this *Science* of *Alkimy*,
Muſt be full learned in their firſt Philoſophie:

Elſe

Elſe all their laboure ſhall them let and greive, *Chap.* 1.
As he that fetcheth Water in a Sive ;
The trew men ſearch and ſeeke all alone
In hope to finde our delectable ſtone,
And for that thei would that no Man ſhulde have loſſe,
They prove and ſeeke all at their owne Coſte ;
Soe their owne Purſes they will not ſpare,
They make their Coffers thereby full bare,
With greate Patience thei doe proceede,
Truſting only in *God* to be their ſpeede.

THe fals man walketh from Towne to Towne,
For the moſt parte in a threed-bare-Gowne;
Ever ſearching with diligent awaite
To winn his praye with ſome fals deceit
Of ſwearing and leaſing ; ſuch will not ceaſe,
To ſay how they can Silver plate increaſe.
And ever they rayle with perjury;
Saying how they can Multiplie
Gold and Silver,and in ſuch wiſe
With promiſe thei pleaſe the Covetiſe,
And Cauſeth his minde to be on him ſett,
Then Falſehood and Covetiſe be well mett.
But afterwards within a little while
The Multiplier doth him beguile
With his faire promiſe, and with his fals othes,
The Covetiſe is brought to threed-bare clothes:
But if he can haſtily be well aware,
Of the Multiplier and of his Chaffare ,
Of whoſe deceipts much I can reporte,
But I dare not leaſt I give comforte
To ſuch as be diſpoſed to Treachery;
For ſo much hurte mought come thereby ;
Wherefore adviſe you and be wiſe,
Of them which proffer ſuch ſerviſe.

Chap. 1.

If they had Cunning have ye no doubt,
They woll be loath to ſhew it out:
When ſuch men promiſe to Multiplie,
They compaſſe to doe ſome Villony,
Some trew mans goods to beare awaye;
Of ſuch fellowes what ſhulde I ſaye?
All ſuch falſe men where ever thei goe,
They ſhulde be puniſhed, thei be not ſo.
Upon *Nature* thei falſely lye
For Mettalls doe not Multiplie;
Of this Sentence all men be ſure,
Evermore Arte muſt ſerve *Nature.*
Nothing multiplieth as Auctors ſayes,
But by one of theis two wayes,
One by rotting, called Putrefaction,
That other as Beaſts, by Propagation;
Propagation in Mettalls maie not be,
But in our Stone much like thing ye may ſee.
Putrefaction muſt deſtroy and deface,
But it be don in its proper place.
Mettalls of kinde grow lowe under ground,
For above erth ruſt in them is found;
Soe above erth appeareth corruption,
Of mettalls, and in long tyme deſtruction,
Whereof noe Cauſe is found in this Caſe,
But that above Erth thei be not in their place.
Contrarie places to nature cauſeth ſtrife,
As Fiſhes out of water loſen their Lyfe:
And Man, with Beaſts, and Birds live in ayer,
But Stone and Mineralls under Erth repaier.
Phyſicians and Appoticaries faut appetite and will,
To ſeech water flowers on a dry hill:
For *God* hath ordeyned of his wiſdome and grace,
All things to grow in their naturall place.

Againſt

Againſt this doctrine ſome Men replie, *Chap. 1.*
And ſay that Mettalls doe Multiplie:
For of Silver, Lead, Tinn, and alſo Braſſe,
Some veyne is more, and ſome is laſſe,
Or which diverſitie Nature ſhulde ceaſe,
If Mettalls did not multiplie and increaſe;
Wherefore they ſay that reaſon ſheweth nowe,
How that under Erth they multiplie and growe;
Why not then above Erth in veſſells cloſe and faire,
Such as ſhulde preſerve them from Fire Water and Aier?
Hereto we ſay this reaſon is but rude,
For this is noe perfect ſimilitude;
For cauſe efficient of Mettalls finde ye ſhall
Only to be the vertue Minerall,
Which in everie Erth is not found,
But in certaine places of eligible ground;
Into which places the Heavenly Spheare,
Sendeth his beames directly everie yeare.
And as the matters there diſpoſed be
Such Mettalls thereof formed ſhall you ſee.
Few grownds be apt to ſuch generation:
How ſhoulde then above ground be Multiplication?
Alſo all men perceyven that be wiſe,
How Water conjealed with Cold is yſe;
And before tyme it harded was
Some lay in more places and ſome in laſſe,
As water in foſſes of the Carte-wheele,
Were veynes ſmale whan they began to keele,
But water in ditches made veynes more,
For plenty of water that was therein froare.
Hereupon to ſay it were noe good advice,
That therefore of yſe ſhould multiply more yſe.
Soe though there be of Mettalls veynes more and laſſe,
It proveth not that they increaſe more then it was,

Chap. 1. Alſoe ye may truſt without any doubt,
If Multiplying ſhould be brought about:
All th'engredience muſt draw to ſimplcity,
And breake Compoſition as yearly ye may ſee:
For Multiplying of Hearbes how *Nature* hath provided,
That all things joyned in the ſeede be divided:
Elſe ſtalke and leaves which vertually therein be,
May not come forth actually that eye mought them ſee.
But Mettall holdeth his holle Compoſicion,
When corraſive waters have made diſſolucion:
Therefore ſyth yſe is nerrer to ſimplicity,
Then is Mettall, and maie not increaſed be,
Trewly ye maie truſt as I ſaid before,
How of one ounce of Silver, maie Silver be noe more.
Alſo nothing multiplyed ſhall ye finde,
But it be of Vegetative or of Senſitive kinde:
Where Mettalls be only Elamentative,
Having noe ſeede, nether feeling of life;
Wherefore concluding all Multipliers muſt ceaſe,
For Mettalls once Mettalls ſhall noe more increaſe;
Nathleſſe one Mettall tranſmuted we finde,
Unto a Mettall of another kinde,
For propinquity of matter that in them was,
As it is knowne betwixt *Iron* and *Braſſe.*
But to make trew *Silver* or *Gold* is noe ingin,
Except only the Philoſophers medicine.
Wherefore ſuch leaſings as Multipliers uſe,
Clerks reprove and utterly refuſe;
Such art of Multiplying is to be reproved,
But holy *Alkimy* of right is to be loved,
Which treateth of a precious Medicine,
Such as trewly maketh *Gold* and *Silver* fine:
Whereof example for Teſtimonie,
Is in a Citty of *Catilony*.

Which

Which *Raymond Lully*, *Knight*; men suppose, *Chap. 1.*
Made in seaven Images the trewth to disclose;
Three were good *Silver*, in shape like Ladies bright,
Everie each of Foure were *Gold* and did a Knight:
In borders of their Clothing Letters like appeare,
Signifying in Sentence as it sheweth here.

1. Of old Horshoes (said one) I was yre,
Now I am good *Silver* as good as ye desire.
2. I was (said another) *Iron* fet from the Mine,
But now I am *Gould* pure perfect and fine.
3. Whilome was I *Copper* of an old red pann,
Now am I good *Silver*, said the third woman.
4. The fourth saide, I was *Copper* growne in the filthy place,
Now am I perfect *Gould* made by *Gods* grace.
5. The fift said, I was *Silver* perfect through fine,
Now am I perfect *Goulde*, excellent, better then the prime.
6. I was a Pipe of *Leade* well nigh two hundred yeare,
And now to all men good *Silver* I appeare.
7. The seventh said, I *Leade* am *Gould* made for a Maistrie,
But trewlie my fellowes are nerer thereto then I.

This *Science* beareth her name of a King,
Called *Alchimus*, without leasing:
A glorious Prince of most noble minde,
His noble vertues holpe him this arte to finde;
He searched *Nature*, he was nobil *Clerke*,
He left Extorcion, than sought and found this werke.
King *Hermes* alsoe he did the same,
Being a *Clerke* of Excellent fame;
In his *Quadripartite* made of *Astrologie*,
Of *Physique* and of this *Arte* of *Alkimy*,
And also of *Magique naturall*,
As of four *Sciences* in nature passing all.
And there he said that blessed is hee
That knoweth things truly as thei bee.

Chap. 1. And bleſſed is he that maketh due proofe,
For that is roote of cunning and roofe;
For by opinion is many a Man
Deceived, which hereof litle cann.
An old Proverbe, *In a Buſhell of weeninge,*
Is not found one handfull of Cunninge:
With due proofe and with diſcreet aſſaye,
Wiſe men may leare new things every day.
By Cunninge, Men know themſelves and every thinge;
Man is but a Beaſt and worſe without Cunninge:
But litle favour hath every Man
To Science whereof he litle can;
And litle Cunning maketh men proud and wilde,
Sufficient Cunning maketh men full milde.
Nobil men now in manner have deſpighte
Of them that have to Cunning appetite:
But noble Kings in auncient dayes,
Ordained (as olde Auctors ſaies,)
That the ſeven *Sciences* to learne and can,
Shulde none but only a *Noble man*;
And at the leaſt he ſhulde be ſo free,
That he mought Studie with libertie;
Wherefore old Sages did them call
The ſeaven Sciences liberall:
For he that would leare them perfectly and well,
In cleere liberty he muſt dwell.
From worldly warkes he muſt withdrawe,
That would lerne but Mans Lawe:
Much more the Worlde he muſt forſake,
Which many Sciences woulde overtake.
And for that cauſe Men may well ſee,
Why Cunninge men diſpiſed be.
Yet nobil Memory ſhall never ceaſe,
Of him which Cunninge doth increaſe.

Hee which loveth Cunning, Juſtice, and Grace
Is ſet aſide in many a place;
But whoe to Courte bringeth in with guile,
Profit, or preſent, he is the Man that while.
Wherefore this *Science* and many Graces moe,
Be loſt and be departed all ye fro.
And furthermore remember what I ſay,
Sinn caleth faſt for his ending day:
Covetiſe and Cunninge have diſcorde by kinde;
Who lucre coveteth this *Science* ſhall not finde;
But he that loveth Science for her owne kinde,
He may purchaſe both for his bleſſed minde.
Of this *Chapter* more I need not teach,
For here appeareth what men may it reach:
That is to remember only the trewe,
And he that is conſtant in minde to purſue,
And is not Ambitious, to borrow hath no neede,
And can be Patient, not haſty for to ſpeede;
And that in *God* he ſet fully his truſt,
And that in Cunning be fixed all his luſt;
And with all this he leade a rightfull lyfe,
Falſhoode ſubduinge, ſupport no ſinfull ſtrife;
Such Men be apt this *Science* to attaine.
The Chapter following, is of Joy and paine.

CHAP. II.

NORmandy nuriſhed a *Monke* of late,
Which deceived Men of every ſtate.
But before that done he in his fantazie,
Weened he had caught this *Art* fully.
Such rejoycing thereof he had,
That he began to dote and to be madde.

Of

Chap. 2.

Of whoſe *Joyes* (albeit they were ſmalle)
For an enſample I write this Tale.
This *Monke* had walked about in *Fraunce*,
Raunging Apoſtata in his plɔſaunce.
And after he came into this lond,
Willing Men ſhould underſtonde;
How that of *Alkimy* he had the grounde,
By a Boke of *Receipts* which he had founde.
In ſurety thereof he ſet all his minde,
Some nobil Acte to leave behinde;
Whereby his name ſhould be immortall,
And his greate Fame in laude perpetuall.
And ofte he muſed where to beginne,
To ſpend the riches that he ſhulde winn.
And ever he thought loe this I cann,
Where mought I finde ſome truſty Man,
Which would accorde now with my will,
And help my purpoſe to fulfill.
Then would I make upon the plaine
Of *Salisbury* glorious to be ſaine,
Fifteen *Abbies* in a little while,
One *Abbie* in the end of every mile.
Hereupon this *Monke* to me reſorted,
Of truſt (he ſaid) which men of me reported,
His foreſaid mind he did to me tell,
And prayd me to keep his great Councell.
I ſaid before an Image of Saint *Fame*,
That I would never diſcloſe his name;
Yet I may write without all vice,
Of his deſires that were ſo nice.
When he had diſcovered his great Cunning,
He ſaid that he faughted nothing,
But a good meane for his ſolace,
To labour to the *Kings* good grace,

To

To get lycence of his eſtate,
And of his *Lords* mediate,
To purchaſe lond for the *Abbies* aforeſaid,
For which all coſte ſhould be well paied;
But yet he had great doubt and feare,
How to purchaſe, of whom, and where.
When I had heard of this greate werke,
I ſearched (to wit) what manner of *Clerke*
He was, and what he knew of Schoole,
And therein he was but a Foole.
Yet I ſuffered, and held me ſtill,
More to lerne of his lewd Will.
Then ſaid I, it were a lewd thinge,
Such matter to ſhew unto the *Kinge*;
But if the proofe were reaſonable,
He would thinke it a fooliſh Fable.
The *Monke* ſaide how that he had in fire,
A thing which ſhulde fulfill his deſire,
Whereof the trewth within forty dayes,
I ſhulde well know by trew aſſaies.
Then I ſaid, I would no more that tyde,
But forty dayes I ſaid I would abide.
When forty dayes were gone and paſt,
The *Monkes* Crafte was cleane overcaſt.
Then all his *Abbies* and all his thought,
Was turned to a thing of nought;
And as he came, he went full lewde,
Departing in a minde full ſhrewd:
For ſoone after within a little while,
Many trewe men he did beguile;
And afterwards went into *Fraunce*.
Loe! this was a pittifull chance,
That fifteene *Abbies* of Religion,
Shulde in this wiſe fall to confuſion.

Chap. 2. Great wonder was what thing he meant,
And why he set all his intent
Abbies to build; then was it wonder,
Why nould he live Obedient under,
But be Apostata, and range about,
This blessed *Science* to finde out:
But as I wrote above in this Boke,
Let no Deceiver after this *Science* looke.

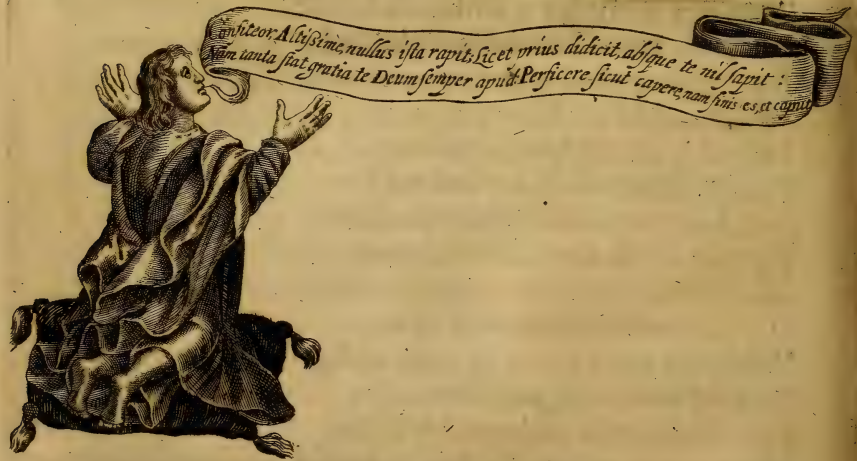
AN other Ensample is good to tell,
Of one that trusted to doe as well
As *Raymond Lully*, or *Bacon* the Frier,
Wherefore he named himselfe *faunce peere*;
He was *Parson* of a little Town,
Not farr from the Citty of *London*,
Which was taken for halfe a Leach,
But little cunning had he to Preach;
He weened him sure this *Arte* to finde;
His Name he would have ever in minde
By meanes of a *Bridge*, imagined in dotage,
To be made over *Thames* for light passage:
Whereof shulde grow a Common ease,
All the Countrey thereabout to please.
Yet though he might that warke fulfill,
It might in no wise suffice his will;
Wherefore he would set up in hight,
That *Bridge* for a wonderfull sight,
With Pinacles guilt shining as goulde,
A glorious thing for men to beholde.
Then he remembred of the newe,
How greater fame shulde him pursue,
If he mought make that *Bridge* so bright,
That it mought shine also by Nighte.
And so continue and not breake,
Than all the Londe of him would speake.

But

But in his minde ran many a doubt,
How he might bring that warke about;
He trowed that Lampes with lights of fire,
Shulde well performe his nice desire;
Wherefore Lampes for that intent,
He would ordaine sufficient:
But then he fell in full great dreade,
How after the time that he were deade;
That light to find Men would refuse,
And chaunge the Rent to some other use.
Then thoughte he well is him that wiste,
In whom he mought set all his truste;
At the laste he thought to make the light,
For that Bridge to shine by nighte,
With *Carbuncle Stones*, to Make men wonder,
With duble reflexion above and under:
Then new thoughts troubled his Minde,
Carbuncle Stones how he mought find;
And where to find wise men and trewe,
Which would for his intent pursue,
In seeking all the Worlde about,
Plenty of *Carbuncles* to find out;
For this he tooke soe micle thought,
That his fatt flesh wasted nigh to nought:
And where he trusted without despaire,
Of this *Science* to have been heire,
When the yeare was fully come and goe,
His *Crafte* was loste, and thrift also;
For when that he tooke up his Glasse,
There was no matter for *Gold* ne *Brasse*:
Then he was angry and well neere wood,
For he had wasted away his good:
In this wise ended all his disporte,
What should I more of him report.

Chap. 2.

But that *Lay-men* and *Clerks* in Schooles,
Maie know the dotage of theis two fooles,
Remember this example where ye goe,
For in ſuch Mindes be trewlie many moe:
Theie lewdly beleeve every Concluſion,
Be it never ſo falſe an eluſion:
If it in boke written they may finde,
Thei weene it trewe, thei be ſo lewde of minde.
Such lewde and haſty confidence,
Cauſeth poverty and lewde expence.
Of truſt of this *Arte* riſeth Joyes nice,
For *lewde hope is fooles Paradice.*
The trewe tought Children made this confeſſion,
Lord without thee all is digreſſion;
For as thou arte of our *Science* beginninge,
Soe without thee may be noe good endinge.



AS of the *Joyes* of this *Arte* ye have ſeene,
Soe ſhall ye now heare ſome deale of the *Paine*:
Albeit contrary to the appetite
Of them that hath to this *Science* delight.

The

The first *Paine* is to remember in minde,
How many seeken, and how few doe finde,
And yet noe Man may this *Science* wynn,
But it be tought him before that he beginn;
He is well lerned, and of full cleere witt,
Which by teaching can surely learne it:
Of many diversities he must be sure,
Which secreats woulde know of working Nature:
Yet teaching maie not surely availe,
But that sometime shall happ a man to faile;
As all that be now dead and gone
Failed before theie found our *Stone*:
One tyme or other, first tyme or laste,
All Men failed till trew Practise were paste;
No Man sooner faileth in heate and colde,
Then doth the *Master* which hasty is and boulde:
For noe Man sooner maie our Worke spill,
Then he that is presuminge his purpose to fulfill:
But he that shall trewlie doe the deede
He must use providence and ever worke with dreade;
For of all paines the most grevious paine,
Is for one faile to beginn all againe.

Every man shall greate *Paine* have
When he shall first this *Arte* covet and crave,
He shall oft tymes Chaunge his desire,
With new tydings which he shall heare;
His Councell shall oftentimes him beguile,
For that season he dreadeth noe subtile wile:
And oftentymes his minde to and fro,
With new Oppinions he shall chaunge in woe:
And soe long tyme continue in Phantasie,
A greate adventure for him to come thereby:
Soe of this *Arte* be ye never so faine,
Yet he must taste of manie a bitter paine.

Chap. 2.

OF *Paines* yet I muſt ſhewe more,
Againſt your appetite though it be full ſore:
It is greate *Paine*, as all wiſe-men geſſe,
To witt where a trewe *Maſter* is;
And if ye finde him, it will be *Paine*,
Of his trewe love to be certeyne.
Foraſmuch as noe Man maie teach but one,
Of the making of our delicious ſtone;
And albeit yee finde him that will ye teach,
Yet much trouble and paines may ye reach;
For if your minde be verteouſly ſet,
Then the *Devil* will labour you to lett;
In three wiſes to let he woll awaite,
With *Haſte*, with *Deſpaire*, and with *Deceipte*:
For dreade of Vertue which ye maie doe,
When ye ſhulde attaine this grace unto.
The firſt perill aforeſaide is of Haſte,
Which cauſeth moſt deſtruction and waſte;
All Auctors writing of this *Arte*,
Saye haſte is of the *Devils* parte:
The little Boke writ of the Philoſophers feaſt,
Saith, *omnis feſtinatio ex parte diaboli eſt*:
Wherefore that Man ſhall ſooneſt ſpeede,
Which with greate Leaſure wiſely woll proceede;
Upon aſſay ye ſhall trewly knowe
That who moſt haſteth he trewly ſhalbe ſlowe;
For he with haſte ſhall bringe his warke arreare,
Sometymes a Moneth, and ſometymes a whole Yeare
And in this *Arte* it ſhall ever be ſoe,
That a haſty Man ſhall never faile of woe:
Alſoe of haſte ye may trewly be ſure
That ſhe leaveth nothing cleane and pure;
The *Devil* hath none ſo ſubtill wile
As with haſtineſſe you to beguile;

Therefore

Therefore oft tymes he will assault,
Your minde with haste to make default;
He shall finde grace in Towne and Land,
Which can hastines all tymes withstand:
I say all tymes, for in one pointe of tyme,
Haste may destroy all your engine;
Therefore all haste eschewe and feare,
As if that she a *Devil* were.
My witt trewly cannot suffice,
Haste sufficiently for to despise;
Many Men have byne cast in greate care,
Because thei would not of haste beware:
But ever call upon to see an end,
Which is temptation of the Fende:
Noe more of haste at this present,
But blessed be ever the Patient.

WHen with *Haste* the Feind hath noe availe,
Then with *Despaire* your mind he will assaile;
And oft present this Sentence to your minde,
How many seeken, and how few maie finde,
Of wiser Men then ever were yee:
What suretie than to you maie be?
He woll move ye to doubt also
Whether your Teacher had it or noe;
And also how it mought so fall,
That part he tought you but not all;
Such uncertainety he woll cast out,
To set your minde with greevous doubt;
And soe your *Paines* he woll repaire
With wann hope and with much Despaire;
Againste this assault is no defence,
But only the vertue of Confidence:
To whome reason shulde you leade,
That you shall have noe cause to dreade;

Chap. 2.

If you wisely call to your minde
The vertuous manners, such as you finde
In your *Master* and your *Teacher*,
Soe shall you have noe neede to feare;
If you consider all Circumstances about,
Whether he tought you for Love or for Doubt;
Or whether Motion of him began,
For it is hard to trust such a Man:
For he that profereth hath more neede
Of you, then you of him to speede.
This wise certainely ye maie well win,
Before that you your warkes do begin;
When such certainety ye truly have,
Fro Dispaire ye maie be sure and save.
But who can finde such a *Master* out,
As was my *Master*, him needeth not to doubt:
Which right nobil was and fully worthy laude,
He loved Justice, and he abhorred fraude;
He was full secrete when other men were lowde,
Loath to be knowne that hereof ought he Could;
When men disputed of Colours of the Rose,
He would not speake but keepe himselfe full close;
To whome I laboured long and many a day,
But he was solleyn to prove with straight assaye,
To search and know of my Disposition,
With manifold proofes to know my Condition:
And when he found unfeigned fidelity,
In my greate hope which yet nothing did see,
At last I conquered by grace divine
His love, which did to me incline.
Wherefore he thought soone after on a tyde,
That longer delayes I ne shulde abide;
My manifold letters, my heavie heart and cheere,
Moved his Compassion, thei perced him full neere;

Wherefore

Wherefore his Penn he would noe more refraine,
But as heere followeth ſoe wrote he againe.

MY very truſty, my deere beloved *Brother*,
I muſt you anſwer, it may be none other;
The tyme is come you ſhall receive this Grace,
To your greate comfort and to your ſolace:
Your honeſt deſire with your greate Confidence,
Your Vertue proved with your Sapience;
Your Love, your Trewth, your long Perſeverance,
Your ſtedfaſt Minde ſhall your Deſire advance:
Wherefore it is neede that within ſhort ſpace,
Wee ſpeake together, and ſee face to face:
If I ſhulde write, I ſhulde my fealty breake,
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I muſt needes ſpeake;
And when you come, mine *Heier* unto this *Arte*
I will you make, and fro this londe departe.
Ye ſhall be both my *Brother* and myne *Heier*,
Of this greate ſecrete whereof *Clerkes* deſpaire:
Therefore thanke *God* which giveth this renowne,
For it is better then to were a Crowne:
Next after his Saints, our *Lord* doth him call
Which hath this *Arte* to honour him withall:
Noe more to you at this preſent tyde,
But haſtily to ſee me, diſpoſe you to ride.

THis *Letter* receiving, I haſted full ſore,
To ride to my *Maſter* an hundred miles and more;
And there Forty dayes continually,
I learned all the ſecreats of *Alkimy*:
Albeit *Philoſophy* by me was underſtonde,
As much as of many other in this Londe;
Nethles fooles which for their *Science* ſought,
Ween that in forty dayes it wilbe wrought.
Betweene Forty dayes warke now ye may ſee,
And Forty dayes lerninge is greate diverſitie;

Chap. 2.

Then darke doubts to me appeared pure,
There fownd I diſcloſed the *Bonds of Nature:*
The cauſe of Wonders were to me ſoe faire,
And ſo reaſonable, that I could not diſpaier.
If your *Maſter* and ye reſemble all aboute
My good *Maſter* and me, than have ye no doubte.

THe third impediment deceipt we call,
Amongſt other to me the worſt all;
And that is of *Servaunts* that ſhould awaite
Upon your warke, for ſome can much deceipte;
Some be negligent, ſome ſleeping by the fire,
Some be ill-willd, ſuch ſhall let your deſire;
Some be fooliſh, and ſome be over bold,
Some keepe no Counſell of Doctrine to them tould;
Some be filthie of hands and of ſleeves,
Some meddle ſtraunge Matter, that greately greeves;
Some be drunken, and ſome uſe much to jape,
Beware of thes if you will hurt eſcape,
The Trew be fooliſh, the Witty be falſe,
That one hurts me Sore, that other als:
For when I had my warke well wrought,
Such ſtale it away and left me nought.
Then I remembring the coſt, the tyme, and the paine,
Which I ſhulde have to begin againe,
With heavie hearte farewell adieu ſaid I,
I will noe more of *Alkimy*.
But howe that chaunce befell that Seaſon,
Few men would it beleeve by reaſon:
Yet Tenn perſons be witnes trew all
How that miſhapp did me befalle,
Which might not be only by Man,
Without the Devil as they tell can.
I made alſo the *Elixer* of life,
Which me bereft a Merchaunt's wife:

The

The *Quinteſsens* I made alſo, *Chap. 2.*
With other ſecrets manie moe,
Which ſinfull people tooke me fro,
To my greate paine and much more woe:
Soe in this worke there is no more to ſaine,
But that every *Ioy* is medled with his *paine.*

OF *Paine* there is a litle yet behinde,
Which is convenient to be had in minde;
That fell upon a bleſſed Man;
Whereof the trewth report I cann.
Thomas Daulton this good man height,
He ſerved *God* both day and night,
Of the Red Medicine he had greate Store,
I trowe never Engliſh man had more.
A *Squier* for the body of *King Edward,*
Whoſe name was *Thomas Harbert,*
Tooke this *Daulton* againſt his deſier,
Out of an *Abbie* in *Glouceſter-ſhier,*
And brought him in preſence of the *King,*
Whereof *Deluis* had ſome tiding,
For *Daulton* was whilome *Deluis*'s Clerke;
Deluis diſcloſed of *Daultons* werke.
Deluis was *Squier* in confidence
With *King Edward* oft in his preſence.
Deluis reported that in a little ſtounde,
How *Daulton* had made to him a thouſand pound
Of as good Goulde as the Royall was,
Within halfe a daye and ſome dele laſſe;
For which *Deluis* ſware on a Booke.
Then *Daulton* on *Deluis* caſt his looke,
And ſaid to *Deluis,* Sir you be forſwore,
Wherefore your hert hath cauſe to be ſore.
Of nothing ſaid he, that I now have told,
Witnes our *Lord* whom *Judas* ſould.

Chap. 2.

But once ſaid *Deluis* I ſware to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt not be uttered by me;
Which I may breake well I underſtand,
For the *Kings* weale and for all his Lande.
Then ſaid *Daulton* full ſoberlie,
This anſwer voydeth no perjury.
How ſhould the *King* in you have Confidence,
Your untrewth confeſſed in his preſence.
But Sir ſaid *Daulton* to the *Kings* Grace,
I have bin troubled oft in many a place
For this Medicine greviouſly and ſore,
And now I thought it ſhould hurt me no more:
Wherefore in the *Abbie* where I was take,
I caſt it in a foule and Common lake
Going to the River which doth ebb and flowe,
There is deſtroyed as much riches nowe,
As would have ſerved to the Holy land,
For twenty thouſand men upon a band.
I kept it longe for our *Lords* bleſſed ſake,
To helpe a *Kinge* which that journey would make.
Alas *Daulton* then ſaide the *Kinge*,
It was fowly don to ſpill ſuch a thinge.
He would have *Daulton* to make it againe,
Daulton ſaid it might not be certeine:
Why (ſaid the *Kinge*) how came ye thereby?
He ſaid by a *Channon* of *Lichfielde* trewly,
Whoſe workes *Daulton* kept dilligently,
Many yeares till that *Channon* muſt dye.
And for his ſervice he ſaid in that ſpace,
The Cannon gave him all that thereof was;
The *Kinge* gave to *Daulton* Marks foure,
With liberty to goe where he would that houre.
Then was the *Kinge* in his herte ſore,
That he had not knowne *Daulton* before.

And

And ever it happneth without leasinge,
That Tyrants be full nigh to a Kinge.
For *Herberte* lay for *Daulton* in waight,
And brought him to *Stepney* with deceipte.
The servaunts of *Herbert* the mony tooke away
Which the King gave to *Daulton* that day.
And after *Herbert* carried *Daulton* farr,
From thence to the Castle of *Glouceſter*,
There was *Daulton* prisner full longe,
Herbert to *Daulton* did mickle wronge:
Fro thence he had him to prison fast
To *Troy*, till foure yeares were nigh past,
And after he brought him out to dye;
Daulton to death obeyed lowly,
And said *Lord Jesue* blessed thou be,
Me thinks I have byne too longe from thee.
A *Science* thou gavest me with full greate charge,
Which I have kept without outrage.
I founde noe man yet apt thereto,
To be myne Heyer when I am goe:
Wherefore (sweete *Lord*) now I am faine
To resigne this thy guift to thee againe.
Then *Daulton* made devout prayers, and still
Withsmiling cheere he said now doe your wil.
When *Herbert* sawe him so glad to dye,
Then ran water from *Herberts* Eye:
For Prison ne Death could him not availe
To winn this *Arte*, his Crafte did him faile.
Now let him goe said *Herbert* than,
For he shall never hurt ne profett man.
But when *Daulton* from the block should rise,
He looked forth in full heavie wise,
And so departed with full heavie cheere,
It was not his will to live one yeare.

Chap. 2.

This was his *Paine* as I you tell,
By men that had no dread of Hell.
Herbert dyed ſoone after in his bed,
And *Deluis* at *Teuxbury* loſt his head;
This wiſe greate *Paine*, as you may ſee,
Followeth this *Arte* in every degree.
Heere loſt the *King* all his intent,
For *Herbert* was proude and violent,
Soe nobil a man to oppreſſe with pride,
And like a Fellone him leade and guide;
Where that by goodneſſe patience and grace,
There might have growen full great ſolace,
As well to the *King*, ye may underſtonde,
As for th'eaſe of Commons of this londe;
But wonder not that grace doe not fall,
For ſinn reygneth in this londe over all.
Loe here was grace full ready at honde,
To have ceaſed Taxes and Tallages of this londe;
Whereby much Love and Grace would have be,
Betweene Knight-hood Prieſt-hoode and Comminaltie.
Here ye maie ſee how vicious violence
Maie not purchaſe the vertue of ſapience:
For vice and vertue be things contrary,
Therefore the vicious maie not come thereby;
If Vicious men mought lerne this *Science*,
They would therewith doe wondrous violence:
And with Ambitiouſneſſe grow evermore
Worſe of Conditions then they were before.
Now is this *Chapter* of *Joy* and *Paine* gone,
The *Chapter* following ſheweth *Matters of our Stone*.

CHAP. III.

TONſile was a labourer in the fire
Threeſcore years and more to win his deſire:
Brian was another, with *Holton* in the Weſte,
Thes were ever buſie, & could practice with (the beſt:
But yet this *Science* thei never founde,
For thei knew not the Matters, ne the Grounde,
But rumbled foorth, and evermore they ſought,
They ſpent their lyfe and their goods to nought;
Much loſſe, much coſt, much anguiſh they bought,
Amonge their Receipts which they had wrought:
Then made *Tonſile* to me his greate complainte,
With weeping Teares he ſaid his heart was fainte,
For he had ſpended all his luſty dayes
In fals Receipts, and in ſuch lewde aſſayes;
Of Herbes, Gommes, of Rootes and of Graſſe,
Many kindes by him aſſayed was,
As Crowefoote, Celondine and Mizerion,
Vervaine, Lunara, and Martagon:
In Antimony, Arſenick, Honey, Wax and Wine,
In Haire, in Eggs, in Merds, and Urine,
In Calx vive, Sandifer, and Vitriall,
In Markaſits, Tutits, and every Minerall,
In Malgams, in Blanchers, and Citrinacions,
All fell to nought in his opperacions:
For he conſidered not how he did rage,
When to *Gods* proportions he layde ſurcharge:
After all this, he thought nothing ſo good,
To worke upon as ſhulde be mans Blode;
Till that I ſaid how blode would waſte and fume
In mighty fire, and utterly conſume.

For

Chap. 3.

For *Christ* his love then saide he teach me,
Whereof the substance of our *Stone* should be:
Tonsile (said I) what shulde it you avayle
Such thing to know? your limbs doth you faile
For very Age, therefore cease your lay,
And love your Beades, it is high time to Praye;
For if you knew the Materialls of our *Stone*,
Ere you could make it your dayes would begone.
Thereof no charge good *Master* said he,
It were sufficient Comfort now to me
To know the trewe Materialls without wronge
Of that *Stone* which I have sought soe longe:
Tonsile (said I) It is noe litle thinge,
Whereof you would have trewe tydinge;
For many Auctors write of this doubte,
But none of them sheweth it Cleerly oute:
For Auctors which of this *Arte* doe write,
Besought *God* (as witnesseth *Democrite*,)
That he unpained would fro this Worlde take
Their Soules whom he tought Bokes thereof to make;
For greatly doubted evermore all suche,
That of this *Scyence* they may write too muche:
Every each of them tought but one pointe or twayne,
Whereby his fellowes were made certayne;
How that he was to them a *Brother*,
For every of them understoode each other;
Alsoe they wrote not every man to Teache,
But to shew themselves by a secret Speache:
Trust not therefore to reading of one Boke,
But in many Auctors works ye may looke;
Liber librum apperit saith *Arnold* the greate *Clerke*,
Anaxagoras said the same for his werke:
Who that slothfull is in many bokes to see,
Such one in Practice prompt shall never be;

But

But *Tonsile* for almes I will make no store — *Chap. 3.*
Plainly to disclose it that never was done before,
By way of answer for your recreation,
If ye cann wisely make *Interrogation.*
Good *Master* (saide he) then teach me trewly,
Whether the matters be *Sol* or *Mercury?*
Or whether of *Sol* or *Lune* it maie be,
Or whether I shall take them all three,
Or *Sol* by it selfe, or *Mercury* alone,
Or *Sulpher* with them, for matters of our Stone?
Or whether I shall *sal Almoniack* take,
Or *Minerall meanes*, our *Stone* thereof to make?
Here be many questions *Tonsile*, said I,
Wisely remembred and full craftily;
You name it not yet but onely in generall,
For you must take some deale of theis things all;
Of these and of other you must take a parte,
One time or other to minister this *Arte:*
Many things helpeth to apt our *Stone*,
But *two be Materialls*, yet our *Stone* is one;
Betweene which two is such diversity,
As betweene the *Mother* and the *Childe* may be:
An other diversity betweene them find ye shall,
Such as is found betweene *Male* and *Female:*
Theis two kindes shall doe all your service,
As for the *White worke* (if you can be wise;)
One of thes kindes a Stone ye shall finde,
For it abideth fire as stones doe by kinde:
But it is no Stone in touching ne in sight,
But a subtill Earth, browne, roddy, and not bright:
And when it is separate and brought to his appearage,
Then we name it our grounde *Litharge.*
First it is browne, roddy, and after some deale white,
And then it is called our chosen *Markasite:*

Chap. 3. One ounce thereof is better then fifty pounde;
It is not to be fould in all Christian grounde;
But he that would have it he shalbe faine
To doe it make, or take himselfe the paine:
But one greate grace in that labour is saine,
Make it once well and never more againe.
Olde fathers called it thinge of vile price,
For it is nought worth by way of Marchandise:
Noe man that findeth it woll beare it awaie,
Noe more then thei would an Ounce of Claye;
Men will not beleeve that it is of high price,
No man knoweth it therefore but he be wise.
Here have I disclosed a greate secret wonder,
Which never was writ by *them* which been erth under.

ANother *Stone Tonsile* you must have withall,
Or else you fawte your cheefe Materiall;
Which is a Stone gloriouse faier and bright,
In handling a Stone, and a Stone in sight;
A Stone glittering with perspecuitie,
Being of wonderfull Diaphanitie;
The price of an Ounce Conveniently,
Is twenty shillings or well neere thereby:
Her name is *Magnetia*, few people her knowe,
She is fownde in high places as well as in lowe;
Plato knew her property and called her by her name,
And *Chaucer* reherseth how *Titanos* is the same,
In the *Channons Yeomans Taile*, saying what is thus,
But *quid ignotum per magis ignotius:*
That is to say, what may this be,
But unknowne by more unknowne named is she;
Nethles *Tonsile* now I will trewlie teach
What is *Magnetia* to say in our speache:
Magos is Greeke, *Mirabile* in Latine it ys,
Æs is *Money*, *ycos Science*, *A* is God ywisse.

Tha

That is to say it is such a thinge,
Wherein of Money is wonderous divine Cunninge;
Now here you may know what is *Magnetia*,
Res æris in qua latet scientia divinaque mira.
Thes two *Stones Tonsile* ye must take
For your materialls, *Elixir* if ye make.
Albeit the first tyme materialls be no more,
Yet many things helpeth as I saide before.
This secrete was never before this daye
So trewly discovered, take it for your praye;
I pray *God* that this turne not me to Charge,
For I dread sore my penn goeth too large:
For though much people perceive not this Sentence,
Yet subtill *Clerks* have too much Evidence;
For many *Clerks* be so cleere of witt,
If thei had this ground, thei were sure of it;
Wher our Lord hath ordained that no man it finde,
But only he that is of verteous minde:
Wherefore olde Fathers Covered for great reason,
The Matters of our *Stone* discloſed at this season.
Other Materials ye shall none take,
But only theis two oure *white stone* to make;
Except *Sal Armoniack* with *Sulphur* of kinde,
Such as out of *Mettals* ye can finde;
Theis two woll abide to fulfill your desire,
The remnant will void when thei come to fire;
Sulpher woll brenn and chaunge Collours fast,
But our *Litharge* abideth first and last:
Ye may not with mettals or Quicksilver beginn,
To make *Elixir* if you intend to winn:
Yet if you destroy the whole Composition,
Some of their Compounds will help in Conclusion;
And that is nothing Els of that one or that other,
But only *Magnetia* and *Litharge* her Brother.


Geberus
Arnal
dus
Ra-
lus
Hermes
Quartes
corpus
germina
Ro: Vaughan sculp:

CHAP. IV.



OF the grosse Warke now I wil not spare,
Though it be secrete, largely to declare:
To teach you the trewth is myne intente,
As far forth as I dare for *Gods* Com-
(maundement.
I will informe and guide you in the way,
In such wise as you may finde your praye:
If you consider how the partes of Werkes,
Be out of Order set by the old *Clerks*.
As I saide before, the *Masters* of this *Arte*,
Every each of them disclosed but a parte:
Wherefore though ye perceived them as ye woulde,
Yet ye cannot order and joyne them as ye shulde.
Arnold sheweth in his writinge,
How our finall secret is to know the thinge
Whereupon our worke shulde take her grounde,
And how pure Natures & simple may be found:
In this Boke begining *multipharie*,
He saith in our grounded Matter two kindes be;
But how to find them he kept that in store,
Ye have their Names the last *Chapter* before.
Freer Bacon disclosed more of that pointe,
When he said, Departe ye every joynte
In Elementa propinqua: take good heede thereto;
But unwise Doctours never worken soe,
But headly they proceed as men well nigh madd,
To the Matters divisible moe Matters they adde:
Soe when thei weene to bringe forth a Flower,
They doe nothinge but multiply Errour.
There cesed *Bacon*, and so doe other such,
For very dread least they shulde shew too much

Chap. 4.

Avicen in Porta wrote, if ye remember,
How ye shulde proceede perfection to ingender,
Trewly teaching as the pure trewth was,
Comedas ut bibas, et bibas ut Comedas,
Eate as it drinketh, and drinke as it doth eate,
And in the meane season take *it* a perfect sweate.
Rasis set the Dietary and spake some deale farr,
Non tamen comedat res festinanter,
Let not your Matters eate over hastilie,
But wisely consume their foode leasurelie.
Hereof the *Prophet* made wondrous mention,
Yf ye applie it to this intention.
Visitasti terram, & inebriasti eam,
Multiplicasti locupletare eam
Terram fructiferam in salsuginem,
Et terram sine aqua in exitus aquarum.
If it I have plenty of Meate and of Drinke,
Men must wake when they desier to winke:
For it is laboure of watch and paines greate.
Also the Foode is full costly meate;
Therefore all Poore men beware said *Arnold,*
For this *Arte* longeth to greate men of the worlde.
Trust to his words ye Poore men all,
For I am witnes that soe ye finde shall.
Esto longanimis & suavis said he,
For hasty men th' end shall never see.
The lengthe of clensing of Matters infected,
Deceyveth much People, for that is unsuspected.
Wherefore Poore men put ye not in prease,
Such wonders to seech, but in season cease.
Excesse for one halfe quarter of an howre,
May destroy all: therefore cheefe succoure
Is *Primum pro quo, & vultimum pro quo non,*
To know of the simperinge of our *Stone.*

Till it may noe more ſimper doe not ceaſe,
And yet longe Continuance may not cauſe increaſe.
Reme mber that Water will buble and boyle,
But Butter muſt ſimper and alſo Oyle.
And ſoe with long leaſure it will waſte,
And not with bubling made in haſte:
For doubt of perrills many moe then one,
And for ſupergreſſion of our ſtone.
Amongſt groſſe Workes the fowleſt of all
Is to clarifie our meanes Minerall.
Extremities may not be well wrought,
Without many Meanes wiſely ſought.
And everie Meane muſt be made pure,
If this worke ſhulde be made ſure.
For foule and cleane by naturall lawe
Hath greate diſcord, and ſoe hath ripe and rawe.
Stedfaſt to ſtedfaſt will it ſelfe combinde,
And fleeting to fleeting will drawe by kinde:
And ever where as the Concordance is more,
Natures will drawe that were elſwhere before;
This groſſe Worke is fowle in her kinde,
And full of perrills as ye ſhall it finde.
No mans witt can him ſoe much availe,
But that ſometyme he ſhall make a fayle.
As well as the *Lay-man* ſoe ſhall the *Clerke*,
And all that labour the groſſe werke:
Whereof *Anaxagoras* ſaid trewlie thus,
Nemo primo fronte reperitur diſcretus.
And once I heard a wiſe man ſay,
How in *Catilonia* at this day,
Magnetia with Minerall meanes all,
Be made to ſale if ye for them call,
Whereby the honds of a cleanly *Clerke*,
Shall not be filed about ſo foule a werke.

And

Chap. 4.

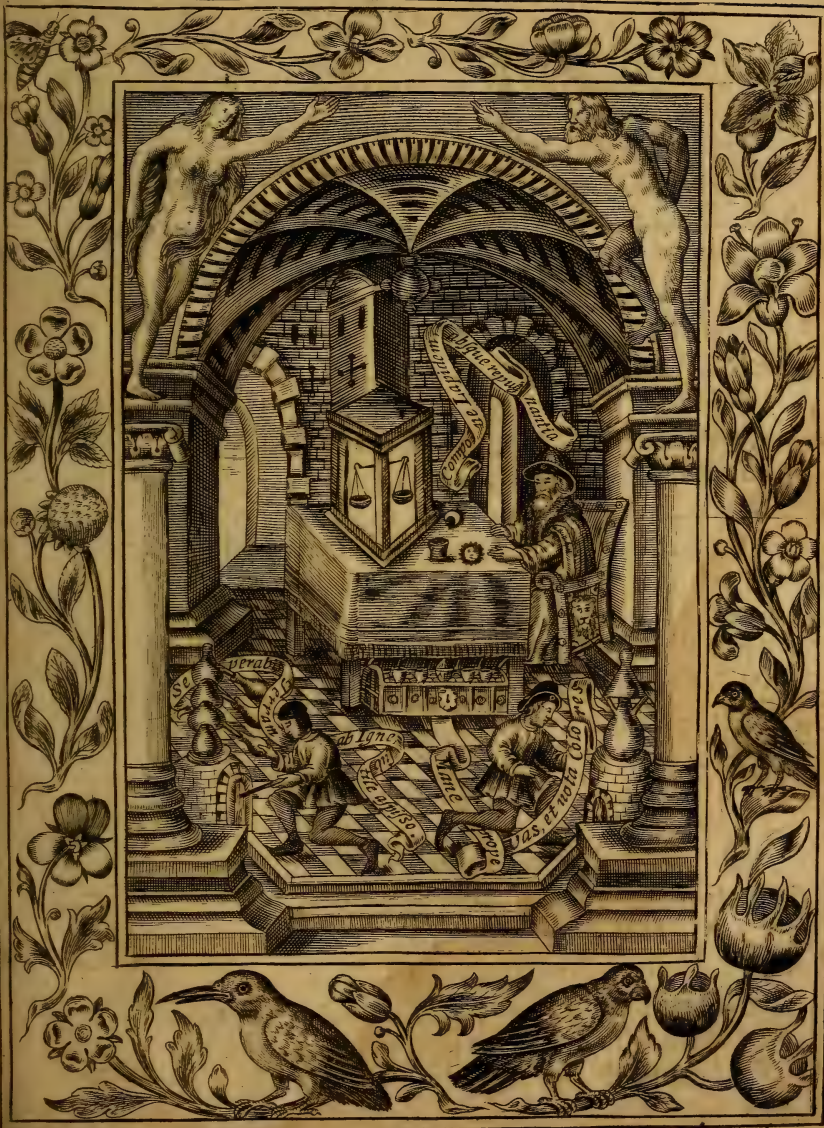
And longe tyme ſooner your Worke I underſtonde,
Shulde be farr onward before honde.
For if you ſhulde make all things as I cann,
Ye might be weary before your worke begann.
The Philoſophers warke doe not begin,
Till all things be pure without and within.
We that muſt ſeeke Tincture moſt ſpecious,
Muſt needely avoyd all things vild and vicious.
Of manifold meanes each hath his propertie,
To doe his Office after his degree:
With them hid things be out fett,
Some that will helpe and ſome that would lett.
Our *Appoticaries* to dreſſe them can no skill,
And we to teach them have no manner of will:
Whereof the cauſe trewly is none other,
But that they will counterfaict to beguile their Brother,
Rather then they will take the paine
Thereto belonging, ere they ſhould it attaine:
It is there uſe whereof my hert is ſore,
Much to deſire and litle to doe therefore.
Who would have trewe warke he may no laboure ſpare,
Neither yet his Purſe, though he make it bare:
And in the Groſſe Warke he is furtheſt behinde,
That daily deſireth the end thereof to finde.
If the groſſe warke with all his Circumſtance,
Were don in three yeares, it were a bleſſed chance:
For he that ſhall end it once for certeyne,
Shall never have neede to begin againe,
If he his Medicine wiſely can Augment;
For that is the Maſtrie of all our intent.
It needeth not to name the meanes Minerall,
For *Albert* writeth openly of them all.
Much I might write of nature of Mynes,
Which in this Groſſe Warke be but engines;

For

For in this Warke finde ye nothing ſhall,
But handie-crafte called Arte Mechanicall:
Wherein an hundreth wayes and moe,
Ye maie committ a faulte as ye therein goe.
Wherefore beleeve what olde Auctors tell,
Without Experience ye maie not doe well.
Conſider all Circumſtances, and ſet your delight
To keepe Uniformity of all things requiſite.
Uſe one manner of Veſſell in Matter and in Shape,
Beware of Commixtion that nothing miſcape.
And hundreth faultes in ſpeciall,
Ye maie make under this warning generall.
Nethles this Doctrine woll ſuffice,
To him that can in Practiſe be wiſe.
If your Miniſters be witty and trew,
Such ſhall not neede your warkes to renew.
Therefore if ye woll avoyde all dreade,
In the Groſſe Warke doe by my read:
Take never thereto no Houſhold-man,
Thei be ſoone weary as I tell cann;
Therefore take noe man thereto,
But he be Waged, however you doe;
Not by the Moneth, as nigh as ye maie,
Ne by the Weeke, but by the Daye:
And that your Wages be to their minde,
Better then thei elſewhere can finde;
And that thei neede not for Wages ſue,
But that their Payment be quick and trewe;
For that ſhall cauſe them to love and dreade,
And to their Warks to take good heede,
For doubt leaſt thei be put awaye,
For Negligence of them in one daye:
Houſhold-men woll not doe ſoe,
From this Warke therefore let them goe.

Chap. 4. If I had knowne this, and had done ſoe,
I had avoyded mickle woe.
Alſoe in this Warke muſt be Liberty,
Without impediment, in everie degree,
With divers Comforts peynes to releaſe
Of labours continuall which maie not Ceaſe;
Els anguiſh of Labour and Melancholly,
Mought be Cauſe your Warkes to deſtroy.
Of the groſſe Warke it needes to ſhew noe more,
For old men have tought the remnant before;
And what is neceſſary that thei laſt out,
This Boke ſheweth it without doubt.
Wherefore this litle Boke the *Ordinall*,
Is in *Alkimy* the Complement of all;
The *Chapter* following convenient for a *Clerke*,
Sheweth the *Councells* of the ſubtill Werke.

CHAP.



Ro: Vaughan sculp.

Chap. V.



RISE by Surname when the chaunge of
(Coyne was had,
Made some Men sorry, and some Men glad:
And as to much people that chaunge,
Seemed a newe thinge and a straunge;
Soe that season befell a wonderous thinge,
Tuching this *Science* without leasinge.
That three *Masters* of this *Science* all
Lay in one Bed nigh to *Leaden-Hall*,
Which had *Elixirs* parfite White and Red,
A wonder such Three to rest in one Bed,
And that within the space of dayes Tenn,
While hard it is to finde One in Millions of Men.
Of the *Dukedome* of *Loraine* one I understand
Was borne, that other nigh the *Midle* of *England*;
Under a Croße, in the end of *Shires* three,
The third was borne; the youngest of them is he.
Which by his *Nativity* is by *Clerks* found,
That he shulde honour all English ground;
A Man mought walke all the World aboute,
And faile such Three *Masters* to finde oute;
Twayne be fleeting, the Youngest shall abide,
And doe much good in this *Londe* at a Tyde.
But sinne of *Princes* shall let or delaye
The Grace that he shulde doe on a daye.
The eldest *Master* chaunted of him a Songe,
And said that he shulde suffer much wronge.
Of them which were to him greately behould,
And manie things moe this *Master* tould,
Which sith that tyme hath trewly befall,
And some of them hereafter shall,

Wherof

Whereof one is trewlie (ſaid he) *Chap.5.*
After Troubles great Joy ſhalbe
In every quarter of this *Londe*,
Which all good Men ſhall underſtonde:
The Younger asked when that ſhulde be,
The old Man ſaid when Men ſhall ſee
The *holy Croſſe* honored both day and night,
In the Lond of *God* in the Lond of Light;
Which maie be done in right good ſeaſon,
But long delayed it is without reaſon:
When that beginneth note well this thinge,
This *Science* ſhall drawe towards the *Kinge*;
And many moe Graces ye maie be boulde,
Moe then of us ſhall now be tould;
Grace on that *King* ſhall deſcend,
When he ould Manners ſhall amende:
He ſhall make full ſecreate ſearch,
For this *Scyence* with doulced ſpeech;
And amonge the Solitary,
He ſhall have tidings certainly.
So ſought *King Kalid* of manie Men,
Till he met with *Morien*,
Which helped *Kalid* at his neede,
His Vertues cauſed him to ſpeede.

NOwe of ſuch Matters let us ceaſe,
And of the ſuttill Warke reherſe;
Greate need hath he to be a *Clerke*,
That would perceive this ſuttill Werke.
He muſt know his firſt Philoſophie,
If he truſt to come by *Alkimye*:
And firſt ye ſhall well underſtonde,
All that take this Werke in honde;
When your materialls by preparation,

Chap. 5.

Be made well apt for Generation,
Then thei muſt be departed a twinn,
Into foure Elements if ye would to winn:
Which thing to doe if ye ne can,
Goe and lerne it of *Hortolan.*
Which made his Boke of that Doctrine,
How ye ſhulde part the Elements of Wine.
Moreover ye muſt for your ſuccour,
Know th'effects of the quallities fower;
Called Heate, Colde, Moiſture, and Drines,
Of which fower all things Compounded is;
And ſith in this *Arte* your cheefe deſire
Is to have Colour which ſhulde abide fier,
Ye muſt know before you can that ſee,
How everie Colour ingendred ſhall be,
For every Colour whiche maie be thought,
Shall heere appeare before that White be wrought.
Yet more ye would have to this ſumme,
Swiftly to melt as Wex or Gumme:
Els mought it not enter and perce
The Center of Mettalls as Auctors reherſe;
Soe ye would have it both fix and flowe,
With Colour plenty if ye wiſt howe;
Such three Contraries joyntly to meete
In one accord is a greate Secret.
Nethles he that is cleere of Minde,
In this Chapter maie it well finde;
And firſt to give you a ſhort Doctrine,
Of the aforeſaid qualities prime:
Heate, and Cold, be qualities Active
Moiſture, and Drines, be qualityes Paſſive;
For they ſuffren the Actives evermore,
As Stones to be Lyme, and Water to be Froare.
Hereupon to Judge, ye maie be bold,

No-

Nothing is full wrought but by Heate and Cold; *Chap.5.*
Nethles the Paſſives have ſome Activity,
As in Handicrafts men ye maie daily ſee;
In Bakinge, and Brewinge, and other Crafts all,
Moiſture is opperative and ſoe Drines be ſhall.
Ariſtotle in his *Phiſicks* and other manie moe,
Said *ab actionibus procedit ſpeculatio*;
They ſaid that Practiſe is roote and beginning,
Of Speculation and of all Cunning;
For the properties of every thinge,
Be perceaved by their working;
As by Colours of *Urins* we may be bold
To give ſentence of Heate and Colde;
By thes aforeſaid foure qualities prime,
We ſeeche Colours with length of tyme;
Of White Colour we be not full ſure,
To ſeeche it but in a ſubſtance pure:
Greate Doctrine thereof lerne now ye maie,
When ye know how Colours growe all day.

Colour is the utmoſt thinge of a Body cleere,
Cleere ſubſtance well termined is his matter heere;
If Heate hath maiſtery in matter that is drye,
White Colour is ever thereof certainely;
As it appeareth in ſight of brent Bones,
And in making of all Lyme Stones.
Where Cold worketh in matter moiſt & cleere,
Yet of ſuch working Whitnes woll appeare:
As it ſheweth in Ice and Froſts hore;
The cauſe is ſet out in Philoſophie before:
I write not here of common Philoſophie,
But by example to teach *Alkimy*;
That one maie be perceived by that other,
As is the Child perceived by the Mother.

If

Chap.5.

If Heate in moyſt matter and groſſe withall,
Warke, thereof *Black* Colour ingender ſhall;
Example hereof if ye of me deſire,
Behold when you ſee greene Wood ſet on a fire;
When Cold worketh in matter thick and drye,
Black Colour ſhall be, this is the cauſe whie;
Such matter is compacted and more thick,
With Cold conſtreyning, enimy to all quick,
Thicknes made Darknes with privation of Light,
Soe Collour is private, then Black it is to Sight,
Therefore evermore remember this,
How cleere matter is matter of Whitenes;
The cauſe efficient maie be manyfold,
For ſomewhile it is Heate, and ſometime Cold:
But Whire and Black, as all men maie ſee,
Be Colours contrary in moſt extremitie:
Wherefore your warke with Black muſt beginn,
If the end ſhulde be with Whitenes to winn.
The midle Colour as *Philoſophers* write,
Is *Red* Colour betweene Black and White:
Nethleſſe truſt me certainly,
Red is laſt in work of *Alkimy*.
Alſoe they ſay in their Doctrine,
How theis two Colours Rufe and Citrine,
Be meane Colours betweene White and Red,
And how that Greene, and Colour wan as Lead,
Betweene Red and Black be Colours meane,
And freſheſt Colour is of matter moſt Cleane.
Phyſitians in *Urines* have Colours Nynteene,
Betweene White and Black as thei weene;
Whereof Colour underwhite *Subalbidus* is one,
Like in Colour to *Onychyne* ſtone:
Of ſuch like Colour *Magnetia* found is,
But *Magnetia* glittereth with Cleerenes:

In

In our suttill warke of *Alkimy* *Chap.5.*
Shall be all Colours that hath beene seen with Eye:
An hundreth Colours more in certeyne,
Then ever hath been seene in *Urine.*
Wherein so many Colours mought not be,
But if our *Stone* conteyned every degree,
Of all Compositions found in warke of kinde,
And of all Compositions imaginable by minde.
Of as manie Colours as shall therein be saine,
So manie graduations your wisdome must attaine:
And if you knowe not such graduations all,
Lerne them of *Raymond* in his *Atre Generall.*
Gilbert Kymer wrote after his devise,
Of 17. Proportions, but thei maie not suffice
In this *Science*, which he coude never finde;
And yet in *Phisick* he had a nobil minde.
Wher the royalty of the nature of Man,
Advaunceth ofte Medicines of the Phisitian:
And so honoreth oft times his Crafte,
When that the Medicines peradventure mought be lafte;
But it is not so in Phisick of *Mines*,
For that Arte exceedeth all other engines:
And resteth only in the wisdome of Man,
As by experience wise men witnes can.

AND soe of *Alkimy* the trew foundation,
Is in *Composition* by wise graduation
Of Heate and Cold, of Moist and of Drye,
Knowing other Qualities ingendered thereby;
As hard and soft, heavy and light,
Rough and smoothe, by ponders right,
With Number and Measure wisely sought,
In which three resteth all that *God* wrought:
For *God* made all things, and set it sure,

Chap. 5. In Number Ponder and in Measure,
Which numbers if you doe chaunge and breake,
Upon *Nature* you must doe wreake.
Wherefore *Anaxagoras* said Take good heede,
That to *Conjunction* ye not proceede,
Till ye know the Ponders full compleate
Of all Components which shulde therein meete;
Bacon said that old Men did nothing hide,
But only *Proportion* wherein was noe guide:
For none old Auctor, King, Prince, ne Lord,
Writing of this *Science* with others did accorde
In the Proportions; which if ye would reach,
Raymond, with *Bacon*, and *Albert*, done it teach,
With old *Anaxagoras*, of them fowre ye shall
Have perfect knowledge, but not of one have all:
And if you would joyne fowre Qualities to intent,
Then must ye Conjoyne every Element:
As Water and Erthe after your desire,
Well compounded with Ayer, and Fier:
Knowing the worthiest in his activitie,
The second, the third, every-each in his degree;
The fourth, and the vilest maie not be refused,
For it is profitable and best to be used;
And best maie extend his Multiplication,
In whome is the virtue of our Generation;
And that is the Erthly *Lytharge* of our *Stone*,
Without him Generation shall be none;
Neyther of our Tincture fixation,
For nothing is fixt but Erthe alone;
All other Elements moveable be,
Fier, Ayer, and Water, as ye daily see:
But Fier is cause of extendibility,
And causeth matters permiscible to be,
And cleere brightnes in Colours faire

Is cauſed of kinde evermore of Ayer, *Chap. 5.*
And Ayer alſo with his Coaction,
Maketh things to be of light liquefaction:
As Wax is and Butter, and Gummes all,
A little heate maketh them to melt and fall:
Water clenſeth with ablution blive,
And things mortifyed cauſeth to revive.
Of multiplying of Fier is no greater wonder,
Than is of multiplying of Erth ſet under:
For Erth beareth Herbes daily new and newe,
Without number, therefore it is trewe
That Erth is wonderfull as well as Fier,
Though one ſparke maie ſoone fill a Sheere:
If all a Sheere were filled with Flaxe,
One ſparke than would wonderfully waxe:
Fier and Erth be multipliers alone,
And thei be cauſers of multiplying our *Stone*.
Of this Erth ſhoweth *Albert* our great Brother,
In his *Mineralls*, which *Lytharge* is better than other.
For the white *Elixir* he doth it there rehearſe,
And the booke of *Meeter* ſhoweth it in a verſe.

NOw to *Conjunction* let us reſorte,
And ſome wiſe Councell thereof reporte:
Conjoyne your Elements *Grammatically*,
With all their Concords conveniently:
Whiche Concords to healpe a Clerke,
Be cheefe Inſtruments of all this werke:
For nothinge maie be more contrary nowe,
Than to be fixt and unperfectly flowe:
All the *Grammarians* of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
Cannot teach you this Concordance:
This *Ordinall* telleth where ye maie it ſee,
In *Phiſick* in the Boke *de Arbore*.

Chap. 5.

Joyne them also in *Rhetoricall* guise,
With Natures Ornate in purified wise.
Sithens our Tincture must be most pure and faire,
Be sure of pure Erth, Water, Fier and Ayre.
In *Logicall* wise be it early or late,
Joyne trewe kindes not sophisticate;
Ignorance hereof hath made many Clerks,
Lewdly to leese their labour and their werkes.
Joyne them together also *Arithmetically*,
By suttill Numbers proportionally.
Whereof a litle mention made there was,
When *Boetius* said *in numeris elementa ligas*.
Joyne your Elements *Musically*,
For two causes, one is for Melody:
Which there accords will make to your mind,
The trewe effect when that ye shall finde.
And also for like as *Diapason*,
With *Diapente* and with *Diatesseron*,
With *ypate ypaton*, and *Lecanos muse*,
With other accords which in Musick be,
With their proporcions causen Harmony,
Much like proportions be in *Alkimy*,
As for the great Numbers Actuall:
But for the secreate Numbers Intellectuall;
Ye must seeche them as I said before,
Out of *Raymond* and out of *Bacons* lore.
Bacon sheweth it darkly in his three letters all,
And *Raymonde* better in his *Arte Generall*.
Many men weene which doth them reade,
That theie doe understonde them when theie doe not indeede.
With *Astrologie* joyne Elements also,
To fortune their Workings as theie goe:
Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,
Must craftily be guided till the end be sought.

All

All which seaſon theie have more obedience, *Chap.5.*
Above formed Natures to Sterrs influence.
And Science *Perſpective* giveth great evidence,
To all the Miniſters of this *Science.*
And ſo done other Sciences manie moe
And ſpecially the Science *de Pleno & Vacuo,*
But the chiefe Miſtris among Sciences all,
For helpe of this *Arte*, is *Magick Naturall.*

WHen the foure Elements wiſely joyned be,
And every-each of them ſet in his degree,
Then of divers degrees and of divers digeſtion,
Colours will ariſe towards perfection.
For then worketh inward heate naturall,
Which in our ſubſtance is but Intellectuall:
To ſight unknowne, hand maie it not feele,
His working is knowne to few Men and ſeild;
And when this heate naturall moved be ſhall
By our outward heate artificiall,
Then Nature excited to labour will not ceaſe
Many diverſities of degrees to increaſe.
Which is one cauſe by reaſon you maie ſee,
Whie in our warke ſo manie Colours be:
Therfore it cauſeth in this *Arte* great doubt,
Ignorance of heate within and without,
To know how theis two heates ſhulde accord,
And which of them in working ſhulde be Lord.

Digeſtion in this warke hath great likeneſſe
To digeſtion in things of Quicknes:
And before other (as I witneſſe can)
It is moſt like to digeſtion of Man.
Therefore ſaid *Merien*, our *Stone* in generation
Is moſt like thing to Mans Creation,

Chap. 5.

In whom saith *Raymond* the fowre degrees all
Of the fowre Complexions together finde ye shall,
And that actually, which ye cannot finde
Amongst Creatures in none other kinde.
Wherefore amonge Creatures theis two alone
Be called *Microcosmus*, *Man* and our *Stone*.
Now of Digestion the aliment and foode
Perfectly to know is needfull and full good.
It is humor sollid constant with siccitie,
Mightily medled after some degree,
In opposite passives mixed duly,
Ingendered by inward and outward heat trewly.
Soe nothing else is our Digestion,
But of humour substantiall a create perfection.
I pray ye *Laymen* have me excused,
Though such Tearmes with you be not used,
I must use them, for all Auctors affirmes,
How *every Science hath his proper Tearmes*.
Digestion sometimes advanced maie be
By outward cold, as yearly ye maie see
How in Winter men eaten more meate
Than in Summer, when expansed is their heate;
For colde maketh heate inward then to flye,
And ligge nigh together, then stronger is he;
Which by his strength his power is more
To make Digestion than he mought before.
But our cheefe Digesture for our intent,
Is virtuall heate of the matter digerent;
Nethles heate of the digestible thinge,
Helpeth digestion and her working:
Feaverly heate maketh no digestion,
Baines maie helpe and cause also destruction.
Wine digested hath more heate naturall,
Than hath new Muste, whose heate is accidentall:

Coagula-

Coagulation is noe forme ſubſtantiall, *Chap. 5.*
But onlie paſſion of things materiall.

MOre ye muſt know, when Colours appeare,
Who is principall Agent in that matter Cleere.
For ſometimes it is Heate, and ſometimes Cold it is,
And ſometime Moyſture, and ſomewhile Drines.
The principall Agent to know at every ſeaſon,
Requireth great ſearch made by ſuttill reaſon:
Which is not perceived but of *Maſters* fewe,
For thei mark not how Colours ariſe by rewe:
The principall Agent of the qualities fowre,
Hath power royall as Lord of moſt honour
The remnant of qualities to Converte to his kinde,
Of which converſion *Anaxagoras* maketh minde
In his Boke of *Converſions Naturall*,
Whereof *Raymond* ſheweth cauſes ſpeciall:
It is no Jape neither light to lerne
Your principall Agent all ſeaſons to diſcerne:
Which I teach you to knowne by ſignes fowre,
By *Colour*, *Odour*, *Sapor* and *Liquore*.

AND firſt by *Colour* to ſerve your intente,
To know thereby your principall Agent.
Looke in your Veſſell which Colour ſheweth moſt,
He that cauſeth him is principall of the hoſt
As for that ſeaſon, whoſe pride ye maie ſwage,
By this our Doctrine, if ye ſee him rage:
Which ye maie doe when ye well underſtonde,
The cauſe of all Colours which ye have in honde.
Which I woll teach you now ſhortly withall,
Bycauſe here and there ſeeke them ye ne ſhall:
Whitnes is cauſed of manie matters cleere,
In another thing termined, and ſoe it isheere;

Blacknes

Chap. 5.

Blacknes is when parts of a body darke,
With thicknes oppreſſeth the cleernes of the Warke;
Or els it is of a Combuſt terreſtrietie;
But of ſuch Combuſtion greate hardnes ſhall be;
And by Commixion of Darke Cleere and Cleane,
Shall be ingendered all the Colours meane:
Every cleere thinge perſpicuate and fayre,
Standeth by the matters of Water and Aire,
Whome a pure Erth doth apprehend,
Such as ſhall not their cleerenes offend;
And if in ſuch cleerenes and perſpicuitie,
Ye can noe ſpeciall Colour ſee,
Thereupon to Judge you maie be bold,
The cauſe of ſuch things was exceeding Colde:
As *Chriſtall*, *Berill*, and other things moe,
Diverſitie betweene them lerne ere ye goe;
Chriſtall hath Water declyning toward Ayer,
Wherefore it is cleere, perſpicuous and faire;
But where it declineth towards Water more,
It is darke as Berill or Ice hard frore;
But when matters draweth toward ſiccitie,
Darknes with hardnes ingendred ſhall be;
As it appeareth in the *Adamant Stone*,
And in other things manie one.
Twinckling and glittering as in *Magnetia* is,
Light is cauſe thereof within matter of Cleerenes;
Which is ſuperduced upon waterly vapour,
Beforetyme incenced with Heate be ye ſure;
Now after cleerenes and Colours in extremitie,
Of meane Colours a litle ſhew will I.
Ruby colour is of a thinn fume ſuccended
In a cleere Body, which alſoe is amended
When in that Body reyneth plenty of light,
For more or les thereof maketh more or les bright:

As

As the *Amatiſt* followeth the Ruby in dignity,
In leſs Cleerenes and more Obſcuritie:
And a *Calcedonie* in Slymy ſubſtance,
Followeth the *Berill* in degrees of variance.
Greene as a *Smaragde* is of Water cleere,
With Erthy ſubſtance Combuſt mixt full neere:
And the cleerer ſubſtance that the Erth be,
The cleerer greeneſs thereof ye ſhall ſee.
Tawney is of Cleerenes terminate,
Infuſed with thick Fumoſity congregate
Of Water, and alſoe of Erth ſuccended,
Whereby the cleerenes of Aier is ſuſpended.
Wann or leady Colour ingendred is
Of Waterie and Erthy parts without amiſſe;
And where ſuch parts be cold and thick,
Ever Wann Colour theron ſhall ſtick;
As it appeareth in old layen Lead,
And in Men that be wellneere dead:
This Wann Colour called Lividitie,
In Envious Men uſeth much to be;
Naturall heate and blood done reſorte,
To the Hert, them to comfort,
And leaveth Cold and Dry the Face,
For heate and blood is parted fro that place.
Likewiſe when Fevers be in extremitie,
The Nailes of Hands of this Colour wilbe.
The *Saphire* Colour, that Orient Blewe,
Like in Colour to the heavenlie hue,
Is much fairer than Wann Colour to ſight,
For therein is more of Aier Water and Light
Than is in Wann Colour, and that by manifold,
Wherefore ſuch Colour is more deerer ſolde;
All other *Blewes* the ſadder that they be,
Thei have leſſe of Aier and more of Terreſtriety.

Chap.5. Silver to Azure ſoone broght will be;
The cauſe thereof is perſpicuitie,
Which is in Silver cauſed of Ayer,
Wherefore it turneth to Heavenly Colour faire;
And Quickſilver plenty within him is,
Cauſeth in Silver all this brightnes:
Subtiler Erth, pure Water, with cleerenes of Air,
Cauſeth ſuch brightnes to Quickſilver to repaire.
Citrine Colour Yellowe as ye ſee in Gould,
Is Colour moſt liking for ſome men to behould:
Cauſed of mighty and ſtrong digeſtion,
For humor in him have ſtrong decoction;
Such Colour with Heate ingendred be ſhall,
As it in Honey, Urine, Lye, and Gall:
The ſhining of *Gould* is cauſed as I tell,
Of pure and ſubtile Water termined full well,
Perſpicuouſly condenſed; for Water pure and fine,
The more it is Condenſed, the better it woll ſhine;
For of a Mirrour the cauſe none other is,
But moiſture termined, as all Clerks geſſe,
Soe that it be polible withall;
For Aier Figures receive never ſhall;
For Aier maie not be terminate in his kinde;
So cauſe of ſhining in Water ye ſhall finde.
With White and Red well medled pure and fine
Woll be ingendred faire Colour Citrine.
Soe divers Comixtions of *Elements*,
Maketh divers Colours, for divers intents:
With divers Digeſtions, and divers degrees,
All Colours be made which your Eyen ſees.
Of Elements ye muſt the proper Colour lerne,
Whereby of Colours ye maie better diſcerne;
Phiſitians ſaie of good Herbs and ſoote,
Some be colde outward and hot within the roote;

Example hereof if ye liſt to gett, *Chap.5.*
Behold the working of the gentle Violet:
Common Philoſophie the cauſe doth diſcloſe,
Whie colde is within and red without the Roſe:
Anaxagoras ſaid in his *Coverſions naturall*,
Inward and Outward be contrary in things all,
Which is trewe except ſuch things as be
Of little compoſition, and nigh ſimplicitie;
As is Scammonye, and Lawrell the Laxative,
Which be not nouriſhing to vegetative.
Remember how in every mixt thinge,
Evermore one Element deſireth to be Kinge:
Which proude appetite of Elements and vicious,
Moveth men to be Ambitious:
Wherefore our *Lord* that beſt diſpoſe cann,
Hath made Ordeynance for ſinfull Man,
All proude appetites to equalitie to bringe;
When *Requiem æternam* the Church ſhall ſinge,
Than ſhall everie ambitious thought,
Plainely appeare how that it was nought:
Lords, and Beggars, and all ſhall be
In the Charnell brought to equalitie.
Your Principall Agent ſo rebate ſhall ye,
When he uſurpeth above equality;
Therefore *Ariſtotle* ſaid Compound ye our Stone
Equall, that in him repugnance be none;
Neither diviſion as ye proceede;
Take heede thereto, for it is greate neede;
And when it falleth that ye ſhall ſee
All Colours at once that named maie be;
Than ſuffer Nature with her operation,
At her owne leaſure to make Generation:
Soe that amonge ſo manie Colours all,
Nature maie ſhew one principall:

Chap. 5. Such as ſhall draw towards your intent,
According to your deſired Element.
This wiſe by Colours yee maie provide
How in your workes yee ſhall yee guide.
Manie moe things of Colours I maie write,
But this is ſufficient my promiſe to acquite,
As farr forth as Colours maie ſerve your intent,
By them to know your principall agent.
But manie Clerks wonder why you may ſee
Soe manie Colours as in our Stone woll be,
Before that perfect White and Cleere,
And unchaungeable woll appeare,
Conſidering the fewnes of the ingredients;
I woll that anſwer to pleaſe their intents,
And teach them the trewth of that greate doubte.
By kinde of *Magneſia* ſuch Colours paſſe out,
Whoſe nature is of ſuch Convertibilitie,
To everie proportion, and to everie degree,
As Chriſtall to his Subject is founde;
For of everie thing that is upon the grounde,
Which that ye woll Chriſtall ſet under,
Such Colour hath Chriſtall, therefore ceaſe to wonder:
Wherefore *Hermes* ſaid not untruly ne Envious,
Ad perpetranda miracula rei unius:
God hath ſo ordeyned ſaith *Hermes* the Kinge,
To fulfill the miracles of one thinge:
Common *Philoſophers* thereof cannot finde
The vertues of our *Stone* exceeding far their minde.

Melling maie helpe forth your intente,
To know your reigning Elemente;
And be with Colour a Teſtimony,
To know your principall Agent thereby;
And ye which would by ſmelling lerne

Of

Of your principall Agent trewly to diſcerne. *Chap. 5.*
As White, and Black, be Colours in extremitie,
Soe of Odors, ſoote and ſtinking be:
But like as Fiſhes know not by ſight
Noe meane Colours, becauſe their Eyne bright
Have none Eyelidds for their ſight cloſinge,
Soe meane Odors ſhall not by ſmellinge
Be knowne of you, this is the cauſe whie,
For Noſtrills be open as the fiſhes Eye:
Therefore meane Odors be not in certaine
Smelled by the Noſe, as meane Colours be ſeene.
Heavie Smell is not as Clerks thinke
The midle Odor, but only the leſſe Stinke.
Old Fathers wrote by their Doctrine,
Of their Experience which is maturine,
That if ye medle ſweete Savour and redolente
Equally with ſtinking to prove your intent;
The ſoote ſhall be ſmelled, the ſtinking not ſoe,
The cauſe ye may lerne now ere ye goe;
All ſweete ſmelling things have more puritie,
And are more ſpirituall than ſtinking maie be:
Wherefore it is in Aier more penetrative,
And is more extendible, and is alſoe to life
More acceptable, as friend to Nature,
And therefore rather received be ye ſure.

ODor is a ſmokiſh vapour reſolved with heate,
Out of ſubſtance, by an inviſible ſweate;
Which in the Aier hath free entringe,
And chaungeth the Aier and your Smellinge;
As Sapor of Meates chaungeth your Taſtinge,
And as Sounds chaungeth your Hearinge,
And as Colour chaungeth your Sight,
Soe Odor chaungeth Smelling by might.

Chap.5. The cauſe of Odours to know if you delight,
Foure things thereto be requiſite;
Firſt that ſuttill matter be Obedient
To the working of Heate, for to preſent
By a fume the liknes of the ſame thinge,
From whome that fume had his beginninge;
Alſo to beare forth that pure fume and faire,
There is required a cleere thinn Aier:
For thick Aier woll not beare it farr,
But it woll reteyne it much faſter;
And ſoe thick matter Obedience hath none,
To the working of Heate, as it ſheweth in Stone:
Heate maketh Odours, Cold ſhrinketh, by reaſon
Dunghills in Summer ſtink more than in Winter ſeaſon;
Pleaſant Odours ingendered be ſhall
Of cleane and Pure ſubſtance and fumigale,
As it appeareth in Amber, Narde, and Mirrhe,
Good for a Woman, ſuch things pleaſeth her;
But of Pure ſubſtance with a Meane heate,
Be temperate Odours, as in the Violet;
Of a Meane heate with ſubſtance Impure,
Is Odours miſliking, as Aloes and Sulphure:
But when Naturall heate beginneth to ſpill,
Then thereof ariſeth heavie ſmell;
As Fiſh ſmelleth that is kept too longe,
Naturall heate rotteth, ſoe the ſmell is ſtronge;

Stinch is a Vapour, a reſolved fumoſitie
Of things which of Evill Complexions be.
And when Humor onlie is in Corruption,
Soe that the Subſtance be not in Deſtruction,
Thereof ſhall onlie heavie ſmell ariſe,
But not verie Stinch come in that wiſe.
Of everie Stinch the cauſe of that Chaunce

Is

Is only corruption of the selfe substance; *Chap.5.*
And when Evill substance shall putrifie,
Horrible Odour is gendred thereby:
As of Dragons and Men that long dead be,
Their stench maie cause greate Mortalitie.
It is not wholsome to smell to some Cole,
For quenching of some Snuffe a Mare woll cast her Foale.
When the Qualities of a thing according is
To your Nature, good Odour will not misse:
But when the substance is contrary to your kinde,
The Odours thereof odious you shall finde.
Fishes love Soote smell, also it is trewe,
Thei love not old Kydles as thei doe the new.
All things that are of good Odour,
Have naturall Heate for their succour;
Though Camphire, Roses, and things colde,
Have soote Odours, yet Auctors tould,
How Heate virtually incloſed is the skell,
With Purenes of substance, whie they so smell:
This olde opinion you maie teach your Brother,
How noe good Odour is contrary to another;
But it is not soe of stinking smells,
For stinch of Garlick voydeth stinch of Dunghills.
Of Odours this Doctrine is sufficiente,
As in *Alkimy* to serve your intente,
Your Warks to understonde thereby,
When things begin to purrifie;
Alsoe by Odours this you maie lerne,
Suttilnes and grosnes of Matters to discerne:
Alsoe of Meane substance knowledge ye may get,
With knowledge of Corruption of Naturall heate;
And knowledge of Diversitie by good attendance,
When Humour corrupteth and when the Substance.
But our Substance was made so pure and cleane,

And

Chap. 5.

And is conſerved by vertue of the meane,
That ye no ſtinke thereof ſhall finde,
Albeit that it putrifie fro his owne kinde.

THe third ſigne and the third Teſtimony
To underſtand your principall Agent by,
Is *Sapor* called, of Mouth the Taſte,
Which evermore is cauſe of waſte
Of the ſubſtance of the ſame thinge
Whereof ye make proofe by Taſtinge
Sapor ſhulde be much better Judge
Then Colour or Odour, and more refuge,
Were not Taſte a perillous thinge,
While our *Stone* is in workinge;
For it is hurting to health and life,
It is ſo greatly penetrative;
Above all ſubtill things it hath Victory,
And peirceth ſolid things haſtily,
Wherefore it is perill and not good,
Much or oft to Taſt of that foode:
It Comforteth Mettalls as we well finde,
But it is Perillous for all Mankinde,
Till perfect Red thereof be made,
Such as in Fier woll never fade.
A lewde Man late that ſerved this Arte,
Taſted of our *white Stone* a parte,
Truſting thereby to find releefe
Of all ſicknes and of all greefe,
Whereby the Wretch was ſodenly,
Smitt with a ſtrong Paraliſie;
Whom my *Maſter* with great Engine,
Cured with *Bezoars* of the Mine.
Therefore though Taſt by Common reaſon,
Shulde be beſt judge at every ſeaſon,

You

Yet for that Taſt is abominable
Sapor is heere not profitable.
Yet of ſome parts ſeperable,
A Taſt maie well be Convenable
Before Conjunctions to make aſſay,
Whether they be well wrought or nay;
Howbeit a Wiſeman hath helpe ſufficient,
By Colour and Odour to have his intent:
For manie Men can chuſe good Wine,
By Colour and Odour when it is fine;
But for new Wine not fined in generall,
The trew Taſt is moſt ſuertie of all;
For Smelling hath Organalls but one,
Nothing diſcerning but fumous things alone;
But Taſt hath ſix Organalls without doubt,
To feele qualitie of things within and without,
Which Nature ordain'd againſt perill and ſtrife,
For more ſuertie of things haveing life:
An Ape chuſeth her Meate by Smelling,
Men and Popinjayes truſten to Taſting:
For manie things be of good Smell,
Which to Taſt be found full ill:
For they maie be abhominable ſower,
Over-ſharpe, too bitter, or of greate horrour,
Or Venamous, ſtinking, or over-ſtronge,
The Taſt is judge and voideth ſuch wronge.
Old men wrote in antient time,
How that of *Sapors* there be fully Nyne;
Which ye maie lerne in halfe an hower,
As Sharpe taſt, Unctuous, and Sower,
Which three doe ſuttill matter ſignifie;
And other three doe meane matter teſtifie,
As Bitinge taſt, Saltiſh and Weeriſh alſo,
Other three come thicke ſubſtances fro,

Chap. 5.

As Bitter taſt, under Sower, and Douce;
Thes Nyne be found in manie a Noble Houſe;
Five of theſe Nyne be ingendred by Heat,
Unctuons, Sharpe, Salt, Bitter, and Doulcet;
But of the Nyne the remnant all fower,
Be made with cold, as is the Sapor Sower,
And ſo is Soweriſh taſt called Sapor Pontick,
And leſſe Sower allſo called Sapor Stiptick,
Alſo is Weeriſh taſt called Unſavoury,
With Cold ingendered effectually.
Sapor of two things hath his Conception,
Of divers Subſtance and of divers Complection.

OF Hot and Moyſt in the Second degree,
With a Thick ſubſtance, Doulcet Taſt will be;
The ſame degrees of the ſame Complexion,
To a Meane ſubſtance knit by connexion,
Unctuous Sapor ingender ever ſhall;
But where it is Hott and Dry withall,
With a Meane ſubſtance in the Second degree,
The Taſt thereof muſt needs Saltiſh be;
When a thing in the Third degree Hot and Dry is,
With a ſubſtance Thick, there is Bitternes;
But in the Fowerth degree matter Hot and Dry,
With a Suttill ſubſtance, Sharpe Taſt is thereby;
So five Taſts, as I ſaid before,
Be ingendered with Heat, and not one more.
Of Cold and Dry in the Second degree by kinde,
With a Suttill ſubſtance, full Sower ye ſhall it finde;
As by Faces of People ye maie Deeme,
When thei taſt Crabs while thei be greene:
The ſame Complexion in the ſame degree,
In a thing which of Meane ſubſtance ſhall be,
Of that is ingendred ye maie well ſuppoſe,

A Bitinge Taſt as is of the Roaſe, Chap. 5.
But Sower, and Sowriſh, and leaſt Sower, all three
Be of Cold and Dry in High and Low degree:
And Cold and Moyſt in the Firſt degree of all,
A Weeriſh Taſt ingender ever ſhall,
As of an Egg it ſhoweth in the glaere,
And in pale Women over White and Fayer:
For ſuch be Cold, and of Humidityе
Thei have trewly greate ſuperfluity,
Therefore to Men thei have leſſe delight;
Cold rebateth luxurious appetite.
Iſaac ſaid there be but Taſtes ſeaven,
For Sower and leſſe Sower was one but uneven,
But in Complexion thei were of one foundation,
For Unſavoury was but of Taſt privation;
Compound Taſts be found alſo,
As Doulce Eger and others manie mo;
So by Taſt men maie Craftily know
Divers complexions and degrees high and low;
And when ye doubt by Taſt to make report,
Than to your other teſtimonies reſort.
As in *Phiſicke* truſt not to Urine
Onely, but alſo take witnes and Doctrine
Of your Pulſes, and wiſely conſidering
Six things not naturall the Body concerning,
Having reſpect alſo therewithall,
Unto theſe Seaven things naturall;
And take heed if ye woll be ſure,
Of Three things contrary to nature:
Compleat theis Sixteene wiſely to your ground,
A lewd *Phiſition* leaſt that ye be found:
For ſo of (*had I wiſt*) ye maie beware,
And helpe the Sick man from his care:
So fo this *Science* if ye woll advaunce,

Chap. 5. Your works, take heed of everie Circumstance,
Wisely Considering your testimonyes fower,
Three be now passed, the fowerth is Liquor.

Liquor is the Comfort of this Werke;
Liquor giveth evidence to a Clerke
Thereby to fasten his Elements,
And also to loose them for some intents;
Liquor conjoyneth Male with Female Wife,
And causeth dead things to resort to Life;
Liquors clenseth with theire ablution,
Liquors to our *Stone* be Cheese nutrition;
Without Liquor no Meate is good;
Liquors conveieth all Aliment and Food
To every part of Mans Body,
And so thei doe with us in *Alkimy*.
Ye must consider the puritie
Of all your Liquors and quantitie;
And how thick thei be or thinn,
Or else thereof shall ye litle winn;
But not as *Phisitions* maketh mention,
For *Elixir* is a thing of a second intention;
Wherefore ye shall more Wondrous natures find
In his working, than in all other kind;
Phisitions say the thicker Urine be,
The more it signifieth Humidity,
Where thick Liquor with us hath siccity,
And suttill Liquor betokneth Humidity:

MAnie Liquors be requisit
To our *Stone* for his appetite.
In the Booke of *Turba Aristeus* deposed,
How Ayre in Water was secreatly inclosed,
Which bare up Erth with his Aierly might.

Pithagoras

Pithagoras ſaid that was ſpoke with right. *Chap.5.*
Ariſtotle Craftilye his words ſet he,
Saying, *cum habueris aquam ab Aere.*
Plato wrote full ſapiently,
And named it *ſtilla roris mădidi:*
Which was kindly ſpoken for *Alkimy.*
But common Students in firſt Philoſophie,
Say Ayre condenſed is turned into Raine,
And Water rarified becomes Ayre againe.
Some ſaid how *May* was firſt ſeaſon and faire
To take ſuch Water as is made of Ayre.
Some ſaid ſuch Waters come heaven fro,
When the *Sunn* entereth into *Scorpio.*
Some ſaid all Liquors ſhulde be refuſed,
Which Froſt infected ſhulde not be uſed:
The cauſe whie as telleth Autors old,
Is that theire accuity is duld with cold.
Some *Philoſophers* ſaid that ye ſhulde take
Milke for the Liquor *Elixir* to make:
And other ſort ſaid after their intent,
No Liquor ſo good for the Complement,
As Water of *Litharge* which would not miſſe,
With Water of *Azot* to make *lac virginis:*
But *Democrit* ſaid beſt Liquor to preſent
Elixir withall was Water permanent:
Whoſe naturall vertue and propertie,
Was fier to abide and never to flye:
Rupiſciſſa ſaid that cheefe Liquor
Was *Aqua-vitæ Elixir* to ſuccour;
For ſhe was ſpirituall, and would revive
Dead things fro death to live,
Shee was *Quinteſſence*, the fift thing,
Whereof *Ariſtotle* by his writing
In his Boke of *Secrets* ſaith ſoe,

Chap. 5.

How that all perfection was *in quinario*.
Rupiſciſſa called it beſt Liquor of all,
For it maketh groſſe matter ſpirituall:
But of *Pithagoras* ye maie finde,
Our *Aqua-vitæ* of another kinde;
He ſaith it was *Vivificans* in his ſentence,
Fac fugiens fixum & fixum fugiens,
For in ſuch wiſe with ſtrong Coaction,
Fixt matters were made of light liquefaction.
Another ſort ſaid no Liquor was above
The Liquor which Congers moſt deſier and love:
Therefore ſuch Liquors are beſt found,
Nigh to Iſlands, and to ſuch ground
Which the Ocean Sea hath compaſſed about,
For there ſuch Liquors be ſooneſt fet out.
Of another Liquor wiſe men tell,
Which is freſher than Water of the Well;
Freſher Liquor there is none in taſt,
Yet it woll never conſume ne waſte;
Though it be occupied evermore,
It will never be leſſe in ſtore;
Which *Democrit* named for his intent,
Lux umbra carens, Water moſt Orient;
Hermes ſaid no Liquor ſo neceſſarie,
As was Water of crude Mercury:
For he ſhall ſtand ſaid that Noble Clerke,
For the Water within our werke.
Now lerne ye which for this *Science* have ſought,
By all theſe Liquors our *Stone* muſt be wrought.

Liquor is a thing moveable,
Of fleeting ſubſtance and unſtable.
All ſuch things follow the *Moone*,
More then ſtanding kindes doone;

Chap. 5.

And that appeareth to a Clerke,
In working of the white Werke;
Liquors washen and maken cleane
Both Extremities and the Meane;
God made Liquors for Mans use,
To clense foule things in everie howse;
Liquor bringeth without doubt,
Hidden things in Bodyes out,
As Landres witnes evidently,
When of Ashes thei make their Lye;
Liquor comforteth the roots of Grasse,
And of Trees such as drye was;
For Liquors of Nature woll restore
Humors that were lost before.
Liquors departeth Qualities asunder,
Substance resolving in Attomes with wonder;
Liquors also bringeth into one
Many things to be one Stone.
Liquors helpeth to flux and to flowe
Manie things, and lerne ye maie now
How Liquor is in manie manners found
Out of things that be on the ground,
Some by cutting, as Turpentine;
Some with Pressing, as Sider and Wine;
Some with grinding, as Oyle is had;
Some with stilling, as Waters be made;
Some with Brenning, as Colophonie;
And some with Water, as Women make Lye;
Some be otherwise brought about,
And by naturall working fet out,
As Urin, Sweat, Milk, and also Blood,
And Renniet which for Cheese is good:
By as manie manners and moe by one,
We seek Liquors for our *Stone*.

Chap.5. Every of the forenamed woll cleave
To that thei touch, and ſome deale leave:
But Quickſilver albeit it is fleeting,
Yet he woll never cleave to any thinge,
But to a Mettall of one kinde or other,
For there he findeth Siſter or Brother.
Medling with ſuttill Erth doth him let,
To cleave to things ſuch as he meet:
All the ſaid Liquors which rehearſed be,
Conteyne fower Elements as well as he;
As Milke conteyneth Whey, Butter, and Cheeſe,
So done trewly every-each of all theſe:
Which fower maie be departed a twinn,
And after conjoynd to make ye winn.
But much more craftily they be heere ſought,
Then Cheeſe, and Butter, and Whey be wrought;
And drawe neerer to ſimplicitie,
Then Cheeſe, Butter, or Whey maie be.
Of all Liquors which be in our *Stone*,
None is called ſimple but Water alone.
Of every Liquor which to our *Stone* ſhall goe,
Ye muſt know complexion and degree allſo,
And than with Liquor ye maie abate
The principall Agent from his Eſtate,
If he permanent and abiding be,
In any point of ſuperfluitye:
As if the reigning qualitie be Drineſs,
Ye maie amend it with humour of Moiſtnes.
Now more, now leſſe, as ye ſee need,
And ſo in all qualities proceede:
And in ſuch wiſe order at your will,
The principall Agent, your purpoſe to fulfill:
With knowledge of diverſity, contrarietie, and accord,
Ye maie chuſe which quality ſhall be Lord.

Your

Your Liquors be ordained to add and subtray, *Chap.5.*
To make equalitie by wisdome of assay;
But trust not that any thing maie be
Hot and Moist both in one Degree:
For all that trust two qualities to be soe,
Shall be deceived where ever thei goe.
Common Schooles (so teaching) be not true,
Leave that Opinion, and lerne this of new
All Old men in that were overseene,
To set in one degree anie qualities twaine:
Else thei said so that Schollers shulde not finde
The secret mixtures of Elementall kind.
Therefore who cannot his graduations,
Maie not be perfect in our operations:
For in true Number *God* made every thing;
Without true Number no Man trulie maie sing;
Who faileth of his Number faileth of his Song,
Who faileth with us must doe Nature wrong.

CONsider also the nature of the meane,
When it is in the Third degree made cleane;
The purer that your meanes be,
The more perfection thereof ye shall see.
The meanes reteyne a great part
Of the vertues of this *Arte*:
For the Principle maie not give influence
To the Finall end, neither the refluence
Unto his Principall without succour and aid
Of meanes conteyning the extremities aforesaid:
For like as by meanes of a treble Spirit,
The Soule of Man is to his Body knit,
Of which three Spirits one is called Vitall,
The second is called the Spirit Naturall.
The third Spirit is Spirit Animall,

Chap. 5.

And where they dwell now lerne ye ſhall:
The Spirit Vitall in the Hert doth dwell,
The Spirit Naturall as old Auctors tell
To dwell in the Liver is thereof faine,
But Spirit Animall dwelleth in the Braine:
And as long as theſe Spirits three
Continue in Man in there proſperitie:
So long the Soule without all ſtrife
Woll dwell with the Body in proſperous life,
But when theis Spirits in Man maie not abide,
The Soule forthwith departeth at that tide:
For the ſuttill Soule pure and immortall,
With the groſſe Body maie never dwell withall,
He is ſo heavie, and She ſo light and cleane,
Were not the ſuttilneſſe of this Spirit meane.
Therefore in our worke as Auctors teach us,
There muſt be *Corpus Anima & Spiritus:*
Alſo in our worke ye ſhall ſo finde,
That our meanes muſt accord in every kinde
Of both extremities with wiſdome ſought,
Els all our worke ſhall turne cleere to nought:
For prudent Nature maie not by workinge,
Make Complement of appetite of a thing,
And ſo paſſe betweene extremities,
But if ſhe firſt paſſe by all degrees
Of everie meane, this is truth unfained,
Wherefore Nature manie meanes ordained.

NOw after all this to lerne ye had need,
Of ſeven Circulations of Elements for your ſpeede,
According to number of the Planets ſeaven;
Which no man knoweth but he have grace from heaven.
Old *Philoſophers*, men of great engine,
Said how of Circulations there ſhulde be Nine;

It

It is the surer to doe by their advice,
Nethles Seaven maie your worke suffice,
By inventions late found of new,
Of later *Philosophers* whos workes be trewe.
But for Circulations of Elements,
Some Clerks ween to have their intents.
When they fro Fier ordaine to descend,
To Aire (thei ween not to offend)
If thei to Water doe then proceed,
And thens to Erth when thei see need,
And in such wise by order fall,
From the highest to the lowest of all:
Upon these words they tooke their ground,
That *Aer est cibus ignis* found.
But trust me that such Circulation,
Is but only a rectification,
Better serving for separation,
And for correction than for transmuta tion
But the truth is that appetite of the Fier,
Hath to worke in Erth his cheefe desire,
As upon his cheefe foode materiall,
For Fier with Erth hath most concord of all;
Because that siccitie is the lyme of heate,
But Ayre of her kind is most wet;
Yet Fire without Ayre worketh not,
For Faces of Elements be knit with a knot
Of *Gods* hand that they maie not depart,
By noe engine ne craft of Mans art;
As in Plomps ye have example faire,
Where heavie Water ariseth after Ayre;
Whereof noe cause reasonable ye shall finde,
But Connexion of faces of Elementall kinde.
But our Circulation is from Fier on high,
Which endeth with Water his most contrary.

Chap. 5.

Chap.5.

Another Circulation beginneth with Ayre,
Ending with his Contrary cleane Erth and faier.
Fro Fier to Erth, fro thence to Water cleane,
Fro thence to Ayre, then fro thence by a meane,
Paſſing to Erth, then eftſoones to Fier,
To ſuch Circulations the Red worke hath deſire.
Other Circulations be better for the White,
That be rehearſed for her appetite.
Every Circulation hath her proper ſeaſon,
As her lightneſſe accordeth with reaſon.
For as one Planet is more ponderous
Then is another and ſlower, in his courſe:
So ſome Circulations which Clerks ſeeks,
Muſt for her time have full thirtie Weeks;
Other Circulations ſhall oft time have leſſe,
As one Planet is lighter then another was:
But the time of one with another will amount
To twenty ſix Weekes proved by accompt.
After all groſſe workes made before hand,
And after all Circumſtances had I underſtande;
Ignorance hereof deceiveth manie a Man,
Cauſing them to ceaſe where Wiſemen began.
Common People which for this *Science* have ſought,
Ween how in forty dayes it mought be wrought.
They know not how Nature and things of Arte,
Have a proper time aſſigned for their part,
As it appeareth by this Similitude,
The Elephant for that ſhe is great and rude,
Goeth with Foale years full twayne,
And fifty yeares ere that Foale gender againe.
Anaxagoras ſaid in his Conſideration,
That Mettals had for their generation
A thouſand Yeares, wherefore him liſt to ſay,
In reſpect thereof our Worke is but one Day.

Alſoe

Alſo ye muſt worke by good advice, *Chap.5.*
When ye ſee Erth above Water riſe;
For as Water beareth Erth which we goe on,
So woll it doe in working of our *Stone*:
Wherefore Well-ſprings with ſtrokes ſoft,
Soberly make ye muſt in tymes oft;
Whereby Water maie ſoberly flowe,
For violent Fluxes be perilous as nowe.

MOreover it healpeth in *Alkimy*
To know ſeaven Waters effectuallý:
Which be Coppied with manie a Man,
While thei be common ſeeke them as ye can,
Deſire not this Boke to ſhow things all,
For this Boke is but an *Ordinall*.
By thoſe Waters men Weene in mind
All faults to amend of Metaline kinde;
Alſo thei weene of the Elements fower,
The effects to weene by their ſuccour:
For thei ſuppoſe with confidence unfeined,
That all Vertues requiſit in them be conteyned;
Some to molifie Mettalls hard wroght,
And ſome to harden Mettalls that be ſoft,
Some to purifie, ſome to make malleable;
Everie-each according that he was able,
Such Liquors to know it is profitt and good,
Howbeit thei maie not to our *Stone* be food:
Noble Auctors men of glorious fame,
Called our *Stone Microcoſmus* by name:
For his compoſition is withouten doubt,
Like to this World in which we walke about:
Of Heate, of Cold, of Moyſt and of Drye,
Of Hard, of Soft, of Light and of Heavy,
Of Rough, of Smooth, and of things Stable,

Chap. 5. Medled with things fleetinge and moveable;
Of all kinds Contrary broght to one accord,
Knit by the doctrine of *God* our blessed *Lord*:
Whereby of Mettalls is made transmutation,
Not only in Colour, but transubstantiation,
In which ye have need to know this thing,
How all the vertues of the Elements transmuting,
Upon the transmuted must have full domination,
Before that the substance be in transmutation;
And all partes transmuted must figured be
In the Elements transmuting impressed by degree.
So that the third thinge elemented of them all,
Of such condition evermore be shall.
That it trewly have it maie be none other, (other.
But her Substance of that one, and her Vertue of that
A Child at his Nativitie can eate his meate and cry,
Our *Stone* at his Nativity woll Colour largly.
In three years after a Child can speake and goe,
Then is our *Stone* more Colouring also.
One upon a Thousand his tincture trewly is,
Of clean washen Mettall I am trew witnes,
Fastiely (beleeve it) and fully in your thought,
It maketh good Silver as of the Myne is wrought;
And also our *Stone* woll augment and increase,
In quantitie, and qualitie, and thereof never cease;
And therefore his growing and augmentation,
Is likned to Man in waxing and creation.
Nathles one pointe of trewth I woll reporte,
Which to some Men maie be discomforte;
At the first making of our *Stone*,
That time for winninge looke for none;
If ye then cease, I understande
Ye shall departe with loosinge hand,
The Costs be so great before,

Expended

Expended and set upon the score; *Chap. 5.*
But at the first augment of all
Which tyme our *Stone* depart ye shall
In parts twaine full equally,,
With subtill ballance and not with Eye:
One for the Red, that other for the White,
To mainteyne both for your delight;
Then winning first beginneth to arise:
But afterwards if ye be wise,
At every augment continually,
Profit shall grow comodiously;
In this our White Warke alone,
As well as in the Ruby Stone;
Whereof said *Maria* Sister of *Aron*,
Lyfe is short, and Science is full long.
Nathles it greately retardeth Age,
When it is ended by strong Courage;
But some that have byne tought trewlie,
Have forsooke their worke lewdly;
When their greate labour have byne paste,
For thei know not how at the laste
Groweth the profit and the winninge,
Which thei would have at the beginninge,
Therefore I finde that it is neede,
The trewth to tell when ye shulde speede,
For when I am past and out of minde,
This my Witnes shall rest behinde,
For which cause I doe not spare,
Of this *Arte* the trewth to declare;
As much as I dare, that I be not shent
For breaking of *Gods* Commandement.
This wise endeth all our *White Werke*
Shewed sufficiently for an able Clerke.

After

Chap. 5.

After all this upon a day
I heard my noble *Maſter* ſay,
How that manie men patient and wiſe,
Found our *White Stone* with Exerciſe;
After that thei were trewlie tought,
With great labour that *Stone* they Caught;
But few (ſaid he) or ſcarcely one,
In fifteene Kingdomes had our *Red Stone*:
And with that word he caſt his Eye,
Looking on me full ſteadilye,
Of his words he ſaw me woe,
I ſaid alas what ſhall I doe?
For above all Erthly thinge,
I moſt deſire and love Cunninge.
And for the *Red Stone* is preſervative,
Moſt precious thinge to length my Life;
The *Red Stone* ſaid I is lever to me,
Then all were Gould that I would ſoe to be.
He ſaid I was to younge of Age,
Of Body luſty and likely to outrage,
Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,
He ſaid *Philoſophers* had noe ſuch Compeers;
This woefull anſwer then he made to me,
Till ye be elder he ſaid it maie not be.
Alas good *Maſter* remember ſaid I,
Howbeit my Body be light and luſtie,
Prove and aſſay and you ſhall finde
Age ſufficient within my Minde,
He held his words full ſtill that tyde,
And ſo long tyme he did abide;
After this ſudainely in wonderous wiſe,
He tempted me after the *Philoſophers* guiſe.
Which to reherſe it were too longe,
And to ſhew how I ſhould doe wronge;

For that must be kept secreate, *Chap.* 5.
For them which shall with this *Science* meete;
Yet at the last with leasure and with space
I wan his love, by help of *Gods* Grace;
So that I had with Grace the trewe doctrine
Of Confection of the *Red medicine*;
Whom to seeke it availeth right nought,
Till the *White medicine* be fully wrought.
Alsoe both Medicines in their beginninge
Have one manner of Vessell and Workinge,
As well for the White as also for the Red,
Till all quick things be made dead;
Then Vessells and forme of operation
Shall chaunge, in Matter, Figure, and Graduation.
But my herte quaketh, my hand is tremblinge,
When I write of this most selcouth thinge.
Hermes brought forth a true sentence and blounte,
When he said *Ignis & Azot tibi sufficiunt.*
The Expositor of *Hermes* and *Aristotle* joynte,
In that joynte worke shewd a straunge pointe,
He said *Albertus Magnus* the Black Freere,
Nether Freer *Bacon* his compeere,
Had not of our *Red stone* consideration,
Him to increase in multiplication.
The Expositor knew it sufficiently,
And my *Master* tought me trewly,
Albeit that I never made assaye
Of the *Red worke* before this Daye:
The cause appeareth in this Boke before,
When I was robbed then I would no more.
Nethlesse I have put me so farr in preass,
That secreate Trewth to shew I cannot cease;
Reherssing such as were greately too bold,
So great secreats to shew as thei tolde:

Chap. 5.

Thei ſaid that within the Center of incompleate White
Was hid our *Red Stone* of moſt delight:
Which maie with ſtrength and kinde of Fier,
Be made to appeare right as we deſier.
Pandulphus in *Turba* ſaide, *mente ſecura,*
Et ejus umbra in vera tinctura.
Maria confirmed it *in fide oculata,*
Quod in ipſa albedine eſt rubedo occultata.
The Boke *Landabile Sanctum* made by *Hermes,*
Of the *Red Worke* ſpeaketh in this wiſe:
Candida tunc rubeo jacet uxor nupta marito,
That is to ſaie, if ye take heede thereto,
Then is the faire White Woman
Married to the Ruddy Man.
Underſtandinge thereof if ye would gett,
When our *White Stone* ſhall ſuffer heate,
And reſt in Fier as red as Blood,
Then is the Marriage perfect and good;
And ye maie trewly know that tyme,
How the ſeminall ſeed Maſculine,
Hath wrought and won the Victory,
Upon the menſtrualls worthily;
And well converted them to his kinde,
As by experience ye ſhall finde:
Paſſing the Subſtance of *Embrion,*
For then compleate is made our *Stone*;
Whom wiſe Men ſaid that ye ſhulde feede
With his owne Venome when it is need.
Then ride or goe where ye delight,
For all your Coſts he woll you quite.

Thus endeth the *ſubtill Warke* with all her ſtore,
I need not, I maie not, I woll ſhew no more.

Libra. 24. Leo. 15.
Virgo: 28.
Scorp: 12 Can: 8.
Sagit: 2 Gem: 2.
Capri: 8 Tau: 12
Pisces 28
Aquar: 15. Aries 24.



Libra. 24. Leo. 15.
Virgo 28
Scorp: 12 Can: 8.
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Capri: 8 Tau: 12
Pisces. 28
Aquar: 15 Aries. 24.



Libra. 24. Leo 15
Virgo 28
Scorp: 12 Canc: 8
Figura superior dividit, Seperat, et Corrigit. Hæc operatione Naturæ Secretã comfortat.
Sagit: 2 Gem: 2
Capri: 8 Tau: 12
Pisces. 28
Aquar: 15 Aries: 24.

Libra. 24. Leo. 15
Virgo. 28.
Scorp: 12 Canc: 8
Superior figura est Elementorũ conjunctionis atque Elementatorum. Inferior hæc perficit et terminat omnia.
Sagit: 2 Gem: 2
Capri: 8 Tau: 12
27
Aquar: 15 Pisces 28 Aries: 24.

Vaughan sculp:

Chap. VI.

TOwards the Matters of Concordance,
Conſider there be no variance
Betweene ſuch things as ſhulde accorde;
For of variance maie grow diſcord,
VVhereby your VVarkes maie be loſt,
VVith all your labour and all your coſt:
He that wol take our VVarke in hande,
Five Concords he muſt underſtande.
The *firſt Concord* is neede to marke
VVhether his *Minde* accorde with the *Warke*,
VVhich ſhalbe Lord to paie for all,
Els all your labour deſtroy ye ſhall.
The *ſecond Concord* is needfull to kenn,
Betweene this *Crafte* and her *Workemen*.
The *Third* ſhall ſerve well your intents,
VVhen *Warke* accordeth with *Inſtruments*.
The *fourth Concord* muſt welbe ſought,
VVith the *Place* where it ſhall be wrought:
For trewlie it is no little grace
To find a perfect working Place.
The *Fift* is of *Concord* and of *Love*,
Betweene your VVarkes and the Spheare above.
Of theis *five Concords* reherſe we ſhall,
Beginning with the firſt of all.

FOr the *firſt* ye ſhall well finde
That full few Lords be ſtable of *Minde*;
Thei be haſty, the VVarke is longe,
Thei woulde have you doe Nature wronge.
Some now be onward as haſty as fier,

Halfe

Halfe a yeare after have noe desire; *Chap. 6.*
And some in a Weeke, it is noe Nay,
Woll chaunge their mindes, and some in a day,
And for one Moneth have full beleife,
And the next Moneth thei woll the *Arte* repreeve.
It were much better for such to cease,
Than for this *Arte* to put them in preasse;
Let such like Butterflies wander and passe,
And lerne this lesson both more and lasse,
Following the Sentence of this holie letter,
Attingens à fine usq; ad finem fortiter,
Disponens omnia suaviter:
That is, proceede mightily to the End
From the Beginning, maugre the feinde,
All things disposing in the meane space,
With great suavity that commeth of grace.
All short-witted Men and mutable,
Such must needs be variable;
And some doe every Man beleive,
Such credence doth their Cofers greive;
To everie new Tale to them tolde,
They give Credence and leave the olde.
But some Lords be stable of wit,
Such be apt to finish it.
Everie such *Lord* or *Master* of this Werke,
Be he *Layman* or be he *Clerke*,
Be he rich man, *Knight*, *Abbot* or *Lorde*,
He hath with this *Arte* greate Concorde.

THe *seconde Concorde* with this *Arte* is,
When ye can finde apt *Ministers*.
Noe Minister is apt to this intent,
But he be sober, wise, and diligent;
Trewe, and watchfull, and also timerous,

Chap. 6.

Close of Tongue, of Body not vitious,
Clenly of hands, in Tuching curious,
Not disobedient, neither presumptuous;
Such Servants maie your workes of Charge
Minister, and save from all outrage;
But trust not that two such Servants or three,
Maie sufficient for your worke be;
If your Matter be of quantity reasonable,
Then Eight such Servants be convenable;
But upon litle quantity, finde ye shall
Foure men able to performe all;
That one halfe of them must werke
While the other Sleepeth or goeth to Kerke;
For of this *Arte* ye shall not have your praye,
But it be ministred as well by Night as Daye
Continually, except the holy Sonday alone;
From Evensong begin till Evensong be done.
And while thei worke thei must needes eschewe
All Ribaudry, els thei shall finde this trewe,
That such mishap shall them befall,
Thei shall destroy part of their Works or all;
Therefore all the Ministers must be Men,
Or else thei must be all Weomen;
Set them not occupied one with another,
Though some to you be Sister or Brother:
Yet thei must have some good disporte
Their greate labours to recomforte:
Then nothinge shall better avaunce
Your worke than shall this Concordance.

THe *Third Concord* is to manie full derke,
To ordeyne *Instruments* according to the Werke:
As everie *Chapter* hath divers intents,
Soe hath it divers Instruments,

Both

Both in Matter and alſo in Shape, Chap. 9.
In Concord that nothing may mis-happ:
As workes of Diviſion and Seperation
Have ſmall Veſſells for their Operation;
But Veſſells broade for Humectation,
And ſome deale broad for Circulation;
But longe Veſſells for Precipitation;
Both ſhort and long ſerve Sublimation:
Narrowe Veſſells and foure inches high
Serve Correction moſt properly.
Of Veſſells, ſome be made of Leade,
And ſome of Clay both quick and deade;
Dead Clay is called ſuch a thinge
As hath ſuffered greate roaſtinge;
Such medled in powder with good raw Claye,
Will Fier abide and not goe away;
But manie Claies woll leape in Fier,
Such for Veſſells doe not deſire.
Other Veſſells be made of Stone,
For Fier ſufficient but few or none;
Amonge Workemen as yet is founde
In any Country of Engliſh grounde,
Which of Water nothing drinke ſhall,
And yet abide drie Fier withall,
Such Stones large for our intente,
Were a precious Inſtrument;
All other Veſſells be made of Glaſſe,
That ſpirituall matters ſhould not out-paſſe;
Of Aſhes of Ferne in this Lond everi-each one
Be made, but els-where be of Stone:
Of our Glaſſes the better kinde,
The morning ſtuffe ye ſhall it finde,
Which was Aſhes the night before,
Standing in Heate all night and more,

The

Chap. 6.

The harder ſtuffe is called Freton,
Of clipping of other Glaſſes it come:
Tincture with anealing of Glaſiers
Will not perſe him as thei reherſe.
By this Doctrine chuſe or refuſe,
Take which you woll unto your uſe,
But for figures of Veſſells kinde,
Everie Man followeth his owne minde,
The beſt faſhion is ye maie be ſure,
She that beſt concordeth with Veſſell of Nature;
And figure that beſt Concordeth with quantity,
And with all Circumſtances, to matter beſt is ſhe,
And this ſheweth well *Albertus Magnus*,
In his Boke *De Mineralibus*.
Hereof a Secreate diſcloſed was,
By my good *Maſter*, to more and leſſe,
Saying, *Si Deus non dediſſet nobis vas*
Nihil dediſſet, and that is Glaſſe.

Inſtruments needefull there be more,
As be *Furnaces* ordeyned therefore.
Olde Men imagined for this *Arte*
A ſpeciall Furnace for everie parte,
Everie each diviſing after his owne thought;
But manie Furnaces of them be naught;
Some were too broade and ſome too longe,
Manie of them did Nature wronge:
Therefore ſome Furnaces maie be well uſed,
But manie of them muſt be refuſed,
For theie were made but by advice
Of them which ſeemed, and were not wiſe:
The moſt Commendable Faſhion of them all,
In this Boke portraied finde ye ſhall.
One Furnace by me is found of newe,

Such as Olde Men never knewe, *Chap.6.*
Whoſe ſecreate Power with ſtudy ſought,
And with greate Coſt was dearely bought;
In him wilbe at one tyme wrought,
Threeſcore Warkes, and coſt right nought,
More than it ſhulde for one Warke or twaine,
Therefore profitable it is certaine;
Threeſcore degrees divers ye maie gett,
For threeſcore warkes, and everie-ech of divers Heate,
Within that Furnace, to ſerve your deſire,
And all thei ſerved with one litle Fier,
Which of a Foote ſquare onlie ſhalbe,
Yet everie-ech of the threeſcore as greate ſpace as he:
Manie purpoſes ye maie thereby fulfill,
For here you ſhall have Heate after your will.
Of this Inſtrument all Men maie not be ſure,
Therefore it is not formed in Picture.
Another Furnace woll ſerve threeſcore
Glaſſes trewly, and yet farr more,
Everie-ech of them ſtanding in like Heate,
As by the Picture, Doctrine ye maie gett:
Another Furnace for this operation,
By me was found by Imagination,
Notably ſerving for Seperation
Of dividents, and for Altification,
And for Dis-junction called Diviſion,
And for Correction called Ablution,
Yt woll for ſome things ſerve Deſiccation,
Yt ſerveth full well for Preparation;
Soe for ſix things it ſerveth well,
And yet for all at once as I can tell:
This is a new thinge which ſhall not be
Set out in Picture for all men to ſee;
Another Furnace in Picture be ſhall,

Chap.6.

More full of perills than other Furnaces all,
Made for *Magnetia*, whereof bould Men had doubte,
To tuch with hands a poore lynine Cloute,
Which in the midle thereof unbrenned ſtoode,
For feare of flames brenning fierce and woode;
Which ſuttill Furnace I deviſed alſoe,
In which I found manie wonders moe
Than is convenient at this ſeaſon to tell,
Whoſe graduation is doubtfull and caſuell:
Wherein *Magnetia*, matter of greate coſte,
Muſt quickly be ſerved or ſuddainly be loſte:
Of whoſe graduation if you woll not miſſe
Conſider your Stoples, and lerne well this,
The more is the Stople the leſſe is the Heate,
By manifould Stoples Degrees ye maie gett;
Whoe knoweth the power, the working and kinde,
Of everie Furnace, he maie well trewth finde,
And he which thereof dwelleth in Ignorance,
All his Warke faleth upon Chaunce:
Noe man is ſure to have his intent,
Without full concord of *Arte* with Inſtrument.
Manie more Inſtruments occupied ye ſhall ſe,
Than in this *Chapter* now rehearſed be,
Which ye muſt ordeyne by good or ſad advice
And prove them before hand oft if ye be wiſe.

THe *fourth Concord* is full notable
Betweene this *Arte* and *Places Convenable*.
Some Places muſt needes be evermore dry,
Cloſe from Aier, no waies Windy;
Some muſt be darke and dimme of ſight,
In which Sun-beames none maie light;
But for ſome Places the trewth ſo is,
Thei cannot have too much brightnes:

Some

Some Places muſt needes be Moiſt and Cold *Chap.6.*
For ſome workes as Auctors toulde;
But in our Warkes in everie place,
Winde will hurt in everie Caſe:
Therefore for everie Warke in ſeaſon,
Ye muſt ordaine Places by reaſon.
Philoſophers ſaid by their engine,
How it ſhulde be wrought within locks Nyne:
Aſtrologers ſaid it was a grace,
To finde a Choſen Working Place;
For manie things woll wonderous doe
In ſome Places and elſewhere not ſoe,
But contrarie wonders be of one thinge
In contrarie Countries wrought without leaſing;
Whereof none other cauſe maie appeare,
But only contrarie places of the *Sphere*:
Whereto Places contrarie of the grounde,
To them Concordaunt and Obedient be found;
Hereof great Evidence and wittnes full cleere,
In the *Magnets Stone* openly doth appeare,
Whoſe North pointe draweth toward his Countrie,
Which under the Southe ſtarr driveth Needles awaye;
Wherefore wiſe Men which for this *Arte* ſought,
Found ſome Places concordant, ſome Places nought;
Trewly ſuch Places where Lechery is uſed
Muſt for this *Arte* be utterly refuſed.

THe *fift Concord* is knowne well of *Clerks*, (*Werks.*
Betweene the *Sphere of Heaven* and our *Suttill*
Nothing in Erth hath more Simplicitie,
Than th'elements of our *Stone* woll be,
Wherefore thei being in warke of Generation,
Have moſt Obedience to Conſtellation:
Whereof Concord moſt kindly and convenient

Chap.6. Is a direct and firie *Aſcendent*,
Being ſigne common for this Operation,
For the multitude of their Iteration:
Fortune your *Aſcendent* with his *Lord* alſo,
Keeping th' aſpect of *Shrewes* them fro;
And if thei muſt let, or needely infect,
Cauſe them to looke with a *Trine* aſpect.
For the *White warke* make fortune the *Moone*,
For the Lord of the *Fourth houſe* likewiſe be it done;
For that is *Theſaurum abſconditum* of olde Clerks;
Soe of the *Sixt houſe* for *Servants* of the Werks;
Save all them well from greate impediments,
As it is in Picture, or like the ſame intents.
Unleſſe then your *Nativity* pretend infection,
In contrariety to this Election,
The vertue of the Mover of the Orbe is formall,
The vertue of the Eight Sphere is here Inſtrumentall,
With her Signes and Figures and parts aſpectuall,
The Planets vertue is proper and ſpeciall,
The vertue of the Elements is here materiall,
The vertue infuſed reſulteth of them all:
The firſt is like to a workmans Minde,
The ſecond like his Hand ye ſhall finde.
The third is like a good Inſtrument,
The remnant like a Thing wrought to your intent.
Make all the Premiſes with other well accord,
Then ſhall your merrits make you a greate Lord.
In this wiſe the *Elixir* of whom ye make mention,
Is ingendered, a thing of a ſecond intention.
Truſt not in *Geomantie* that ſuperſtitious Arte,
For *God* made Reaſon which there is ſet aparte.
Truſt not to all *Aſtrologers*, I ſaie whie,
For that Arte is as ſecreat as *Alkimy*.
That other is diſproved and plainely forbod,

By

By holy *Saincts* of the Church of *God.* *Chap.6.*
Truſt not, ne love not *Negromancy,*
For it is a property of the Devill to lye.
Truſt to this *Doctrine*, ſet herein your deſires,
And now lerne the Regiment of your Fiers.



CHAP. VII.



parfet *Maſter* ye maie him call trowe,
Which knoweth his Heates high and lowe.
Nothing maie let more your deſires,
Than ignorance of Heates of your Fiers.
Of manie Auctors written ye maie ſee,
Totum conſiſtit in ignis regimine:
Wherefore in all Chapters you muſt ſo proceed,
That Heate worke not more ne leſſe than it need;
Wherein manie of *Gebars Cookes*
Deceived were, though thei be wiſe in Bokes.
Such Heate wherewith Pigg or Gooſe is Scalded,
In this *Arte* Decoction it is called;
For Minerall meanes ſerveth ſuch heate,
And to make our *Letharge* to give ſweate.
Such Heate as dryeth lawne Karcheefes fayre,
In thirty operations ſerveth for our Ayre;
But for Diviſions you muſt uſe ſuch heate,
As Cookes make when they roaſt groſſe Meate;
The ſame Heate with a circular Fier,
For Separation of Dividents we deſire;
But for Circulation of Elements,
Ignis candens obſerveth our intents;
Which Fier muſt ever be Coequall
In every minute, and yet perpetuall:
For it maie never abate ne increaſe,
And yet the Fier maie never ceaſe.
Study wiſely and looke about
Such a Fier Cunnyngly to finde out.
And in that Fier no moiſture maie be,
Which Hand maie feele or Eye maie ſee.

Ignis

Chap. 7.

Ignis humidus an other Fier alſoe
Is, and yet it ſeemeth *oppoſitum in adjecto:*
Such Heate diſsevereth at certaine tydes
Matters cleving to Veſſells ſides.
Manie moe things that Heate maie wynn,
It maketh oft thick Matters to be thynn.
A *Philoſopher* miſtely ſpake of this Heate,
And ſaide, the higheſt degree thereof to get
Shall cauſe and gender ſuch Siccitie,
As of drie heate ſhall be in the Firſt degree.
Another Fier is Fire of Diſiccation,
For matters which be imbibed with Humectation.
An other Fier is Fier of Conſervation,
For all drie things of his operation:
For *Magnetia* is Fier of effuſion,
Full of perills and full of illuſion,
Not onely perill which to the Warke maie fall,
But ſuch alſoe which the *Maſter* hurte ſhall;
Againſt which once received is noe boote,
Ordaine therefore to fetch breath from your foote;
Provide for Mouth, Eyes, Eares, and Noſe,
For it is worſe than ten times the Poſe.
Men hereby hath found paines ſore,
Becauſe they had not this warning before.
Ignis corrodens ſerveth in this *Arte,*
Elementa propinqua wiſely to departe.
By one point of exceſſe all your Warke is ſhent,
And one point too little is inſufficient;
Who can be ſure to finde his trewe degree,
Magiſter magnus in igne ſhall he be.
It is the harder to know trewly his might,
There is no triall for it but our Eye ſight:
Therefore all men faile in his preſence,
Where Heate is lerned with coſt of Experience.

Of

Of this Heate in speciall *Anaxagoras* said thus, *Chap. 7.*
Nemo primo fronte reperitur discretus.
Another is Heate of mighty Coaction,
For Mineralls that be of hard Liquefaction:
This Heate cannot be too strenge,
Be he continued never so longe.
Another is Heate of Calcination
For fowle Mettalls for their Preparation;
Which maie not brenn, ne doe them melte,
For so all thei maie soone be spilte.
The twelfte is Heate for to Sublime
All the Spirits of the Mine.
The last Heate of theis goeth for all,
When to Projection our *Stone* shall fall.
Use maketh Masterie, there is noe more to sayne,
But he that faileth must needs begin againe.
Now have I tought you everie thing by name,
As Men teach other the way to *Walsingham*,
Of every Village, Water, Bridge, and Hill,
Whereby wise Men their Journey maie fulfill:
Soe maie a Clerke by this Doctrine finde
This *Science* well if he be cleere of minde;
All other maie finde himselfe hereby a foole
To deale therewith, which litle can of Schoole;
For this is the end of all worldly Cunninge,
Where to attaine can neither Pope ne King
By their Honours, ne by their great Councell,
But only by Vertue and Grace as Auctors tell.
This precious *Stone* will not be found ne wrought
But he be right devotely sought.
The Auctors forenamed with this Boke of mine,
Sheweth of *Alkimy* all the Doctrine,
If ye compleate their Sentences all,
Not by Opinion, but after this *Ordinall*;

Chap.7. For in this *Ordinall* I set you from all doubt,
Is nothing set wronge, nor one point left out.
The dayes were when that this Doctrine and ground
Had pleased me more than a Thousand pound;
Three Hundred pounds was not for my desire,
As would have byne this *Chapter* of the Fier.
And mervaile not Lords, ne ye freinds all,
Why soe noble a *Scyence*, as all Men this *Arte* call,
Is here set out in *English* blunt and rude,
For this is soe made to teach a Multitude
Of rude people which delen with this Werkes,
Ten Thousand *Laymen* against ten able *Clerks*:
Whereby yearely greate Riches in this *Londe*
Is lewdly lost, as Wisemen understonde;
And manie men of Everie degree
Yearely be brought to great Povertee.
Cease *Laymen*, cease, be not in follie ever;
Lewdnes to leave is better late than never.
All that hath pleasure in this Boke to reade,
Pray for my Soule, and for all both Quick and deade.
In this yeare of *Christ* One thousand foure Hundred
(seaventy and seaven,
This Warke was begun, *Honour to God in Heaven.*

The

THE COMPOUND OF ALCHYMIE.

A moſt excellent, learned, and worthy worke, written by Sir *George Ripley*, Chanon of *Bridlington* in *Yorke-ſhire*, Conteining twelve Gates.

Titulus Operis.

HEre begynneth *The Compound of Alchymie,*
Made by a Chanon of *Bridlington,*
After his learning in *Italy*
At *Yxning* for tyme he there did wonne:
In which be declared openly
The ſecrets both of *Sunne* and *Moone,*
How they their kinde to multiplye,
In one body togeder muſt wonne.

Which Chanon Sir *George Ripley* hight,
Exempt from Clauſtrall obſervance,
For whom pray ye both day and night,
Sith he did labour you to advance.
He turned darknes into light,
Intending to helpe you to happy chaunce,
Gyving Counſell that ye live right,
Doeing to God no diſpleaſaunce.

George

GEORGE RIPLEY
UNTO
King EDWARD the fourth.

O Honorable Lord, and moſt victoryous Knyght,
With Grace and Fortune abundantly endewed,
The ſavegard of England, *& maynteyner of right;*
That God you loveth indeede he hath well ſhewed:
Wherefore I truſt thys Lond ſhalbe renewed
With Joy and Riches, with Charyty and Peace,
So that old ranckors underſtrewed,
Tempeſtuous troubles and wretchednes ſhall ceaſe.

And now ſyth I ſee by tokens right evident,
That God you guydeth, and that ye be vertuous,
Hating ſynne, and ſuch as be inſolent,
How that alſo Manſlaughter to you is odious,
Upon the Indygent alſo that ye be piteous,
Greate ruth it were if ye ſhould not lyve longe:
For of your great fortune ye be not preſumptuous,
Nor vengeable of mynde to wreke every wrong.

Theis conſidered, with others, in your moſt noble Eſtate,
Like as God knoweth, and people doe witneſſe beare,
So entyrely me meveth, that I muſt algate
Recorde the ſame, and therein be no flatterer:
And that not onely, but alſo to write here,
And to your Highnes humbly for to preſent
Great Secretts which I in farre Countryes did lere,
And which by grace to me moſt unworthy are lent.

Once to your Lordship such thyngs I did promise,
What tyme ye did command to send unto me;
And since that I wrote in full secret wise,
Unto your Grace from the Universitie
Of Lovayne, *when God fortuned me by Grace to see*
Greater secretts and moch more profyte,
Which onely to you I wyll disclosed to be:
That is to say the great Elixirs *both Red and White.*

For like it you to trust that trewlie I have found
The perfect waye of most secrete Alchimy,
Which I wyll never trewly for Merke ne for Pounde
Make common but to you, and that conditionally
That to your selfe ye shall keepe it full secretly,
And onely it use as may be to Gods pleasure,
Els in tyme comming, of God I should abye
For my discovering of his secrete treasure.

Therefore advise you well wyth good delyberation,
For of this Secrete shall know none other Creature
But onely you, as I make faithfull Protestation,
For all the tyme that I here in lyfe endure:
Whereto I wyll your Lordship me to ensure,
To my desyre in thys by othe to agree,
Least I should to me the wrath of God procure;
For my revealing his greate gift and previtie.

And yet moreover I wyll your Hyghnes to pardon me,
For openly wyth pen I wyll it never wryte,
But when that ye list by practice ye shall see;
By Mouth also this pretious secret most of delyght,
How may be made Elixirs *Red and Whyte,*
Playne unto your Hyghnes it shall declared be,
And if it please you with easy expence and respyte
To help, I wyll them make by helpe of the Trinitie.

But

But notwythstanding for perill that might befall,
Though I dare not here plainly the knot unbinde,
Yet in my writeing I wyll not be so Mysticall,
But that ye may by studie the knowleige finde:
How that eche thing multiplicable is in hys kinde,
And that likenes of bodies Metalline be transmutable
I wyll deelare, that if ye feele me in your minde
Ye shall prove my wryting true and noe fayned fable.

And if God graunt you by me to wynne thys treasure,
Serve him devoutly with more Laud and thanking,
Praying his Godhead in lyfe ye may so endure,
His gifts of grace and fortune to use to his pleasing,
Most specially intending over all thing,
To your power and connyng his precepts tenne
So to keep, that into no daunger your selfe ye bring;
But that ye may in glorie see him hereafter, Amen.

As the Philosopher *in the boke of* Meteors *doth wryte,*
That the lykenesse of bodyes Metalline be not transmutable,
But after he added theis words of more delyte,
Without they be reduced to theyr beginning materiable.
Wherefore such bodies which in nature be liquable,
Minerall and Mettaline may be Mercurizate,
Conceave ye may that this Scyence is not opinable,
But very true by Raymond *and others determynate.*

In the said Boke the Philosopher *speaketh also,*
Therein if it please your Highnes for to reade,
Of divers Sulphurs, *but especially of two;*
And of two Mercuryes *Joyned to them indede:*
Whereby he doth true understanders leade
To the knowledge of the principles which be true;
Both Red most pure, and White, as have I spede,
Which be nevertheless founden but of right few.

And

And these two things be best he addeth anone
For them that worketh the Alchimy *to take,*
Our Gold and our Silver therewith to make alone;
Wherefore I say, who will our Pearle and Ruby make,
The said principles looke that he not forsake:
For at the beginning if his principles be trewe,
And that he can by crafte them so bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke shall him not rewe.

But one greate secret ryght nedefull it is to knowe,
That though the Philosophers *speake plurally,*
All is but one Thing, ye may me trowe,
In kinde, which is our Base principally,
Whereof doth spring both Whyte and Red naturally;
And yet the Whyte must come fyrst of the Red:
Which thyng is not wrought manually,
But naturally, Craft helping oute of our Leade.

For all the parts of our most precious Stone,
As I can preve, be Coessentiall and concrete;
Moreover there is no true principle but one;
Full longe it was er I therwith could mete:
Who can reduce it, and knoweth his Heate,
And only kinde with kinde can redresse,
Till filth originall be clensed from his Seat,
Likely he is to finde our secrets both more and lesse,

Onlie therefore worke Kynde, with his owne Kynde,
And all your Elements Ioyne that they not strive,
This poynte also for any thing beare in mynde;
That passive natures ye tourne into active,
Of Water, Fire, and Winde, of Erthe make blive;
And of the Quadrangle make ye a Figure round,
Then have ye honie of our bene hive;
One ounce well worth a thousand pound.

The

The principall secrete of secretes all
Is true Proportion which may not be behinde,
Wherein I councell yow be not superficiall,
The true conclusion if ever ye thinke to fynde,
Turne Erth to Water, and Water into Wynde,
Therof make Fire, and beware of the Floode
Of Noe, *wherein many one be blinde;*
That by this Science *thei get but little good.*

I councell you to eate and drinke temperatly,
And be well ware that Ipocarcha *come not in place;*
Nesh not your Wombe by drinking ymmoderatly,
Lest ye quench your naturall Heate in lyttle space;
The colour wyll tell appearing in your Face:
Drinke no more therefore, then ye may eate;
Walke up and downe after an easie pace,
Chafe not your Body too sore for to sweate.

With easy Fire after meving when ye sweate,
Warme your Body and make it dry againe;
By Rivers and Fountaines walke after meate:
At morrowe tymely visit the high Mountaine,
That Phisicke *so byddeth I reade certeyne:*
So hygh the Mountaine nevertheles ye not ascende,
But that ye may downeward the way have plaine,
And with your Mantell from cold ye yow defende.

Such labour is holsome, your sweat if ye wyll drie
With a napkin, and after it take no cold,
For grosse humors be purged by Sweat kindly;
Use Diacameron, *then confect with perfect Gold*
Hermodactilus *for watrie humors good I hold,*
Use Hipericon Perforate *with mylke of* Tithimall;
And Sperma Cete *ana with redd Wyne when ye wax old,*
And Gotes Mylke sodde with Gold nourisheth moisture radical.

But a good Phisytian who so intendeth to be,
Our lower Astronomy *him nedeth well to knowe*
And after that to lerne, well, Urine in a glasse to see,
And if it nede to be chafed, the Fyre to blowe,
Then wyttily, it, by divers wayes to throwe,
And after the cause to make a Medicine blive,
Truly telling the ynfirmities all on a rowe:
Who thus can doo by his Physicke is like to thrive.

We have an Heauen yncorruptible of the Quintessence,
Ornate with Elements, Signes, Planetts, and Starrs bright;
Which moisteth our Erthe by Suttile influence:
And owt thereof a Secrete Sulphure hid from sight,
It fetteth by vertue of his attractive might;
Like as the Bee fetcheth Hony out of the Flowre
Which thing can doo none other Erthly wight;
Therefore to God only be glory and honour.

And like as Yse to Water doth relente,
Whereof congealed it was by violence of greate Cold,
Whence Phebus it smiteth with his Heate influent:
Right so to Water mynerall, reduced is our Gold,
(As writeth playnly Albert, Raymond, *and* Arnold)
With heate and moisture by craft occasionate,
With congelation of the Spyrite, Lo! now have I told
Howe our materialls togeather must be proportionate.

Att the Dyers craft ye may lerne this Science,
Beholding with Water how they decoctions make
Uppon theyr Woad and Maddre easyly and with patience,
Till the Tinctures appeare which the Cloath doth take
Therein so fixed that they wyll never forsake
The Cloth for washing after they joyned be;
Right so our Tinctures with Water of our Lake
We draw by boyling with Ashes of Hermes tree.

Which

Which Tinctures when they by craft are made parfite,
So dieth Mettalls with Colours evermore permanent,
After the qualitie of the Medycine Red or White;
That never away by eny Fire, will be brente:
To this Example, if you take good tent
Unto your purpose the rather shall ye wynne,
And see your Fire be easy and not fervent;
Where Nature did leave off, what tyme look ye begynn.

First Calcine, and after that Putrefye,
Dyssolve, Dystill, Sublyme, Descende, and Fyxe,
With Aquavite oft times, both wash and drie,
And make a marriage the Body and Spirit betwixt;
Which thus togeather naturally if ye can myxe,
In losinge the Body the Water shall congealed bee,
Then shall the Body dy utterly of the Flixe,
Bleeding and chaunging Colours as ye shall see.

The third daye againe to Life he shall uprise,
And devour Byrds, and Beasts of the Wildernes,
Crowes, Popingayes, Pyes, Pekocks, and Mavies;
The Phenix, the Egle whyte, the Griffon of fearfulnes,
The Greene Lyon and the Red-Dragon he shall destres;
The white Dragon also, the Antlope, Unicorne Panther,
With other Byrds, and Beasts both more and lesse;
The Basiliske also which allmost eche one doth feare.

In Bus *and* Nubi *he shall arise and ascend*
Up to the Moone, *and sith up to the* Sonne,
Through the Ocean Sea, which round is without end:
Only Shypped within a little glasen Tonne,
When he commeth thither, then is the Maistrie Wonne:
About which Iourney greate good shall ye not spend,
And yet ye shall be glad that ever it was begonne;
Patiently if ye liste to your worke attend.

For then both Body and Spirit also both Oyle and Water,
Sowle and Tincture one thing both White and Red,
After Colours variable it conteyneth what so men clatter;
Which also called is when he hath once bene Dedd:
And is revived our Marchasite, *our* Magnete, *and our* Lead,
Our Sulphure, *our* Arsenicke, *and our true* Calcevive:
Our Sonne, *our* Moone, *our* Ferment *of our Bread:*
Our Toade, *our* Basiliske, *our unknowne* Body, *our* Man,
(*our* Wife.

Our Body thus naturally by crafte when it is renovate
Of the first ordre is Medicine *called in our Philosophy,*
Which oftentimes must againe be Spiritualizate:
The rounde Whele turning of our foresaid Astronomy:
And so to the Elixir *of Spirites must ye come, for why*
Till the same of the fixed by the same of the flier be over-
Elixir *of Bodyes named it is only;* (*gone*
And this secrete poynt truly deceaveth many one.

This naturall processe by helpe of craft thus consummate
Dissolveth the Elixir *spirituall in our unctuous Humiditie*
Then in Balneo *of* Mary *togeather let them be Circulat,*
Like new Hony or Oyle till they perfectly thicked be,
Then will that Medicine heale all manner Infirmitie,
And turne all Mettalls to Sonne *&* Moone *most perfectly:*
Thus shall ye have both greate Elixir, *and* Aurum Potabile,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be lawd eternally.

The

Here followeth the Figure conteyning all the secrets of the Treatise both great & small



Incipit Prologus.



Hyld of thys Dyſſyplyne incline to me (thyne Ere,
And harkyn to my doctryne with all thy (dylygence;
Thes words of wyſdome in mynde doe
Which of old Fathers be trew in ſentence; (thou bare,
Live clene in ſoule, to God doe none offence:
Exalt thee not but rather keepe thee Lowe,
Ells wyll thy God in thee no Wyſdome ſowe.

Fro fayned Doctryne and wycked thought,
The holy ſpryt doth hym wythdraw;
Nylling to dwell where Syn is wrought,
Dred God therefore and obay his Lawe,
A ryghteous Man forſooke I never ſawe:
Nether hys ſeed begg bread for need,
In holy *Scrypture* thus doe I rede.

Make Wyſdome therefore thy Siſter to be,
And call on Prudence to be thy Frynd,
By pathes of truth they wyll gyde thee,
Wyth love and honeſty wher ſo thou wend:
Both vertuoſe to be, curteous and hend:
Pray God therefore that thou may fynde
Wyſdome and Prudence with mouth and mynde.

All manner good cum wyth them ſhall,
And honeſtie by ther hands innumerable,
Then into combraunce ſhall thou not fall;
Soe be they in ryches Incomparable:
To worſhyp and profyt they wyll thee able,
To conyng and to all manner of grace,
Both here and after thy lyvys ſpace.

For theſe benefyts which they don bryng,
In parte ynnumeryd by ſapyence,
To them I can compare no thyng;
No rychys, no ſpyces of redolence:
Above all treſure ſuch is ther exellence,
That whatſoever erthly that precyous ys,
To them comparyd ys but as cley ywys.

Infynyte treaſure to Man they be,
Who uſyth them ſhall fryndſhyp have
With God in Heven, and there hym ſe,
After them vyvelyche therefor thou crave,
For Body and Soule both wyll they ſave;
And herein Goods doth multiplye,
And afore Prynces they dygnyfy.

Thynke how *Adam* loſt hys wyſdome,
Sampſon hys myght that was ſoe ſtrong,
Kyng *Saule* alſo loſt hys Kyngdome;
And *Davyd* was punnyſhed ſoare for hys wrong:
In the Oake by the here fayre *Abſolon* hong,
Kyng *Ezeky* by ſyckneſſe had puniſhment,
And many one moe for ſynne was ſhent.

But

But ſee how other that livyd well,
And to their God did none offence,
Such chaſtyſment did never fele,
But God ſhewed ever to them benevolence;
Enok and *Ely* were caryed hence,
To Paradyſe, and other good livers were
Of God rewarded in dyvers manner.

Sum had gret Fortune, ſum gret Cunnynge,
Sum had gret Peace, ſum gret Ryches,
Sum conquered Londs to ther wonyng;
Sum were exalted for ther gret mekenes,
Sum other were ſaved fro the cruelnes
Of Tyrants, Lyons, and hot Fornacys,
As *Danyell* and other in many places.

Thus to good Livers God ſend gret grace,
And unto Synners ſore poniſhment;
Sum to amend in thys lyfe had ſpace,
Sum ſodenly with fyre fro Heavyn were brent,
Synfull *Sodomyts* for ever were ſhent;
With *Dathan* and *Abyron* and other moe,
Which ſank for Syn to endles wo.

Thus ever ſyth the World was wrought,
God hath rewardyd both evyll and good;
Thus yf it maye reſt in thy thought,
Fro ſynfull livyng wyll chaung thy moode.
Yf ſynfull people thys underſtood,
They ought to be aferd God to offend,
And ſoone ther ſynfull lyfes to amend.

Therefore

Therefore with God looke thou begyne;
That he by grace may dwell with thee,
So ſhall thou beſt to Wyſdom wyn,
And knowledge of our grete prevyte;
Noryſh Vertues, and Vices looke thou flee,
And truſtyng thou wylt thee well diſpoſe,
Our ſecrets to thee I wyll dyſcloſe.

Keep thou them ſecret and for me pray,
Looke that you uſe them to Gods pleaſure;
Do good wyth them what ever thou may,
For tyme thou ſhalt thys lyfe endure,
That after thy endyng thou may be ſure
In Hevyn for to rewardyd be,
Whych God graunt both to thee and me.

The Preface.



Hygh Yncomprehenſyble and gloryous (Mageſte,
Whoſe Luminos Bemes obtundyth our (ſpeculation;
One-hode in Subſtance, O Tryne-hode (in Deite,
Of Hierarchycall Jubyleſtes the gratulant gloryfycation;
O pytewouſe puryfyer of Soules and puer perpetuation;
O deviaunt fro danger, O drawer moſt deboner;
Fro thys envyos valey of vanyte, O our Exalter.

O Power, O Wyſdom, O Goodnes inexplycable;
Support me, Tech me, and be my Governour,
That never my lyvyng be to thee dyſplycable,
But that I aquyte me to thee as a trew profeſſor:
Att thys begynnyng good Lord here my prayer;
Be nygh with Grace for to enforce my wyll,
Graunt well that I may my entent fulfyll.

Moſt curyoſe Coffer and copyoſe of all treſure
Thou art, fro whom all goodnes doth deſſend,
(To Man) and alſo to every-ech Creature;
Thyne Handy-warke therefore vouchſafe to defend,
That we no tyme in lyvying here myſpend,
With truth thou graunt us our lyvelode to wyn
That in no daunger of Synfulnes we renne.

And for ſoe much as we have for thy ſake
Renowncyd the World, our Wylls, and the Fleſhys Luſt,
As thyne owne wylfull profeſſyors us take;
Syth in thee only dependyth all our truſt,
We can no ferther, to thee enclyne we muſt:
Thy ſecret Treſorars, vouchſafe to make us,
Show us thy Secrets, and to us be bounteous.

Among other which be profeſſyd to thee
I me preſent, as one wyth humble Submyſſyon,
Thy Servant beſechyng that I may bee,
And trew in levyng acording to my profeſſyon:
In order Chanon reguler of *Brydlyngton*;
Beſechyng the Lord that thou wylt me ſpare,
To thy trew Servaunts thy ſecretts to declare.

In the begynnyng when thou madyſt all of nought,
A globoſe Mater and darke under confuſyon,
By thee Begynner merveloufly was wrought,
Conteynyng naturally all thyngs withoute dyvyſyon,
Of whych thou madyſt in ſix Dayes dere dyſtynction;
As Geneſys apertly doth recorde
Then Heavyn and Erth perfeytyd were wyth thy word.

So thorow thy Wyll and Power owte of one Maſe
Confuſyd was made all thyngs that being ys;
But yn thy glory afore as maker thou was,
Now ys and ſhall be wythout end I wys:
And puryfyed Sowls upp to thy blys
Shall come a prynceyple, thys may be one,
For the declaryng of our *Stone*.

For

For as of one Maſe was made all thyng,
Ryght ſoe muſt hyt in our practyſe be,
All our ſecrets of one Image muſt ſpryng:
In *Phyloſophers* Bokes therefore who luſt to ſe,
Our *Stone* ys callyd the *leſſe World* one and three,
Magneſia alſo of *Sulphure* and *Mercury*,
Propotionat by Nature moſt perfytly.

But many one mervelyth whych mervel may,
And muſe on ſuch a mervelous thyng,
What ys our *Stone* ſyth *Phyloſophers* doth ſay,
To ſuch as ever be hyt ſechyng:
Yet Fowles and Fyſhys to us doth yt bryng,
Every-ech Man yt hath, and ys in every place,
In thee, in me, in every tyme and ſpace.

To thys I anſwer, that *Mercury* it ys I wys
But not the comyn callyd Quickſylver by name,
But *Mercury* withoute whych nothyng beyng ys;
All true *Phyloſophers* record and ſay the ſame:
But ſymple ſerchers puttyth them in blame,
Saying they hyd hyt, but they beblame worthy,
Which be no *Clerks*, and medlyth with *Phyloſophy*.

But though hyt *Mercury* be yett wyſely underſtond,
Wherein it ys, where thou ſhalt it ſeech,
Ells I thee Councell take not this warke in hond,
For *Philoſophers* flattryth Foolys with fayre Speche:
But lyſt to me, for trewly I wyll thee teche,
Whych ys thy *Mercury* moſt profyttable,
Beyng to thee nothing dyſſeveable.

It ys more nythe in ſum things than in ſum,
Therefore take tent what I unto the wryt,
For yf thou never to the knowledge cum,
Therof yet ſhalt thou me not twytt:
For I wyll trewly now thee excite,
To underſtand well *Mercurys* three,
The keys which of our *Scyens* be.

Raymond hys Menſtrues doth them call,
Without which trewly no truth ys done,
But two of them are Superfycyall:
The third eſſentyall of Soon and Moone;
Theyr propertyes I wyll declare ryght ſoone,
And *Mercury* of other Mettalls eſſencyall,
Ys the pryncipall of our *Stone* materyall.

In Soon and Moone our Menſtrue ys not ſene
Hyt not appeareth but by effect to ſyght,
That ys the *Stone* of whych we mene;
Who ſo our wrytyng concevyth aryght,
Hyt ys a Soule, a ſubſtance bryght:
Of Soon and Moone, a ſubtyll influence,
By whych the Erth receyveth reſplendence.

For what ys Gold and Sylver ſayth *Avycen*,
But Erth whych ys pure Whyte and Red,
Take fro that the ſayd clernes, and then
That Erth wyll ſtond but lyttyll in ſtede;
The hole compound ys called our Lede,
The qualyte of clernes fro Soon and Moone doth com
Theſe be our Menſtrues both all and ſum.

Bodyes

Bodyes wyth the fyrſt we Calcene naturally
Perfyt, but none whych be unclene,
Except one whych uſually
Namyd by *Phyloſophers* the *Lyon Greene*,
He ys the meane the Soon and Moone betweene:
Of joynyng Tynctures wyth perfytnes,
As *Geber* thereto beryth wytnes.

Wyth the Second whych ys an Humydyte
Vegetable revyvyng that earſt was dede,
Both pryncyples materyalls muſt looſed be;
And formalls, els ſtandyth they lytle in ſtead:
The Menſtrues therefore know I the rede:
Wythout whych neyther trew Calcynatyon,
Don may be, nether yet naturall Dyſſolutyon.

Wyth the thyrd humydyty moſt permanent
Incombuſtyble and unctuous in hys nature,
Hermes Tre to aſhes muſt be brent:
Hyt is our *Naturall Fyre* moſt ſure,
Our *Mercury*, or *Sulphure*, or *Tynćture* pure:
Our *Soule*, our *Stone*, borne up wyth wynd
In the Erthe ingendered, bere thys in thy mynde.

Thys *Stone* alſoe tell thee I dare,
Is the vapor of Mettalls potentyall,
How thou ſhall gett hyt thou muſt beware:
For invyſible ys truly thys Menſtruall:
Howbehytt with the ſecond Water phyloſophycall,
By ſeperatyon of Elements yt may appeare,
To ſyght in forme of Water cleere.

Of our Menſtrue by labour exuberate
And wyth hyt may be made *Sulphure* of nature
If itt be well and kyndly acuate;
And cyrculate into a Spryt pure:
Then to dyſſolve thou muſt be ſure
Thy Baſe wyth hyt in dyvers wyſe,
As thou ſhalt know by thy practyſe.

That poynt therefore in hys dew place
I wyll declare wyth other mo,
If God wyll graunt me ſpace and grace:
And mep reſerve in lyfe from wo;
As I thee teche loke thou doe ſo,
And for thy fyrſt ground pryncypall
Underſtond thy Water menſtruall.

And when thou haſt made true Calcination,
Encreſyng and not Waſtyng moyſture radycall,
Tyll thy Baſe by ofter ſubtylyatyon
Wyll lyghtly flow as Wex uppon Mettall;
Then lowſe hyt wyth thy vegetable Menſtruall,
Tyll thou have Oyle thereof in Colour bryght,
Then ys your Menſtrue viſible to ſyght.

And Oyle is drawne owte in colour of Gold,
Or lyke thereto out of our fine Red Lead,
Whych *Raymond* ſayd when he was old,
Much more then Gold wold ſtond hym in ſtede,
For whan he was for age nygh dede,
He made thereof *Aurum Potabile*,
Whych hym revyvyd as Men myght ſee.

For

For ſo together may they be Cyrculate,
That ys to ſay, Oyle and the vegetable Menſtruall,
Ether ſo by labour exuberate,
And made by Crafte a Stone Celeſtyall:
Of Nature ſo fyrye that we yt call
Our *Baſelysk*, otherwyſe our *Cokatryſe*,
Our great *Elixir* moſt of pryſe.

Whych as the ſyght of a *Baſylysk* hys object
Kylyth, ſo ſleyth it crude *Mercury*,
When thereon itt ys project,
In twynke of an Eye moſt ſodenly,
That *Mercury* teynyth permanently;
All bodyes to Son and Moone perfyt,
Thus gyde thy baſe both Red and Whyte.

Aurum potabile thus ys made,
Of Gold, not comyn calcynat;
But of our Tyncture whych wyll not vade,
Out of our Baſe drawen wyth the Menſtrue circulate,
But naturall Calcynatyon muſt Algate
Be made, ere thy Gold dyſſolved be,
That Pryncypall fyrſt I wyll tell thee.

But into Chapters thys Treatis I ſhall devyde,
In number Twelve with dew Recapytulatyon;
Superfluous rehearſalls I ley aſyde,
Intendyng only to geve trew Informatyon,
Both of the Theoryke and Practycall operatyon:
That by my wrytyng who ſo wyll guyded be,
Of hys intente perfytly ſpeed ſhall he.

The

The Fyrſt Chapter ſhalbe of naturall *Calcination*;
The Second of *Dyſſolution* ſecret and Phyloſophycall;
The Thyrd of our Elementall *Separation*;
The Fourth of *Conjunction* matrymonyall;
The Fyfthe of *Putrefaction* then followe ſhall;
Of *Congelatyon*, albyfycative ſhall be the Syxt,
Then of *Cybatyon* the Seaventh ſhall follow next.

The ſecret of our *Sublymation* the eyght ſhall ſhew;
The nynth ſhall be of *Fermentation*,
The Tenth of our *Exaltation* I trow;
The Eleventh of our merveloſe *Multyplycatyon*;
The Twelfth of *Projectyon*; then *Recapytulatyon*;
And ſo thys Treatyſe ſhall take an end,
By the help of God as I entend.

Of Calcination.

The first Gate.

1. *Calcinacion* is the purgacyon of our *Stone*,
Restauryng also of hys naturall heate;
Of radycall moysture it lesyth none;
Inducyng Solucion into our *Stone* most mete,
After *Philosophy* I you behyte,
Do not after the comyn gyse,
Wyth Sulphure and Salts preparat in dyvers wyse.

2. Nether with Corrosyves nor with Fire alone,
Nor with Vyneger nor Water ardent,
Nether with the vapour of Lede our *Stone*
Is Calcyned to our intente:
All they to Calcyne whych so be bent
Fro thys hard *Scyence* withdraw theyre hond,
Till they our *Calcyning* better understonde.

3. For by such Calcynyng theyre bodyes be shent,
Whych mynysheth the moysture of our *Stone*;
Therefore when bodyes to powder be brent,
Dry as askys of Tre or Bone,
Of such Calx then wyll we none,
For moysture we multiply radycall,
In Calcynyng, mynyshyng none at all.

4. And for a ſure ground of our trew *Calcynacyon*,
Woorch wyttyly kynde only wyth kynde;
For kynd to kynde hath appetyble inclynacyon;
Who knoweth not thys yn knowledge is but blynd:
He may forth wander as Myſt doth wyth the Wynd;
Woting never wyth perfytnes where to lyght,
Becauſe he cannot conſeve our words aryght.

5. Joyne kynd to kynd therefore as reaſon ys,
For every Burgeon anſwereth to his owne Seed;
Man begetteth Man, a Beaſt a Beaſt lykewyſe;
Ferther of thys to trete it is no need,
But underſtond thys poynt yf thou wylt ſpede;
Every thyng ys fyrſt Calcyned in hys owne kynd,
Thys well conſevyng, frute thereyn ſhalt thou fynde.

6. And we make Calxes unctious both Whyte and Red,
Of three degrees or our Baſe be perfyt;
Fluxyble as Wex, ells ſtond they lyttle in ſted;
By ryght long proceſſe as *Phyloſophers* wryte,
A yere we take or more for our reſpyte:
For in leſſe ſpace our Calxe wyll not be made,
Able to tayne with colour whych wyll not vade.

7. As for the Proporcyon thou muſt beware,
For therein many one ys beguylyd,
Therefore thy warke that thow not marre;
Lat the Body be ſotelly fylyd
With *Mercury*, as much then ſo ſubtylyd:
One of the *Sonn*, two of the *Moone*,
Tyll altogether lyke pap be done.

Then

8. Then make the *Mercury* foure to the *Sonne*,
Two to the *Mone* as hyt ſhould be,
And thus thy worke muſt be begon,
In fygure of the Trynyte;
Three of the Body and of the Spryt three:
And for the unytye of the ſubſtance ſpirituall,
One more than of the ſubſtance corporall.

9. By *Raymonds Reportory* thys ys trew,
Proporcyon there who lyſt to looke,
The ſame my *Doctour* to me did ſhew;
But three of the Spryt *Bacon* tooke,
To one of the Body for thys I wooke:
Many a nyght or I hyt wyſt,
And both be trew take whych you lyſt.

10. If the Water be equall in Proporcyon
To the Erthe whych hete in dew meſure,
Of hym ſhall ſpryng a new burgyon;
Both Whyte and Red in pure tyncture,
Whych in the Fyre ſhall ever endure:
Kyll than the quyck, the ded revyve,
Make Trynyte Unyte wythout any ſtryve.

11. Thys ys the beſt and the ſureſt Proporcyon,
For here ys leſt of the part ſpyrytuall,
The better therefore ſhall be Solucyon;
Then yf thou dyd it wyth Water ſmall,
Thyne Erth over glutyn whych loſyth all:
Take heede therefore to potters loome,
And make you never to neſh thy wome.

12. That loome behold how yt tempered ys,
The meane alſo how thou hyt Calcenate;
And ever in mynd loke thou bare thys,
That never thyne Erth wyth Water be ſuffocate,
Dry up thy moyſture wyth heate moſt temperate:
Helpe *Dyſſolucyon* wyth moyſture of the Mone,
And *Congellacyon* wyth the Son, then haſt thou done.

13. Foure Natures ſhall into the fyfth ſo turne,
Whych ys a Nature moſt perfect and temperate;
But hard hyt ys with thy bare foote to ſpurne,
Agaynſt a brodyke of Iyron or Stele new acuate:
Soe many one doth whych bene infatuate,
When they ſuch hygh thyngs don take in hond,
Whych they in noe wyſe underſtonde.

14. In Eggs, in Vitryoll, or in Blod,
What ryches wene they there to fynde;
Yf they *Phyloſophy* underſtode,
They wold not in worchyng be ſo blynd,
Gold to ſeke or Sylver out of kynd:
For lyke as Fyre of brennyng the pryncyple ys,
So ys the pryncyple of gildyng, Gold I wys.

15. Yf thou intend therefore to make
Gold and Sylver by craft of our *Philoſophy*;
Therto nother Eggs nor Blood thou take,
But Gold and Sylver whych naturally,
Calcyned wyſely, and not manually,
And new generacyon wyll forth bryng,
Increſyng theyr kynde as doth ech thyng.

And

16. And yf yt true were that perfyt myght be,
In thyngs which be not mettallyne:
In which be Colours pleſaunt to ſee,
As in Blood, Eggs, Here, Uryn, and Wyne,
Or in meane Mettalls dyggyd out of the Myne:
Yet muſt theyr Elements be putrefyed and ſeparate,
And wyth Elements of perfyt Bodys be dyſponſate.

17. But fyrſt of theſe Elements make thou Rotacyon,
And into Water thy Erth turne fyrſt of all;
Then of thy Water make Ayre by Levygacyon;
And Ayre make Fyre; then MASTER I wyll thee call
Of all our ſecretts greate and ſmall:
The Wheele of Elements thou canſt turne about,
Trewly conſevyng our Wrytyngs wythowt dowte.

18. Thys done, go backward, turnyng thy Wheele againe,
And into thy Water then turne thy Fyre anon;
And Ayre into Erth, ells laboryſt thow but in vayne:
For ſoe to temperment ys brought our *Stone*,
And Natures contraryoſe, fower be made one,
After they have three times ben Cyrculat,
And alſoe thy Bace perfytly conſummate.

19. Thus under the moyſture of the *Moone*,
And under the temperate hete of the *Sonne*,
Thy Elements ſhalbe incynerate ſone,
And then thow haſt the Maiſtery wone;
Thanke God thy worke was then begon:
For there thow haſt one token trew,
Whych fyrſt in blacknes to thee wyll ſhew.

20. The hede of the Crow that tokyn call we,
And ſum men call hyt the Crows byll;
Sum call hyt the Aſhes of *Hermes* Tre,
And thus they name hyt after theyer wyll,
Our Tode of the Erth whych etyth hys fyll:
Sum name hyt by whych it ys mortyfycat
The ſpyryt of the Erth wyth venome intoxycate.

21. But hyt hath Names I ſay to the infynyte,
For after each thyng that Blacke ys to ſyght;
Namyd hyt ys tyll the tyme that hyt wex Whyte,
For after blackneſſe when yt wexeth bryght,
Then hath hyt names of more delyght:
After Whyte thyngs, the Red after the ſame,
Rule of Red thyngs, doth take hys name.

22. At the *fyrſt Gate*, now art thou in,
Of the *Phyloſophers Caſtle* where they dwell;
Proceede wyſely that thou may wyne
In at mo Gates of that Caſtell,
Whych Caſtle ys round as any Bell:
And Gates hath Eleven yet mo,
One ys conquered, now to the *Second* go.

The end of the firſt Gate.

Of Solution.

The second Gate.

1. OF *Solucion* now wyll I ſpeke a word or two,
Whych ſheweth owt that err was hyd from ſyght,
And makyth intenuate thyngs that were thyk alſo;
By the vertue of our fyrſt Menſtrue clere and bryght,
In whych our Bodyes eclypſyd ben to ſyght:
And of ther hard and dry Compactyon ſubtylyat
Into ther owne fyrſt nature kyndly retrogradate.

2. One in Gender they be and in Nomber not ſo,
Whoſe Father the Son, the Moone truly ys Mother,
The mean ys Mercury, theſe two and no mo
Be our *Magneſia*, our *Adrop*, and none other;
Thyngs there be, but only *Syſter* and *Brother*:
That ys to wene *Agent* and *Pacyent*,
Sulphure and *Mercury* coeſſentyall to our entent.

3. Betwyxt theſe two in qualyte cotraryoſe,
Ingendred ys a Mene moſt mervylloſely
Whych ys our *Mercury* and Menſtrue unctuoſe;
Our ſecrett *Sulphur* worchyng invyſybly,
More ferſely than Fyre brennyng the body,
Into Water dyſſolvyng the Body mynerall,
Which Nyght fro darknes in the North parte we call.

But

4. But yet I trow thou underſtandyſt not utterly
The very ſecrett of Phyloſopers *Dyſſolucion*;
Therefore conceve me I councell thee wyttyly:
For I wyll tell thee trewly wythout deluſyon;
Our *Solucyon* ys cauſe of our *Congelacyon*;
For the *Dyſſolucyon* on the one ſyde corporall
Cauſyth *Congelacyon* on the other ſyde Spyrytuall.

5. And we Dyſſolve into Water whych weytyth no hond,
For when the Erth ys integrally yncynerat;
Then ys the Water congelyd, thys underſtond;
For the Elements be ſo concatenat,
That when the body fro hys fyrſt forme ys alterate:
A new forme ys inducyd immediately,
For nothyng being wythout all forme ys utterly.

6. And here a ſecret to thee I wyll dyſcloſe,
Whych ys the ground of our ſecrets all;
And yf thou hyt not know thou ſhalt but loſe
Thy labour and coſts both great and ſmall,
Take hede therefore in Errour that thou not fall:
The more thyne Erth and the leſſe thy Water be,
The rather and better *Solucyon* ſhall thou ſee.

7. Behold how Yſe to Water doth relent,
And ſo hyt muſt, for Water hyt was before;
Ryght ſoe agayne to Water our Erth is bent,
And Water thereby congelyd for evermore,
For after all *Phyloſophers* whych ever was bore:
Every Mettall was ons Water mynerall,
Therefore wyth Water they turne to Water all.

In

8. In whych Water of kynde occasyonate
Of qualytes bene repugnaunce and dyversyte,
Thyngs into thyngs must therfore be rotate,
Untyll dyversyte be brought to parfyt unyte,
For Scrypture recordyth when the Erth shall be
Trowbelyd, and into the depe Sea shall be cast
Mountaynes, our Bodyes lykewyse at the last.

9. Our Bodyes be lekenyd convenyently
To Mountaynes whych after hygh Planets we name;
Into the depenes therfore of *Mercury*.
Turne them and kepe the out of blame,
Then shall ye se a Nobyll game;
How all shall become powder soft as sylke,
So doth our Runnett by kynde curd our Mylke.

10. Then hath our Bodys ther fyrst forme doste,
And other be enducyd ymedyately;
Then hast thow well beset thy coste,
Wheras some other uncunning must goe by,
Not knowyng the secretts of our *Phylosophy*:
Yet one poynt I more must tell thee,
Every Body how hyt hath dymencyons three.

11. *Altytude*, *Latytude*, and *Profundyte*,
By whych algates turne we must our Whele;
Knowyng thy entraunce in the West shall be;
Thy passage forth into the North yf thou do well,
And there thy Lyghts lose theyre Lyght eche-dele:
For there thou must abyde by Ninety Nyght
In darknes of Purgatory wythowten Lyght.

12. Then take thy courſe up to the Eſte anon
By Colours paſſyng varyable in manyfold wyſe,
And then be Wynter and Vere nygh over-gon
To the Eſt, therfore thyne aſſendyng devyſe,
For there the Son wyth Day-lyght doth upryſe
In Somer, and there dyſporte the wyth delyght,
For there thy Warke ſhall becom parfyt Whyte.

13. Forth fro the Eſt ynto the South aſſend,
And ſett thou up therein thy Chayre of Fyre,
For there ys Harveſt, that ys to ſay an end
Of all thys Warke after thyne owne deſyre:
Ther ſhynyth the Son up in hys owne ſphyre,
And after the Eclyps ys in rednes wyth glory
As Kyng to rayne uppon all Mettalls and Mercury.

14. And in one Glaſſe muſt be done all thys thyng,
Lyke to an Egg in ſhape, and cloſyd well,
Then muſt you know the meſure of fyryng;
The whych unknowen thy Warke ys loſt ech dele,
Lett never thy Glaſſe be hotter then thow may feele:
And ſuffer ſtyll in thy bare hand to holde
For dread of loſyng as *Philoſophers* have the tolde.

15. Yett to my Doctryne furthermore intend,
Beware thy Glaſſe thou never opyn ne meve
Fro thy begynnyng, tyll thou have made an end;
If thou do contrary thy Warke may never cheve:
Thus in thys *Chapter* whych ys ſo breve,
I have the taught thy trew *Solucion*;
Now to the *Thyrd Gate* goe, for thys ys won.

OF

Of Separation.

The third Gate.

1. *Separacyon*, doth ech parte from other devyde,
The ſubtill fro the groce, fro the thyck the thyn;
But *Separacyon* manuall look thou put aſyde:
For that pertaynyth to folys whych lyttyll good don
But in our *Separacyon* nature doth not blyn: (wyn,
Makyng dyvyſyon of qualytes Elementall
Into the fyfth degree tyll they be turned all.

2. Erth ys turnyd into Water black and bloe,
And Water after into Ayre under very whyte:
Ayre ys turned into Fyre, Elements there be no mo;
Of thys ys made by crafte our *Stone* of grete delyte,
But of thys *Separacyon* much more muſt we wryte;
And *Separacyon* ys callyd by *Phyloſophers* dyffynycyon
Of the ſayd Elements tetraptatyve dyſperſyon.

3. And of thys *Separacyon* I fynde a lyke fygure
Thus ſpoken by the *Prophet* yn the Pſalmody,
God brought out of a Stone a flud of Water pure,
And out of the hardyſt Stone Oyle abundantly:
Ryght ſo of our precyoſe *Stone* yf thou be wytty,
Oyle incombuſteble and Water thou ſhalt draw,
And thereabout thou nedyſt not at the Coles to blow.

4. Do thys wyth hete eſy and meſuryng
Fyrſt wyth moyſt Fyre, and after wyth the dry;
The flewme by Pacyence owt drawyng;
And after that thy other natures wyttyly,
Dry up thyne Erth tyll hyt be thryſty:
By Calcenyng els thou laboryſt all in vayne,
And then make hyt drynke up his moyſture agayne.

5. *Separacyon* thus muſt thou ofte tymes make,
Thy Matter dyvydyng into parts two;
So that the Symple fro the groce thou take
Tyll Erth remayne benethe in color bloe,
That Erth ys fyx for to abyde all wo:
The other parte ys Spyrytuall and fleyng,
But thou muſt turne hem all into one thyng.

6. Than Oyle and Water wyth Water ſhall dyſtyll
And thorow her help receve menyng:
Kepe well thys two that thou not ſpyll,
Thy Wark for lack of dew cloſyng,
Make thy Stopell of glas meltyng
The top of thy Veſsle together wyth yt,
Than Phyloſopher-lyke uſyd ys hyt.

7. The Water wherwyth thou muſt renew thy *Stone*
Looke thou dyſtyll afore thou warke wyth hyt
Oftentymes by it ſelfe alone:
And by thy ſyght thou ſhalt well wyt,
Fro feculent feces when hyt ys quytt:
For ſum men can wyth *Saturne* it multeply,
And other Subſtance which we defye.

Dyſtyll

8. Dyſtyll hyt therfore tyll hyt be clene,
And thyn lyke Water as hyt ſhold be,
As Hevyn in Color bryght and ſhyne,
Kepyng both fygure and ponderoſyte,
Therwith dyd *Hermes* moyſture hys Tre:
Wythyn hys Glas he made to grow upryght,
Wyth Flowers dyſcoloryd bewtyoſely to ſyght.

9. Thys Water ys lyke to the venemous Tyre,
Wherewyth the myghty Tryacle ys wrought;
For yt ys Poyſon moſt ſtronge of yre;
A ſtronger Poyſon can none be thought:
Att the Potecarys therfore oftyn yt ys bought:
But no man ſhall be by hyt intoxycate,
After the tyme yt ys into Medycyne Elevate.

10. For then as ys the Tryacall trew,
Hyt ys of poyſons moſt expulſyfe;
And in hys working doth mervells ſhewe,
Preſervyng many from deth to lyfe,
Loke thou meng yt wyth no corroſyve:
But cheſe hyt pure and quick rennyng,
Yf thou thereby wylt have wynnyng.

11. It ys a merveloſe thyng in kynde,
And Wythout hyt may nought be done;
Therefore *Hermes* calleth hyt hys *Wynde*,
For it ys up flying fro Sonn and Mone,
And makyth our *Stone* flye wyth hyt Sone:
Revyvyng the ded and gevyng lyfe
To Son and Mone, Husband and Wyfe.

12. Whych yf they were not by craft made quick,
And ther fatnes wyth Water drawn out;
And ſo the thyn dyſſevered from the thyke,
Thou ſhould never bryng thys worke about:
Yf thou wylt ſpeed therefore wythout doubt,
Reyſe up thy Byrds out of theyre neſt,
And after agayne bryng them downe to reſt.

13. Water wyth Water accord wyll and aſſend,
And Spryt wyth Spryt, for they be of kynde;
Whych after they be exalted make to dyſſend,
And ſoe thou ſhalt devyde that nature before dyd bynde,
Mercury eſſencyall turnyng into wynde:
Wythout whych naturall and ſubtyll *Seperacyon*,
May never be compleat profytable Generacyon.

14. Now to help thee in at thys *Gate*,
The laſt Secret I wyll tell to thee;
Thy Water muſt be ſeven tymes Sublymate,
Ells ſhall no kyndly Dyſſolucyon be,
Nor Putryfyyng ſhall thou none ſee,
Like lyquyd pytch nor colours apperyng,
For lack of fyre wythin thy Glaſſe workyng.

15. Fower Fyers there be whych you muſt underſtond,
Naturall, Innaturall, againſt Nature, alſoe
Elementall whych doth bren the brond;
Theſe foure Fyres uſe we and no mo:
Fyre againſt Nature muſt doe thy bodyes wo;
That ys our *Dragon* as I thee tell,
Ferſely brennyng as Fyre of Hell.

Fyre

16. Fyre of Nature ys the thyrd Menſtruall,
That fyre ys naturally in every thyng;
But fyre occaſionat we call Innaturall,
And hete of Askys and balnys for putrefying:
Wythout theſe fyres thou may not bryng
To Putrefaccyon for to be ſeperat,
Thy matters togeather proportyonat.

17. Therefore make fyre thy Glaſſe wythin,
Whych brennyth the Bodyes more then fyre
Elementall; yf thou wylt wyn
Our Secret accordyng to thy deſire,
Then ſhall thy ſeeds both roote and ſpyre,
By help of fyre Occaſionate,
That kyndly after they may be ſeperat.

18. Of *Seperacyon* the Gate muſt thus be wone,
That furthermore yet thou may procede,
Toward the Gate of ſecret *Conjunccion*,
Into the Caſtle whych wyll the Inner leade,
Do after my Councell therefore yf thou wylt ſpede;
Wyth two ſtrong locks thys Gate ys ſhyt,
As conſequently now thou ſhalt wyt.

The end of the third Gate.

Of Conjunction.

The fourth Gate.

1. After the Chapter of naturall *Separacion*
By which the Elements of our *Stone* dysseveryd be
The Chapter here followyth of secret *Conjunccion*;
Whych natures repugnant joyneth to perfyt Unyte,
And so them knyttyth that none from other may fle;
Whan they by Fyre shall be examynate,
Soe be they together surely conjugate.

2. And therfore *Philosophers* geveth thys deffynycyon,
Seyng thus *Conjunccion* ys nought ells
But of dysseveryd qualytes a Copulacyon;
Or of Pryncypylls a coequacyon as other tells,
But some wyth *Mercury* whych the Potecarys sells,
Medleth Bodyes whych cannot dyvyde
Ther matter, and therefore they step asyde.

3. For unto tyme the Sowle be Separate
And clensyd from hys orygynall Syn
Wyth the Water and purely spyrytuallyzate:
Thy trew *Conjunccion* may thou never begyn,
Therfore the Soule fyrst fro the Body twyn:
Then of the corporall parte and of the spyrytuall,
The Soule *Conjunccion* shall cause perpetuall.

Of

4. Of two *Conjunccions Phyloſophers* don mentyon make,
Groce when the Body with *Mercury* ys reincendat,
But let hyt paſſe, and to the ſecond tent thou take,
Which as I ſayd ys after *Separacion* celebrat:
In whych the partys be left whych left ſo collygate;
And ſo promotyd unto moſt perfyt temperance,
Then never after may be among them Repugnance.

5. Thus cauſyth *Separacion* trew *Conjunccion* to be had
Of Water, Ayre, Earth and Fyre,
But that every Element may into other be lad,
And ſo abyde for ever to thy deſyre;
Do as done Laborours with Clay and Myer,
Temper them thyke, and make them not to thyn,
For ſo to up drying thou ſhalt the rather wyn.

6. But manners there be of thys *Conjunccion* three,
The fyrſt ys callyd by *Phyloſophers* Dyptative,
Betwyxt the Agent and the Patyent which muſt be
Male and Female, *Mercury* and *Sulphure* vive;
Matter and forme, thyn and thyke to thryve.
Thys leſſon wyll helpe thee wythout any dowte,
Our *Conjunccion* trewly to bryng about.

7. The ſecond manner ys called Tryptative,
Whych ys *Conjunccion* made of thyngs three,
Of Body, Sowle, and Spyrit tyll they not ſtryve,
Whych Trynite muſt be brought to perfyt unyte,
For as the Sowle to the Spyrit the bond muſt be;
Ryght to the Body the Sowle to hym muſt knyt,
Out of thy mynde let not thys leſſon flyt.

8. The thyrd manner and alſo the laſt of all,
Fowre Elements together whych joynyth to abyde,
Tetraptative contently *Phyloſophers* doth hyt call,
And ſpecyally *Guydo de Montayno* whoſe fame goyth
And therfore the moſt laudable manner thys tyde, (wyde;
In our *Conjunccion* four Elements muſt be aggregat,
In dew proportion fyrſt whych aſonder were ſeparat.

9. Therefore lyke as the Woman hath Vaynes fyfteene,
The Man but five to the act of her fecundyte,
Requyryth in our *Conjunccion* fyrſt I mene,
So muſt the Man our Sun have of hys water three;
And (nine) hys Wyfe, whych three to hym muſt be:
Then lyke whych lyke wyll joy have for to dwell,
More of *Conjunccion* me nedyth not to tell.

10. Thys Chapter I will conclude right ſone therefore,
Groce *Conjunccion* chargyng the to make but one,
For ſeldome have Strumpetts Chyldren of them I bore,
And ſo thou ſhalt never cum by our *Stone*,
Wythout you ſuffer the Woman to lygg alone;
That after ſhe hath conceyved of the Man,
The Matryce of her be ſhyt from all other than.

11. For ſuch as addyth evermore crude to crude,
Openyng theyr veſſells, and lettyng ther matter kele:
The ſperme concevyd they noryſh not, but delude
Themſelfes, and ſpyllyth ther work every dele;
If thou therefore lyſt for to do well,
Cloſe up the Matryce and noryſh the ſeed, (ſpede.
Wyth heat contynuall and temperate if thou wilt

And

12. And whan thy Veſſle hath ſtond by Monyths five,
And Clowds and Clypſys be paſſed ech one;
That lyght apperen increaſe thy hete then blyve,
Tyll bryght and ſhyneing in Whytneſſe be thy *Stone*,
Then may thou opyn thy Glaſſe anone,
And fede thy Chyld whych ys then ybore
Wyth mylke and mete ay more and more.

13. For now both moyſt and dry be ſo contemperate,
That of the Water erth hath recevyd impreſſyon;
Whych never aſſunder after that may be ſeperate,
And ryght ſoe Water to Erth hath given ingreſſyon,
That both together to dwell hath made profeſſyon:
And Water of Erth hath purchaſyd retentive,
They fower be made one never more to ſtrive.

14. And in two thyngs all our entent doth hing,
In dry and moyſt whych be contraryous two;
In dry that hyt the moyſt to fyxing bryng,
In moyſt that hyt geve lyquyfaccion the Erth unto,
That of them thus contemperate may forth go
A temperament not ſo thyk as the Body ys,
Nother ſo thyn as Water wythout mys.

15. Loſyng and knyttyng therefore be Princypalls two
Of thys hard *Scyence*, and Poles moſt pryncypall;
How be hyt that other pryncyples be many mo,
As ſhyneyng fanells whych ſhew I ſhall:
Proceed therefore unto another wall
Of thys ſtrong Caſtle of our wyſdome,
That Inner at the *Fyft Gate* thou may come.

Of Putrefaction.

The fift Gate.

1. NOw begynnyth the Chapter of *Putrefaccion*,
Wythout whych Pole no ſede may multyply,
Whych muſt be done only by contynuall accyon
Of hete in the body, moyſt, not manually,
For Bodies ells may not be alterat naturally: (Whete
Syth Chryſt do it wytnes, wythowt the grayne of
Dye in the ground, encreſe may thou not gete.

2. And in lykewyſe wythout thy Matter do Putrefye,
It may in no wyſe trewly be alterate,
Nor thyne Elements may be devyded kyndly;
Nor thy *Conjunccion* of them perfytly celebrat:
That thy labor therfore be not fruſtrate,
The prevyte of *Putrefying* well underſtond,
Or ever thou take thys Warke in hond.

3. And *Putrefaccyon* may thus defyned be,
After Phyloſophers ſayings it ys of Bodyes the fleyng,
And in our Compound a dyvyſyon of thyngs thre,
The kyllyng Bodyes into corrupcyon forth ledyng,
And after unto Regeneratyon them ablyng:
For thyngs beyng in Erth wythowt dowte
Be engendryd of rotacyon of the Hevyns aboute.

And

4. And therfore as I have ſeyd afore
Theyn Elements comyxt and wyſely coequat,
Thou keepe intemperat heate, eſchuyng evermore,
That they by violent hete be never incynerat;
To powder dry unprofytably Rubyfycate,
But into powder blacke as a Crowes byll
Wyth hete of Balne, or ells of our Dounghyll.

5. To tyme that Nyghts be paſt nynty,
In moyſt hete kepe them fro eny thyng;
Sone after by blacknes thow ſhalt eſpy
That they draw faſt to putrefying,
Whych thow ſhalt after many colers bryng
To perfyt Whytenes wyth Pacyence eſyly,
And ſo thy ſede in hys nature ſhall multeply.

6. Make ech on other to hawſe and kyſſe,
And lyke as Chyldren to play them up and downe,
And when ther ſherts be fylyd wyth pyſſe,
Then lat the Woman to waſh be bound,
Whych oftyn for fayntnes wyll fall in a ſound:
And dye at the laſt wyth her Chyldren all,
And go to Purgatory to purg ther fylth orygynall.

7. When they be there, by lyttyll and lyttyll encreſe
Ther paynys by hete ay more and more,
The Fyre from them lat never ceſe:
And ſe thy Fornace be apt therfore,
Whych wyſe men do call *Athenor*:
Conſervyng hete requyryd moſt temperately,
By whych the Water doth kyndly putrefy.

8. Of thys Pryncypull ſpekyth Sapyent *Guydo*,
And ſeyth by rottyng dyeth the Compound corporall,
And then after *Moryen* and other mo,
Upryſyth agayne Regenerat, Sympill, and Spyrytuall,
And were not hete and moyſture contynuall,
Sperme in the wombe myght have now abydyng,
And ſo ther ſhold therof no frute upſpryng.

9. Therfore at the begynnyng our Stonys thou take,
And bery ech on wyth other wythin ther Grave;
Then equally a Marryage betwyxt them make
To ly together ſix wekys; then lat them have
Ther ſede conſevyd kyndly to noryſh and ſave;
From the ground of ther grave not ryſyng that while,
Whych ſecret poynt doth many on begyle.

10. Thys tyme of Conceptyon wyth eſye hete abyde,
The Blacknes ſhowing ſhall tell the when they dye;
For they together lyke lyquyd Pyche that tyde,
Shall ſwell and burbyll, ſetyll, and *Putrefye*,
Shyning Colors therin thou ſhalt eſpye:
Lyke to the Raynbow merveloſe unto ſyght,
The Water then begynnyth to dry upryght.

11. For in moyſt Bodys hete noryſhyng temperate,
Ingendryth Blacknes fyrſt of all which ys
Of kyndly Commyxyon to the tokyn aſſygnate;
And of trew *Putrefying*, remember thys,
For then to alter perfytly thou may not myſſe;
And thus by the Gate of Blacknes thou muſt cum in
To lyght of Paradyce in Whytenes yf thou wylt wyn.

For

12. For fyrſt the Son in hys upryſyng obſcurate
Shalbe, and paſſe the Waters of *Noyes* flud
On Erth, whych were a hundred dayes contynuate
And fyfty, away or all thys Waters yode,
Ryght ſo our Waters as wyſe men underſtode
Shall paſſe, that thou wyth *Davyd* may ſay
Abierunt in ſicco flumina: bare thys away.

13. Sone after that *Noe* plantyd hys Vyneyard,
Whych really floryſhed and brought forth Graps anon:
After whych ſpace thou ſhalt not be aferd;
For in lykewyſe ſhall follow the floryſhyng of our *Stone*:
And ſone uppon that thyrty dayes overgone,
Thou ſhalt have Graps ryght as the Ruby red,
Whych ys our *Adrop*, our *Ulyfer* red and our *Lede*.

14. For lyke as Sowles after paynys tranſytory
Be brought into paradyce where ever ys yoyfull lyfe;
So ſhall our *Stone* after hys darknes in Purgatory
Be purged and joynyd in Elements wythoute ſtryfe,
Rejoyſe the whytenes and bewty of hys wyfe:
And paſſe fro the darknes of Purgatory to lyght
Of paradyce, in Whytnes *Elyxer* of gret myght.

15. And that thou may the rather to *Putrefaccyon* wyn
Thys Exampull thou take to the for a trew concluſyon,
For all the ſecrett of *Putrefaccyon* reſtyth therein;
The heart of Oke that hath of Water contynuall infuſyon
Wyll not ſone putrefy, I tell the wythout deluſyon:
For though yt in Water ly a hundred yeres and more,
Yet ſhold thou fynd it ſound as ever it was afore.

But

16. But and thou kepe hyt ſomtyme wete,& ſometyme dry,
As thow many ſe in Tymber by uſuall experyment,
By proſſes of tyme that Oke ſhall utterly Putrefy:
And ſoe in lykewyſe accordyng to our entent,
Sometyme our Tre muſt wyth the Son be brent:
And then wyth Water ſone after we muſt hyt kele,
That by thys menes thou ſhalt to rottyng bryng hyt (wele

17. For nowe in wete and nowe agayne in dry,
Now in grete hot and now agayne in cold
To be, ſhall cauſe yt ſone for to putrefy:
And ſo ſhalt thow bryng to rottyng thy Gold,
Entrete thy Bodys therfore as I have thee told:
And in thy Putrefying wyth hete be not ſo ſwyft,
Leſt in the Askys thou ſeke after thy thryft.

18. Therfore thy Water out of the Erth thow draw,
And make the ſoule therwyth for to aſſend;
Then downe agayne into the Erth hyt throw,
That they oft tymes ſo aſſend and deſſend,
From vyolent hete and ſodayne cold defend
Thy Glaſſe, and make thy fyre ſo temperat,
That by the ſydys thy Water be never vytryfycate.

19. And be thou wyſe in cheſing of thy Water,
Medyll with no Salt, Sulphure, nor mene Minerall,
For whatſoever any Water to the do clatter;
Our *Sulphure* and *Mercury* be only in Mettall,
Which Oylys and Waters ſom men call:
Fowlys, and Byrds wyth other namys many one,
Becauſe that folys ſhold never know our *Stone*.

For

20. For of thys World our *Stone* ys callyd the fement,
Whych mevyd by craft as Nature doth requyre;
In hys encreſe ſhall be full opulent,
And multeply hys kynd of thyne owne deſyre:
Therfore yf God vouchſafe thee to enſpyre
To know the trewth, and fancies to eſchew,
Lyke unto the ſhalbe in ryches but few.

21. But many be mevyd to worke after ther fantaſy
In many ſubjects in whych be Tynctors gay,
Both Whyte and Red, devydyd manually
To ſyght, but in the Fyre they fle away,
Such brekyth Potts and Glaſſys day by day:
Enpoyſonyng themſelfs, and loſyng of theyr ſyghts
Wyth Odors and ſmoks and wakeyng up by nyghts.

22. Their Clothes be bawdy and woryn threde-bare,
Men may them ſmell for Multyplyers where they go;
To fyle theyr fyngers wyth Corroſyves they do not ſpare
Theyr Eyes be bleryd, & theyr Chekys both lene & bloe:
And thus for *(had I wyſt)* they ſuffer loſſe an d wo;
Such when they have loſt that was in theyr purſe,
Then do they chyd and *Phyloſophers* ſore accurſe.

23. For all the whyle that they have *Phyloſophers* ben,
Yet cowde they never know our *Stone*.
Som ſought in Soote, Dung, Uryne, ſom in Wyne:
Som in Sterr flyme, for thyng yt ys but one;
In Blood, Eggs; Som tyll theyr thryſt was gone:
Devydyng Elements, and brekyng many a pott,
Multyplying the ſherds, but yet they hyt yt not.

24. To ſe theyr Howſys it ys a noble ſport,
What Fornaces, what Glaſſys there be of divers ſhape;
What Salts, what Powders, what Oyles, and waters fort,
How eloquently, *de materia prima* they clape,
And yet to fynde the trewth they have no hap:
Of our *Mercury* they medle and of our *Sulphur vyve*,
Wherein they dote, and more and more unthryve.

25. They take of the Red Man and hys whyte Wyfe,
That ys a ſpeciall thyng and of *Elixers* two,
Of the *Quinteſſence* and of the *Elixers* of lyfe,
Of Hony, Celydony, and of Secundyns alſo,
Theſe they devyde into Elements wyth other mo;
No Multeplyers but *Phyloſophers* callyd wyll they be,
Whych naturall Phyloſophye dyd never rede nor ſee.

26. Thys felyſhyp knowyth our *Stone* ryght wele,
They thynke them rycher then ys the *Kyng*;
They wyll hym helpe, he ſhall not fayle
Fraunce for to wyn, a wonders thyng;
The *holy Croſſe* home wyll they bryng:
And yf the *King* were pryſoner I take,
Anon hys Raunſome would they make.

27. A mervell yt ys that *Weſtminſter* Church,
To whych theſe *Phyloſophers* do haunte;
Syth they ſo much ryches can woorche,
As they make boſte of and avaunte,
Drynkyng dayly the wyne a due taunte,
Ys not made up perfytly at ons,
For truly hyt lackyth yet many Stonys.

Folys

28. Folys doe folow them at the tayle,
Promotyd to ryches wenyng to be;
But wyll ye here what worſhyp and avayle,
They wyn in *London* that nobyll cyte,
Wyth Sylver Macys as ye may ſe:
Sarjaunts awayting on them every owre,
So be they men of great honour.

29. Sarjaunts ſekyth them fro Strete to Strete,
Marchaunts and Goldſmyths leyeth after them watch;
That well ys he that wyth them do mete,
For the great advantage that they doe cache,
They hunt about as doth a Rache:
Wenyng to wyn ſo grete treſure,
That ever in ryches they ſhall endure.

30. Som wold cache theyr goods agayne,
And ſome more good would aventure;
Som for to have wold be full fayne,
Of Ten pound one I you enſuer:
Som whych hath lent wythout meſure
Theyr goods, and be with powerte beſtad,
To cache a Nobyll wold be full glad.

31. But when the Sarjaunts do them areſt,
Ther Paukeners be ſtuffed wyth *Parrys* balls;
Or wyth Sygnetts of *Seynt Martynes* at the leſt,
But as for Mony yt ys pyſſyd on the walls:
Then be they led as well for them befalls
To *Newgate* or *Ludgate* as I you tell,
Becauſe they ſhall in ſafegard dwell.

32. Where ys my Mony becom ſeyth one,
And where ys myne ſeyth he and he?
But wyll ye here how ſuttell they be anon,
In anſweryng, that they excuſed may be,
Saying, Of our *Elyxers* robbyd we be:
Ells myght we have payd you all your Gold,
Yf yt had been more by ten folde.

33. And then theyer Creditors they begyn to flatter,
Promyſyng to worke for them agayne;
The *Elyxers* two in ſhort ſpace after,
Dotyng the Merchaunts that they be fayne
To let them go, but ever in vayne:
They worke ſo long, tyll at the laſt
They be agayne in Pryſon caſt.

34. Yf any then aske them why they be not ryche,
They ſey they make fyne Gold of Tynn;
But he they ſey may ſurely ſwym in dyche,
Whych ys upholden by the chyn,
We have no ſtock, therefore may we nought wyn:
Whych yf we had we wold ſome worche,
I now to fynyſh up *Weſtmynſter* Churche.

35. And ſome of them be ſo Devowte,
They wyll not dwell out of that place;
For there they may wythowten dowte,
Do what them lyſt to their Solace,
The *Archedeacon* ys ſo full of grace:
Yf that they pleaſe hym wyth the Croſſe,
He forſyth lyttyll of other menys loſſe.

And

36. And when they there syt at the wyne,
Theſe Monkys they ſey have many a pound,
Wolde God (ſeyth one) that ſom were myne;
Hay hoe, careaway, lat the cup go rounde:
Drynk on, ſeyth another, the mene ys founde:
I am a Maſter of that Arte,
I warrant us we ſhall have parte.

37. Such cauſyth the Monkys then evyll to don,
To waſt ther Wagys thorow theyr dotage;
Som bryngeth a Mazer and ſom a Spone;
There *Phyloſophers* gevyth them ſuch corage,
Behotyng them wynnyng wythout damage:
A pound for a peny at the leſt agayne,
And ſo fayre promys makyth folys fayne.

38. A ryall Medycyne one upon twelve
They promys them thereof to have,
Whych they could never for themſelfe
Yet bryng abowte, ſo God me ſave:
Beware ſuch *Phyloſophers*, no man deprave:
Whych helpyth theſe Monkys to ryches ſo,
Wyth thread-bare Cowlys that they do go.

39. The *Abbot* well ought to cheryſh thys Company,
For they can tech hys Monkys to leve in poverte,
And to go clothyd and monyed relygyouſly,
As dyd *Seynt Benet*, eſchuyng ſuperfluyte,
Eſyng them alſo of the ponderoſyte
Of theyr purſys, wyth pounds ſo aggravate,
Whych by *Phyloſophy* be now allevyat.

40 Lo who ſo medlyth wyth thys rych Company,
Gret boſt of ther wynnyng may they make,
For they ſhall have as much by ther *Phyloſophy*,
As they of the tayle of an Ape can take;
Beware therfore for Jeſus ſake:
And medyll wyth nothyng of gret coſt,
For and thou do, yt ys but loſt.

41. Theſe *Phyloſophers* (of whych I ſpake afore)
Medlyth and blondryth wyth many a thyng,
Renuyng in errors more and more,
For lac of trew underſtandyng,
But lyke muſt lyke alway ferth bryng:
So God hath ordeyned in every kynde,
Wold Jeſus they wold thys bere in mynde.

42. Wene they of a Nettyll to have a Roſe
Or of an Elder an Apple ſwete,
Alas that wyſe men ther goods ſhold loſe:
Truſtyng ſuch Loſells when they them mete,
Whych ſeyth our *Stone* ys trodyn under fete:
And makyth them therfore vyle thyngs for to ſtyll
Tyll at theyr howſys wyth ſtench they fyll.

43. Som of them never lernyd a word in Scolys,
Such thynk by reaſon to underſtond *Phyloſophy*:
Be they *Phyloſophers*? nay, they be folys:
Therfore ther Warkes provyth unwytty;
Medyll not wyth them yf thou be happy:
Leſt wyth theyr flatteryng they ſo the tyll
That thou agre unto ther wyll.

Spend

44. Spend not thy Mony away in waſte,
Geve not to every ſpeche credence;
But fyrſt examyn, grope and taſte;
And as thou provyſt, ſo put thy confydence,
And ever beware of grete expence:
But yf thy *Phyloſopher* lyve vertuoſely,
Truſt the better to hys *Phyloſophy*.

54. Prove hym fyrſt and hym oppoſe
Of all the Secretts of our *Stone*,
Whych yf he know not thou nedyth not to loſe;
Medyll thou not ferther, but let hym gone,
Make he never ſo pytyoſe a mone:
For than the Fox can fagg and fayne
When he wold faynyſt hys prey attayne.

46. Yf he can anſwer as ought a Clarke,
How be hyt he hath not provyd indede;
And yf thou wylt helpe hym to hys Warke,
Yf he be vertuoſe I hold hyt mede,
For he wyll the quyte yf ever he ſpede:
And thou ſhalt weete by a lytyll anon
Yf he have knowledge of our *Stone*.

47. One thyng, one Glaſſe, one Furnace and no mo,
Behold thys pryncypyll yf he take,
And yf he do not, then lat hym go;
For he ſhall never thee rych man make:
Trewly yt ys better thou hym forſake,
Then after wyth loſſe and varyaunce,
And other manner of dyſpleſaunce.

But

48. But and God fortune the for to have
Thys *Scyence* by doctrine whych I have told;
Dyscover yt not whoever thee crave,
For Favor, Fere, Sylver, nor Gold:
Be none Oppressor, Lecher, nor boster bold;
Serve thy God, and helpe the powre among,
Yf thou thys lyfe lyst to continew long.

49. Unto thy selfe thy secretts kepe
From synners whych hath not God in dred;
But wyll the cast in Pryson depe,
Tyll thou them tech to do hyt in dede,
Then slander on the sholde spryng and sprede,
That thou dyd coyne then wold they sey,
And so undo the for ever and aye.

50. And yf thou teche them thys conyng,
Their synfull levyng for to mayntayne;
In Hell therfore myght be thy wonnyng,
For God of the then would disdayne,
As thow nought cowd for thy selfe sayne:
That Body and Soule you may bothe save,
And here in pece thy levyng have.

51. Now in thys Chapter I have the tought,
How thou the bodys must *Putrefy*:
And so to guide the thou be not cawght,
And put in duraunce, losse, and vylanye:
My doctryne therefore remember wyttyly,
And passe forth toward the *Syxth Gate*,
For thys the *Fyfthe* ys tryumphate.

of

Of Congelation.

The sixt Gate.

1. Of *Congelacyon* I nede not much to wryte,
But what yt ys now I wyll fyrst declare:
It ys of soft thyngs Induracyon of Colour Whyte,
And confyxacyon of Spyrits whych fleyng are:
How to congele thee nedyth not much to care;
For Elements wyll knyt together sone,
So that *Putrefaccyon* be kyndly done.

2. But *Congelacyons* be made in dyvers wyse,
And Spyryts and Bodys dyssolvyd to water clere,
Of Salts also dyssolvyd ons or twyse,
And then to congele in a fluxyble Mater;
Of such *Congelyng* folys do clatter:
And some dysolvyth devydyng manually
Elements, them after congelyng to powder dry.

3. But such Congelyng ys not to our desyre:
For unto owers yt ys contraryose.
Our *Congelacion* dredyth not the fire:
For yt must ever stond in yt unctuos,
And also in hys Tincture be full bounteous,
Whych in the Ayre congelyd wyll not relent
To Water, for then our Worke were shent.

4. Moreover Congele not into ſo hard a *Stone*
As Glaſſe or Cryſtall whych meltyth by fuſyon;
But ſo that hyt lyke wax wyll melt anon
Wythouten blaſt: and beware of Deluſyon;
For ſuch Congelyng longyth not to our Concluſyon
As wyll not flow and ren to water agen,
Lyke Salts congelyd, then laboryſt thou in vayne.

5. Whych *Congelacyon* avaylyth us never a dell,
Hyt longyth to Multyplyers whych Congele vulgarly;
Yf thow therefore lyſt to do well,
(Syth thy Medcyne ſhall never flow kyndly,
Nether Congele, wythout thow fyrſt yt Putrefye)
Fyrſt Purge and Fyx the Elements of our *Stone*,
Tyll they together Congele and flow anone.

6. For when the Matter ys made parfyt Whyte,
Then wyll thy Spryte wyth the Body Congelyd be;
But of that tyme thou muſt have long reſpyte,
Yer yt appere Congelyd lyke Pearles unto the,
Such *Congelacyon* be glad for to ſee;
And after lyke graynys red as blod,
Rychyr then any worldly good.

7. The erthly Groſnes therefore fyrſt mortyfyed
In Moyſtnes, Blacknes ingendryd ys;
Thys pryncypell may not be denyed,
For naturall *Phyloſophers* ſo ſeyth I wys,
Whych had, of Whytenes thou may not mys:
And into Whytenes yf thou Congele hyt ons,
Thou haſt a *Stone* moſt preſyoſe of all Stonys.

And

8. And by the Dry lyke as the Moyſt dyd putrefy,
Whych cauſyd in colors Blacknes to appere;
Ryght ſo the Moyſt Congelyd by the Dry,
Ingendryth Whytenes ſhyneyng with myght full clere,
And Drynes procedyth as Whytyth the matter:
Lyke as in Blackyng Moyſture doth hym ſhow,
By colors varyante aye new and new.

9. The cauſe of all thys ys Hett moſt temperate,
Workyng and mevyng the Mater contynually;
And thereby alſo the Mater ys alterate,
Both inward and outward ſubſtancyally,
And not to as doth folys to ſyght ſophyſtycally:
But every parte all fyre for to endure,
Fluxybly fyxe and ſtabull in tyncture.

10. And *Phyſycke* determyneth of eche Dygeſtyon,
Fyrſt don in the Stomack in whych ys Drynes,
Cauſyng Whytnes wythout queſtyon,
Lyke as the ſecond Dygeſtyon cauſyth Rednes,
Complet in the Lyver by Hete and temperatnes;
And ſo our *Stone* by Drynes and by Hete,
Dygeſtyd ys to Whyte and Red complete.

11. But here thou muſt another ſecret knowe,
How the *Phyloſophers* Chyld in the Ayre ys borne:
Beſy thee not to faſt at the Cole to blowe,
And take that nether for mock nor skorne,
But truſt me truly elſe thy work ys all forlorne:
Wythout thyne Erth wyth Water revyvyd be,
Our trew *Congelyng* ſhalt thou never ſee.

12 A ſowle betwyxt Hevyn and Erth beyng,
Aryſyng fro the Erth as Ayre wyth Water pure,
And cauſyng lyfe in every lyvely thyng,
Inceſſably runnyng uppon our foreſayd Nature,
Enforſyng to better them wyth all hys cure;
Whych Ayre ys the Fyre of our *Phyloſophy*,
Namyd now Oyle, now Water myſtyly.

13. And thus mene Ayre, whych Oyle, or Water we call,
Our Fyre, our Oyntment, our Spryte, and our *Stone*,
In whych one thyng we grownd our wyſdomes all,
Goyth nether out nor yn alone,
Nether the Fyer but the Water anone;
Fyrſt yt outeledyth, and after bryngyth yt yn,
As Water with Water whych wyll not lyghtly twyn.

14. And ſo may Water only our Water meve,
Whych mevyng cauſyth both Deth and Lyfe,
And Water doth kyndly to Water cleve
Wythout repugnance, or any ſtryfe,
Whych Water to Folys ys nothyng ryfe;
Beyng of the kynd wythowten dowte
Of the Spryte, callyd Water and leder owte.

15. And Water ys the ſecret and lyfe of every thyng
That ys of ſubſtance in thys world y found;
For of the Water eche thyng hath begynnyng,
As ſhowyth in Woman when ſhe ſhallbe unbound
By water whych paſſyth afore, if all be ſound,
Callyd *Albyen*, fyrſt from them rennyng,
Wyth grevoſe throwys afore ther chyldyng.

And

16. And truly that ys the cauſe pryncypall,
Why *Phyloſophers* chargyd us to be pacyent
Tyll tyme the Water were dryed to powder all,
Wyth nurryſhyng hete contynuall but not vyolent,
For qualytes be contrarious of every element,
Tyll after Black in Whyte be made a unyon,
And then forever congelyd wythout dyvyſyon.

17. And furthermore the preparacion of thys converſyon
Fro thyng to thyng, fro one ſtate to another,
Ys done only by kyndly and deſcrete operacion
Of Nature, as ys of Sperme wythin the Mother:
For Sperme and Hete as Syſter be and Brother,
Whych be converted wythin themſelf as Nature can
By accion, and paſſyon, and at the laſt to parfyt Man.

18. For as the bodely part by Nature whych ys conſumate
Into Man, ys ſuch as the begynner was,
Whych though yt thus fro thyng to thyng was alterat,
Not owt of kynd to menge with other kynds dyd yt pas;
And ſo our Mater ſpermatycall wythin one Glas,
Wythin hyt ſelfe muſt turne fro thyng to thyng,
By hete moſt temperate only hyt noryſhyng.

19. Another example naturall I may thee tell,
How the ſubſtance of an Egg by nature ys wrought
Into a Chyk, not paſyng out of the ſhell,
A playner example cowd I not have thought,
And there converſions be made tyll forth be brought
Fro ſtate to ſtate the lyke by lyke yn kynd,
Wyth nurryſhyng hete: only bere thys yn mynd.

20. Another example here may you alſo rede,
Of Vegetable thyngs takyng conſyderacyon;
How every Plant growyth of hys owne ſede,
Thorow Hete and Moyſture by naturall operacyon,
And therefore Mineralls be nurryſhyd by mynyſtracyon;
Of Moyſture radycall, whych theyr begynnyng was,
Not paſſiyng theyer kynd wythin one Glas.

21. There we them turne fro thyng to thyng agayne,
Into ther Moder the Water when they go;
Whych pryncyple unknowen thou laboureſt in vayne:
Then ys all Sperme, and thyngs ther be no mo,
But kynd wyth kynd in number two;
Male and Female, Agent and Pacyent,
Wythin the matryce of the Erth moſt oryent.

22. And theſe be turnyd by Hete fro thyng to thyng
Wythin one Glas, and ſo fro ſtate to ſtate,
Tyll tyme that Nature do them bryng
Into one ſubſtance of the Water regenerate,
And ſo the Sperme wythin hys kynde ys alterate,
Abyll in lykenes hys kynde for to Multeplye,
As doth in kynde all other thyngs naturally.

23. In the tyme of thys ſeyde proceſſe naturall,
Whyle that the Sperme conſevyd ys growyng,
The ſubſtance ys nurryſhed wyth hys owne Menſtruall,
Whych Water only out of the Erth dyd bryng,
Whoſe colour ys Greene in the fyrſt ſhowing,
And for that tyme the Son hydyth hys lyght,
Taking hys courſe thorow owte the North by nyght.

The

24. The ſeyd Menſtrue ys, (I ſay to the in councell)
The blod of our *Grene Lyon*, and not of Vytriolł,
Dame *Venus* can the trewth of thys the tell,
At thy begynnyng to councell and yf thou her call:
Thys ſecret ys hyd by *Phyloſophers* grete and ſmall;
Whych blode drawen owte of the ſeyd *Lyon*,
For lac of Hete had not perfyt Dygeſtyon.

25. But thys blode our ſecret Menſtruall,
Wherewyth our Sperme ys nurryſhed temperatly,
When it ys turnyd into the ſecys Corporall,
And becom Whyte perfytly and very Dry,
Congelyd and Fyxyd into hys owne body;
Then bruſtyn blod to ſyght yt may well ſeme,
Of thys warke namyd the *mylke whyte Dyademe*.

26. Underſtonde now that our fyery Water thus acuate,
Is called our Menſtruall water, wherein
Our Erth ys loſyd and naturally Calcenat
By *Congelacyon* that they may never twyne:
Yet to Congele more water thou may not blyn
Into thre parts of the acuate water ſeyd afore,
Wyth the 4th part of the Erth congelyd & no more.

27. Unto that ſubſtance therefore ſo congelat,
The fowerth part put of water Cryſtallyn
And make them then together to be Dyſponſat
By *Congelacyon* into a myner metallyne,
Whych lyke a ſworde new ſlypyd then wyll ſhyne,
After the Blacknes whych fyrſt wyll ſhowe,
The fowerth parte geve yt them of water new.

Mo

28. Mo *Inbybycyons* many muſt we have yett;
Geve yt the ſecond, and after the thyrd alſo,
The ſeyd proportyon kepe well in thy wyt;
Then to another the fowerth tyme loke thou go,
The fyfth tyme and the ſyxth, paſſe not there fro:
But put two parts at eche tyme of them three,
And at the ſeventh tyme fyve parts let there bee.

29. When thou haſt made thus ſeven tymes *Inbybycion*,
Ageyne then muſt thow turne thy Whele,
And Putrefy all that Matter wythowte addycyon:
Fyrſt Blackneſſe abydyng yf thow wylt do well,
Then into Whytenes congele yt up eche dele,
And by Rednes into the Sowth aſſend,
Then haſt thou brought thy Baſe unto an end.

30. Thus ys thy Water then devydyd in partyes two,
Wyth the fyrſt party the Bodys be Putryfycat,
And to thyne *Inbybycions* the ſecond part muſt go,
Wyth whych the Matter ys afterwards Denygrat,
And ſone uppon by eſy *Decoccyon* Albyfycate:
Then yt ys namyd by *Phyloſophers* our *Sterry Stone*,
Bryng that to Rednes, then ys the *ſyxth Gate* woon.

Of

Of Cibation.

The ſeventh Gate.

1. NOw of *Cibacion* I turne my pen to wryte,
Syth yt muſt here the ſeventh place occupye;
But in few words yt wylbe expedyte,
Take tent therto, and underſtond me wyttyly;
Cibacion ys callyd a fedyng of our Matter dry
Wyth Mylke, and Mete, whych moderatly they do,
Tyll yt be brought the thyrd order unto.

2. But geve yt not ſo much that thou hyt glut,
Beware of the Dropſy, and alſo of *Noyes* Flood;
By lyttyll and lyttyll therfore thou to hyt put
Of Mete and Drynke as ſemyth to do hyt good,
That watry humors not overgrow the blood:
The Drynke therfore let hyt be meſuryd ſo,
That kyndly appetyte thou never quench therfro.

3. For yf yt drynke to much, then muſt yt have
A Vomyte, ells wyll yt be ſyk to long;
Fro the Dropſy therfore thy Wombe thou ſave,
And fro the Flux, ells wyll hyt be wrong,
Whych rather lat yt thyrſt for drynke amonge:
Then thou ſhold geve yt overmuch at ons
Whych muſt in youth be dyattyd for the nons.

4. And yf thou dyatt hyt (as Nature doth requyre)
Moderatly tyll hyt be growen to age,
Fro Cold hyt kepyng and nurryshyng wyth moyst Fyre;
Than shall yt grow and wax full of corrage,
And do to thee both plesure and advauntage:
For he shall make darke Bodys hole and bryght,
Clensyng theyer Leprosenes thorow hys myght.

5. Thre tymes thus must thou turne about thy Whele
Abowte kepyng the rewle of the seyd *Cibacyon*,
And then as sone as yt the Fyre doth fele,
Lyke Wax yt wylbe redy unto Lyquacyon;
Thys Chapter nedyth not longer protestacion:
For I have told thee the dyatory most convenyent
After thyne Elements be made equypolent.

6. And also howthou to Whytnes shalt bryng thy Gold,
Most lyke in fygure to the lenys of an hawthorn tre,
Callyd *Magnesya* afore as I have told;
And our *Whyte Sulfur* wythowte conbustebyllyte,
Whych fro the fyer away wyll never fle:
And thus the *seventh Gate* as thow desyred
In the upspryng of the Son ys conqueryd.

Of

Of Sublimation.

The eight Gate.

1. HEre of our *Sublimacion* a word or two,
I have to ſpeke, whych the eyghth *Gate* ys
Folys do Sublyme, but Sublyme thou not ſo,
For we Sublyme not lyke as they do I wys;
To Sublyme trewly therfore thou ſhall not mys:
If thou can make thy Bodys firſt ſpirituall,
And then thy Spyryts as I have tought the corporall.

2. Som do *Mercury* from *Vitriall* and *Salt* ſublyme,
And other ſpryts fro Scales of Yern or Steele,
Fro Eggſhells calcynyd and quyk lyme,
And on theyer manner hyt they Sublyme ryght well,
But ſuch Sublymyng accordyth never adele
To our entent, for we Sublyme not ſo,
To trewe *Sublymyng* therfore now wyll I go.

3. In *Sublymacyon* fyrſt beware of one thyng,
That thou Sublyme not to the top of thy Veſſell,
For without vyolence thou ſhalt yt not downe bryng
Ageyne, but there yt wyll abyde and dwell;
So hyt rejoyſyth wyth refrygeracion I the tell:
Kepe hyt therfore wyth temperat hete adowne
Full forty dayes, tyll hyt wex black abowen.

4. For then the Sowle begynnyth for to com owte,
Fro hys owne vaynys; for all that ſubtyll ys,
Wyll wyth the Spryts affend withouten dowte:
Bere in thy mynde therfore and thynkeon thys,
How here eclypſyd byn thy Bodys:
As they do Putrify Sublymyng more and more,
Into the Water tyll they be all up bore.

5. And thus ther venom when they have ſpowtyd out
Into the water, than Black yt doth appeare,
And become ſpirituall every dele withoute dowte,
Sublymyng eſyly on our manner
Into the water which doth hym bere:
For in the Ayre one Chyld thus muſt be bore
Of the Water ageyne as I have ſeyd before.

6. But when theſe to *Sublymacyon* continuall
Be laboryd ſo, wyth hete both moyſt and temperate,
That all ys Whyte and purely made ſpirituall;
Than Hevyn uppon Erth muſt be reitterate,
Unto the Sowle wyth the Body be reincorporate:
That Erth becom all that afore was Hevyn,
Whych wyll be done in *Sublymacyons* ſevyn.

7. And *Sublymacyon* we make for cauſys thre,
The fyrſt cauſe ys to make the Body Spirituall;
The ſecond that the Spryt may Corporall be,
And becom fyx wyth hyt and ſubſtancyall:
The Thyrd cauſe ys that fro hys fylth orygynall
He may be clenſyd, and hys fatnys ſulphuryoſe
Be mynyſhyd in hym whych ys infectuoſe.

Then

8. Then when they thus togeder depuryd be,
They wyll Sublyme up whyter then Snow;
That syght wyll gretly comfort the;
For than anon parfytly shalt thou know
Thy Sprytts shall so be a downe I throw:
That thys *Gate* to the shalbe unlockyd,
Out of thys *Gate* many one be shyt and mockyd.

Of Fermentation.

The ninth Gate.

1. TRew *Fermentacyon* few Workers do understond,
That secrett therfore I wyll expounde to the,
I travelyd trewly thorow many a Lond:
Or ever I myght fynde any that cold tell hyt me;
Yet as God wolde, (evermore blessed he be,)
At the last I cum to knowledge therof parfyt,
Take heede therfore, therof what I do wryte.

2. *Fermentyng* in dyvers maners ys don,
By whych our Medcyns must be perpetuate,
Into a clere Water, som lesyth *Son* and *Mone*;
And wyth ther Medcyns makyth them to be Congelate;
Whych in the Fyer what tyme they be examynate,
May not abyde nor alter wyth Complement,
For such *Ferments* ys not to our intent.

3. But yet more kyndly ſom other men don
Fermentyng theyer Medcynes in thys wyſe,
In *Mercury* dyſſolvyng both *Son* and *Mone*,
Up wyth the Spryts tyll tyme wyll aryſe,
Sublymyng them together twyſe or thryſe:
Then *Fermentacyon* therof they make,
That ys a way, but yet we hyt forſake.

4. Som other ther be whych hath more hap
To touch the trothe in parte of Fermentyng;
They *Amalgam* ther Bodys wyth *Mercury* lyke papp;
Then theruppon ther Medcyns relentyng,
Theſe of our Secretts have ſom hentyng:
But not the trewth wyth parfyt Complement,
Becauſe they nether Putrefy nor alter ther Ferment.

5. That poynt therfore I wyll dyſcloſe to thee,
Looke how thou dydyſt wyth thy unparfyt Body,
And do ſo wyth thy parfyt Bodys in every degre;
That ys to ſey fyrſt thou them Putrefye
Her prymary qualytes deſtroying utterly:
For thys ys wholey to our entent,
That fyrſt thou alter before thou Ferment.

6. To thy Compound make Ferment the fowerth parte,
Whych Ferments be only of *Son* and *Mone*;
If thou therfore be Maſter of thys *Arte*,
Thy *Fermentacion* lat thys be done,
Fyx Water and Erth together ſone:
And when the Medcyn as wax doth flowe,
Than uppon *Malgams* loke thou hyt throw.

And

7. And when all that together ys myxyd
Above thy Glaſſe well cloſyd make thy fyre,
And ſo contenew hyt tyll all be fyxid,
And well Fermented to deſyre;
Than make *Projeccyon* after thy pleaſure:
For that ys Medcyn than ech dele parfyt,
Thus muſt you Ferment both Red and Whyte.

8. For lyke as flower of Whete made into Paſt,
Requyreth Ferment whych Leven we call
Of Bred that yt may have the kyndly taſt,
And becom Fode to Man and Woman moſt cordyall;
Ryght ſo thy Medcyn Ferment thou ſhall,
That yt may taſt wyth the Ferment pure,
And all aſſays evermore endure.

9. And underſtond that ther be Ferments three,
Two be of Bodys in nature clene,
Whych muſt be altryd as I have told thee;
The thyrd moſt ſecret of whych I mene,
Ys the fyrſt Erth to hys owne Water grene:
And therfore when the *Lyon* doth thurſt,
Make hym drynke tyll hys Belly burſt.

10. Of thys a Queſtyon yf I ſhold meve,
And aske of Workers what ys thys thyng,
Anon therby I ſholde them preve;
Yf they had knowledge of our *Fermentyng*,
For many man ſpekyth wyth wondreng:
Of Robyn Hode, and of his Bow,
Whych never ſhot therin I trow.

But

11. But *Fermentacion* trew as I the tell
Ys of the Sowle wyth the Bodys incorporacyon,
Reſtoryng to hyt the kyndly ſmell;
Wyth taſt and color by naturall conſpyſacyon
Of thyngs dyſſeveryd, a dew redyntegracyon:
Wherby the Body of the Spryte takyth impreſſion,
That eyther other may helpe to have ingreſſion.

12. For lyke as the Bodys in ther compaccyon corporall
May not ſhow out ther qualytes effectually
Untyll the tyme that they becom ſpyrituall:
No more may Spryts abyde wyth the Bodys ſtedfaſtly,
But they wyth them be fyrſt confyxat proportionably:
For then the Body techyth the Spryt to ſuffer Fyer,
And the Spryt the Body to endure to thy deſyre.

13. Therfore thy Gold wyth Gold thou muſt Ferment,
Wyth hys owne Water thyne Erth clenyd I mene
Not ells to ſay but Element wyth Element;
The Spryts of Lyfe only goyng betweene,
For lyke as an Adamand as thow haſt ſene:
Yern to hym draw, ſo doth our Erth by kynde
Draw downe to hym hys Sowle borne up wyth Wynd.

14. Wyth mynd therfore thy Sowle lede out and in,
Meng Gold wyth Gold, that is to ſay
Make Elements wyth Elements together ryn;
To tyme all Fyre they ſuffer may,
For Erth ys Ferment wythouten nay
To Water, and Water the Erth unto;
Our *Fermentacion* in thys wyſe muſt be do.

Erth

15. Erth ys Gold, ſo ys the Sowle alſo,
Not Comyn but Owers thus Elementate,
And yet the Son therto muſt go,
That by our Whele yt may be alterate,
For ſo to Ferment yt muſt be preparat:
That hyt profoundly may joynyd be
Wyth other natures as I ſeyd to thee.

16. And whatſoever I have here ſeyd of Gold,
The ſame of Sylver I wyll thou underſtond,
That thou them Putreſye and alter as I have told;
Ere thou thy Medcyn to Ferment take in hond,
Forſowth I cowde never fynde hym wythin *Englond*:
whych on thys wyſe to Ferment cowde me teche
Wythout errour, by practyſe or by ſpeche.

17. Now of thys Chapter me nedyth to trete no more,
Syth I intend prolixite to eſchew;
Remember well my words therfore,
Whych thou ſhalt preve by practys trew,
And *Son* and *Mone* loke thou renew:
That they may hold of the fyfth nature,
Then ſhall theyr Tynctures ever endure.

18. And yet a way there ys moſt excellent,
Belongyng unto another workyng,
A Water we make moſt redolent:
All Bodys to Oyle wherwyth we bryng,
Wyth whych our Medcyn we make floyng:
A Quynteſſens thys Water we call
In man, whych helyth Dyſeſys all.

19. But wyth thy Bace after my Doctryne preperat,
Whych ys our Calx, thys muſt be don;
For when our Bodys be ſo Calcenat,
That Water wyll to Oyle dyſſolve them ſone;
Make therfore Oyle of *Son* and *Mone*
Which ys *Ferment* moſt fragrant for to ſmell,
And ſo the 9th *Gate* ys Conquered of thys Caſtell.

Of Exaltation.

The tenth Gate.

1. PRocede we now to the Chapter of *Exaltacion*,
Of whych truly thou muſt have knowledge pure,
Full lyttyll yt ys dyfferent from *Sublymacyon*,
Yf thou conceve hym ryght I thee enſure:
Herto accordyth the holy Scrypture:
Chryſte ſeyng thus, *Yf I exalted be,*
Then ſhall I draw all thyngs unto me.

2. Ower Medycyn yf we Exalt ryght ſo,
Hyt ſhall therby be Nobylyzate,
That muſt be done in manners two;
Fro tyme the parts be dyſponſate,
Whych muſt be Cruſyfyed and examynat:
And then contumulate both Man and Wyfe,
And after revyvyd by the Spyryts of Lyfe.

Than

3. Than up to Hevyn they muſt Exaltyd be,
Ther to be in Body and Sowle gloryfycate;
For thou muſt bryng them to ſuch ſubtylyte,
That they aſſend together to be intronyzate,
In Clowds of clereneſſe, to Angells conſociate:
Then ſhall they draw as thou ſhalt ſe
All other Bodys to ther owne dygnyte.

4. Yf thou therfore thy Bodys wyll Exaltat,
Fyrſt wyth the Spryts of Lyfe thou them augment,
Tyll tyme thy Erth be well ſubtylyate,
By naturall rectyfyyng of eche Element;
Hym up exaltyng into the Fyrmament:
Than much more preſyoſe ſhall they be than Gold,
Becauſe they of the Quynteſſence do hold.

5. For when the Cold hath overcum the Hete,
Then into Water the Ayre ſhall turnyd be;
And ſo two contrarys together ſhall mete,
Tyll ether wyth other ryght well agre,
So into Ayre thy Water as I tell the;
When Hete of Cold hath gott domynacyon,
Shalbe convertyd by craft of *Cyrculacyon.*

6. And of the Fyer then Ayer have thou ſhall,
By loſyng Putrefyyng and Sublymyng;
And Fyer thou haſt of the Erth materyall:
Thyne Elements by craft thus dyſſeveryng,
Moſt ſpecyally the Erth well Calcenyng:
And when they be eche on made pure,
Then do they hold all of the fyfth nature.

7. On thys wyſe therfore make them to be Cyrculat,
Ech unto other exaltyng by and by,
And in one Glas do all thys ſurely ſygylate,
Not wyth thy honds, but as I teche the naturally,
Fyer into Water then turne fyrſt hardely;
For Fyer ys in Ayer wych ys in Water exyſtent,
And thys Converſyon accordyth to our entent.

8. Than ferthermore turne on thy Whele,
That into Erth thy Ayre convertyd be,
Whych wylbe don alſo ryght well:
For Ayre ys in Water beyng in the Erth truſt me,
Then Water into Fyre contraryoſe in ther qualyte:
Sone turne thou may, for Water in Erth ys,
Whych ys in Fyer converſyon, true ys thys.

9. Thy Whele ys now nygh turnyd abowte,
Into Ayre turne Erth, whych ys the proper neſt
Of other Elements ther ys no dowte,
For Erth in Fyre ys, whych in Ayre takyth reſt,
Thys *Cyrculacyon* thou begyn muſt in the Weſt:
Then forth into the Sowth tyll they exaltyd be,
Procede dewly as in the Fygure I have towght the.

10. In whych proces thou may clerly ſe,
From an extreame how to another thou may not go.
But by a mene, ſyth they in qualyte contraryoſe be;
And reſon wyll forſoth that hyt be ſo,
As hete into cold wyth other contraryoſe mo:
Wythout theyr menys as moyſt to hete and cold,
Examples ſuffycyent afore thys have I told.

Thus

11. Thus have I tawght the how for to make,
Of all thy Elements a parfyt *Cyrculacyon*,
And at thy Fygure example for to take,
How thou ſhalt make thys foreſayd *Exaltacyon*,
And of thy Medcyn in the Elements trew graduacyon:
Tyll hyt be brought to a quynaryte temperat,
And then thou haſt conqueryd the *Tenth Gate*.

Of Multiplication.

The eleventh Gate.

1. *Ultyplycacyon* now to declare I procede,
Whych ys by *Phyloſophers* in thys wyſe dyfynyd,
Augmentacyon yt ys of that *Elixer* indede,
In goodnes, in quantyte, both for Whyt and Rede,
Multyplycacyon ys therfore as they have ſeyd: (degre,
That thyng that doth Augment the Medcyns in ech
In Color, in Odor, in Vertue, and alſo in Quantyte.

2. And why thou may thy Medcyn multeply,
Infynytly the cauſe forſoth ys thys.
For yt ys Fyer whych tyned wyll never dye:
Dwellyng wyth the as Fyer doth in houſys,
Of whych one ſparke may make more Fyers I wys;
As musk in Pygments, and other ſpycys mo,
In vertue multyplyeth and our Medcyn ryght ſo.

3. So he ys ryche the whych Fyer hath les or more,
Becauſe he may ſo gretly Multeply;
And ryght ſo ryche ys he whych any parte hath in ſtore
Of our *Elixers* whych be augmentable infynytly:
One way yf thou dyſſolve our Powders dry,
And oft tymes of them make Congelacyon,
Of hyt in goodnes thou makyſt then Augmentacyon.

4. The ſecond way both in goodnes and in quantyte,
Hyt Multyplyeth by Iterat *Fermentacion*,
As in that Chapter I ſhowyd playnly unto the,
By dyvers manners of naturall Operacyon,
And alſo in the Chapter of our *Cybacyon*:
Where thou may know how thou ſhalt Multeply
Thy Medycyn wyth *Mercury* Infynytly.

5. But and thou bothe wyll Looſe and alſo Ferment,
Both more in quantyte and better wyll hyt be;
And in ſuch wyſe thou may that ſo augment,
That in thy Glas yt wyll grow lyke a Tre,
The *Tre of Hermes* namyd, ſeemly to ſe:
Of whych one Pepyn a thowſand wyll *Multyply*,
Yf thou can make thy *Projeccyon* wyttyly.

6. And lyke as Saffron when yt ys pulveryzate,
By lyttyll and lyttyll yf hyt in Lycour be
Temperyd, and then wyth mykyll more Lycour dylate;
Tyngyth much more of Lycour in quantyte, (ſe
Than beyng hole in hys owne groſe nature: ſo ſhall thou
That our *Elixers* the more they be made thyn,
The farther in Tyncture ſothfaſtly wyll renne.

Kepe

7. Kepe in thy Fyer therfore both evyn and morow,
Fro houſe to houſe that thou nede not to renne
Amonge thy Neyghbors, thy Fyer to ſech or borow,
The more thou kepyſt the more good ſhall thou wyn,
Multyplyyng ey more and morethy Glas wythin:
By fedyng wyth *Mercury* to thy lyvys end,
So ſhall thou have more than thou nedyſt to ſpend.

8. Thys mater ys playne, I wyll no more
Wryte now therof, lat Reſon the guyde;
Be never the bolder to Syn therfore,
But ſerve thy God the better at ech tyde;
And whylls that thou ſhall in thys lyfe abyde,
Bere thys in mynde, forget not I the pray,
As thou ſhalt apere before thy God at domys day.

9. Hys owne gret Gyfts thefore and hys Treſure,
Dyſpoſe thou vertuoſely, helpyng the poore at nede,
That in thys World to the thou may procure
Mercy and Grace with Hevenly blys to mede,
And pray devoutly to God that he the lede
In at thys eleventh *Gate* as he can beſt,
Sone after then thou ſhalt end thy conqueſt.

Of

Of Projection.

The twelfth Gate.

1. IN *Projeccyon* hyt ſhalbe provyd yf our practiſe be profy-table
Of wch yt behovyth me the ſecrets here to meve;
Therfore yf thy Tyncture be ſure and not varyable,
By a lyttyll of thy Medcyn thus ſhall thou preve
Wyth Mettall or wyth Mercury as Pyche yt wyll cleve:
And Tynct in *Projeccyon* all Fyers to abyde,
And ſone yt wyll enter and ſpred hym full wyde.

2. But many for Ignorans doth mar that they made,
When on Mettalls unclenſyd *Projeccyon* they make,
For be cauſe of corrupcyon theyr Tynctures muſt vade;
Whych they wold not awey fyrſt fro the Bodys take,
Whych after *Projeccyon* be bryttyl, bloe, and blacke:
That thy Tyncture therfore may evermore laſt,
Uppon *Ferment* thy Medcyn loke fyrſt that thou caſt.

3. Then brottyl wyll thy *Ferment* as any glas be,
Uppon Bodys clenſyd and made very pure,
Caſt thy brottyll ſubſtance and ſone ſhall thou ſe,
That they ſhalbe curyoſely coleryd wyth Tyncture,
Whych at all aſſays for ever ſhall endure:
But at the Pſalmys of the Sawter example thou take
Profytable *Projeccyon* parfytly to make.

On

4. On *Fundamenta* caſt fyrſt thys *Pſalme Nunc Dimittis*,
Uppon *Verba mea* then caſt *Fundamenta* blyve;
Than *Verba mea* uppon *Diligam*, conſeve me wyth thy wytts;
And *Diligam* on *Attende* yf thou lyſt to thryve:
Thus make thou *Projeccyons* thre fowre or fyve,
Tyll the Tyncture of thy Medcyn begyn to decreſe,
And then yt ys tyme of *Projeccyon* to ceſe.

5. By thys myſty talkyng I mene nothyng ells,
But that thou muſt caſt fyrſt the leſſe on the more,
Increſyng ever the Number as wyſe men the tells,
And kepe thou thys Secrett to thy ſelfe in ſtore,
Be covetuoſe of connyng yt ys no burden ſore:
For who that joyneth not the *Elixers* wyth Bodys made clene,
He wot not what ſykerly *Projeccyon* doth mene.

6. Ten yf thou Multyply fyrſt into ten,
One hundreth, that number wyll make ſykerly;
Yf one hundreth into an hundreth be Multyplyed then,
Ten thouſand ys that number counte hyt wyttyly,
Then into as much more ten thouſand multyply:
That ys a thouſand thouſand, whych multyplyeth I wys,
Into as much more as a hundred myllyons ys.

7. That hundred myllyons beyng multyplyed lykewys,
Into ten thouſand myllyons, that ys for to ſey,
Makyth ſo grete a number I wote not what yt ys,
Thy number in *Projeccyon* thus Multyply alwey:
Now Chyld of thy curteſy for me thou pray;
Syth that I have told the our ſecretts all and ſome,
To whych I beſeche God by Grace thou may com.

8. Now thow haſt conqueryd the *twelve Gates*,
And all the Caſtell thou holdyſt at wyll,
Kepe thy Secretts in ſtore unto thy ſelve;
And the comaundements of God looke thou fulfull:
In fyer conteinue thy glas ſtyll,
And Multeply thy Medcyns ay more and more,
For wyſe men done ſey *Store ys no ſore.*

The end of the Twelve Gates.

The Recapitulation.

1. FOr to bryng thys *Tretys* to a fynall end,
And brevely here for to conclude theſe Secretts all,
Dylygently loke thou, and to thy Fygure attend:
Whych doth in hyt conteyne theſe ſecrets grete & ſmall,
And yf thou conceve both Theorycall and Practycall:
By Fygures, and by Colors, and by Scrypture playne,
Whych wyttely conſevyd thou mayſt not work in vayn.

2. Conſyder fyrſt the Latytude of thy Precyous *Stone*,
Begynnyng in the fyrſt ſyde notyd in the Weſt,
Where the *Red Man* and the *Whyte Woman* be made one,
Spowſyd wyth the Spryts of lyfe to lyve in love and reſt,
Erth and Water equaly proportyond that ys beſt;
And one of the Erth ys good and of the Spryts thre,
Whych twelve to fowre alſo of the Erth may be.

Three

3. Thre of the Wyfe and one of the Man then muſt thou take,
And the leſſe of the Spryts there be in thys dyſponſation,
The rather thy *Calcynatyon* for certeyne ſhall thou make,
Then forth into the North procede by obſcuratyon;
Of the *Red Man* and hys *Whyte Wyfe* callyd *Eclypſation*:
Loſyng them and alteryng betyxt Wynter and Vere,
Into Water turnyng Erth darke and nothyng clere.

4. Fro thens by colors many one into the Eſt aſſends,
There ſhall the Mone be full apperyng by day lyght;
Then ys ſhe paſſyd her Purgatory and courſe at an end;
There ys the upryſyng of the Son apperyng whyt and bryght,
There ys Somer after Vere, and day after nyght: (Ayre;
Than Erth and Water whych were ſo black be turnyd into
Than clouds of darknes be overblowyn & all aperyth faire.

5. And lyke as the Weſt begynnyng was of the Practyſe,
And the North the parfyt mene of profound Alteratyon,
So the Eſt after them the begynnyng of Speculacyon ys; (tion
But of thys courſe up in the Sowth the Son makyth Conſuma-
Ther be thy Elements into Fyre turnyd by Cyrculacyon:
Then to wyn to thy deſyre thou needſt not be in dowte,
For the Whele of our *Phyloſophy* thou haſt turnyd abowte.

6. But yet ageyne turne abowte two tymys thy Whele,
In whych be comprehendyd all the Secretts of our *Phyloſophy*,
In Chapters 12 made playne to the if thou conſeve them well;
And all the Secretts by and by of our lower *Aſtonomye*,
How thou Calcin thy Bodys, parfit, diſſolve, devide & putrefie:
Wyth parfyt knowledge of all the polys whych in our Hevyn
Shynyng with colors inexplycable never were gayer ſene. (ben

7. And thys one Secrett concluſyonal know thou wythouten fayle,
Our *Red Man* teyneth not tyll he teynyd be;
Therfore yf thou lyſt thy ſelfe by thy craft to avayle,
The Altytude of thy Bodys hyde & ſhow out theyr profundyte,
In every of thy Materyalls dyſtroyyng the fyrſt qualyte:
And ſecundary qualytes more gloryoſe repare in them anon
And in one Glas wyth one governaunce 4 Naturs turne into one.

8. Pale, and Black, wyth falce Citryne, unparfyt Whyte & Red,
Pekoks fethers in color gay, the Raynbow whych ſhall overgoe
The Spottyd Panther wyth the Lyon greene, the Crowys byll (bloe as lede;
Theſe ſhall appere before the parfyt Whyte, & many other moe
Colors, and after the parfyt Whyt, Grey, and falce Citrine alſo:
And after all thys ſhall appere the blod Red invaryable,
Then haſt thou a Medcyn of the thyrd order of hys owne (kynde Multyplycable.

6. Thow muſt devyde thy *Elixer* whyte into partyes two,
After thou rubify and into Glaſſys let hym be don,
If thou wylt have the *Elixers* both for *Son* and *Mone* do ſo;
Wyth *Mercury* then hem Multeply unto gret quantyte ſone:
Yf thow at the begynnyng had not as much as wold into aſpone:
Yet moght thou them ſo Multeply both the Whyte & Red,
That yf thou levyd a thouſand yere they ſhold the ſtond in (ſtede.

10. Have thou recourſe to thy Whele I councell the unto,
And ſtody tyll thou underſtond eche Chapter by and by,
Medyll with no falce Fanteſys, Multeplyers, let them go, (*phye*,
Which wyll the flatter & falcely ſey they are connyng in *Phyloſo-*
Do as I byd the and then dyſſolve theſe foreſeyd Baces wyttely;
And turne hym into parfyt Oylys with our trew water ardent,
By Cyrculacion that muſt be don accordyng to our entent.

Theſe

11. Theſe Oylys wyll fyx crude *Mercury* and convert Bodys all,
Into parfyt *Sol* and *Lune* when thou ſhalt make *Projeccyon*,
That Oylyſh ſubſtance pure and fyx *Raymond Lully* dyd call
Hys *Baſylyske*, of whych he made never ſo playne deteccyon,
Pray for me to God that I may be of hys eleccyon:
And that he wyll for one of hys on Domys Day me kene,
And graunt me in hys blys to reygne for ever wyth hym, *Amen.*

Gloria tibi Domine.

An Admonition, wherein the Author declareth his Erronious experiments.

1. AFter all thys I wyll thou underſtonde,
For thy ſavegarde what I have done,
Many Experyments I have had in hond;
As I found wryten for Son and Mone,
Whych I wyll tell the reherſyng ſone:
Begynnyng wyth Vermylion whych provyd nought,
And Mercury ſublymyd whych I dere bought.

2. I made *Solucyons* full many a one,
Of Spyrytts, Ferments, Salts, Yerne and Steele;
Wenyng ſo to make the *Phyloſophers Stone*:
But fynally I loſt eche dele,
After my Boks yet wrought I well;
Whych evermore untrew I provyd,
That made me oft full ſore agrevyd.

3. Waters corrosyve and waters Ardent,
With which I wrought in divers wyse,
Many one I made but all was shent;
Eggs shells I calcenyd twise or thryse,
Oylys fro Calcys I made up ryse;
And every Element fro other I did twyne,
But profyt found I ryght none therein.

4. Also I wrought in Sulphur and in Vitriall,
Whych folys doe call the *Grene Lyon*,
In Arsenike, in Orpement, fowle mot them fall;
In debili principio was myne Incepcyon:
Therefore was frawde in fyne the Concluſyon;
And I blew my thryft at the Cole,
My Clothys were bawdy, my Stomache was never hole.

5. Sal Armonyake and Sandever,
Sal Alkaly, sal Alembroke, sal Attinckarr,
Sal Tarter, sal Comyn, sal Geme most clere;
Sal Peter, sal Sode, of these beware;
Fro the odor of Quyckſylver kepe the fare:
Medyll not wyth Mercury precipitate,
Nether wyth imparfyt Bodys rubyfycate.

6. I provyd Uryns, Eggs, Here, and Blod,
The Scalys of Yern whych Smethys do of smyte,
Æs Ust, and Crokefer whych dyd me never good:
The sowle of Saturne and also Marchasyte,
Lythage and Antemony not worth a myte:
Of whych gey Tyntures I made to shew,
Both Red and Whyte whych were untrew.

Oyle

7. Oyle of Lune and water wyth labour grett,
I made Calcynyng yt with ſalt precipytate,
And by hyt ſelfe with vyolent hett
Gryndyng with Vynegar tyll I was fatygate:
And alſo with a quantyte of Spyces acuate;
Uppon a Marble whych ſtode me oft in coſt,
And Oyles with Corroſyves I made; but all was loſt.

8. Many Amalgame dyd I make,
Wenyng to fix theſe to grett avayle,
And thereto Sulphur dyd I take;
Tarter Egges whyts, and the Oyle of the Snayle,
But ever of my purpoſe dyd I fayle:
For what for the more and what for the leſſe,
Evermore ſomethyng wantyng there was.

9. Wyne, Mylke, Oyles, and Runnett,
The Slyme of Sterrs that falleth to the grownde,
Celydony and Secundynes wyth many moe yett,
In theſe I practyſyd as in my books I found,
I wan ryght nought, but loſt many a pownde;
Of Mercury and Mettalls I made Chryſtall ſtones,
Wenyng that hyt had ben a worke for the nonys.

10. Thus I roſtyd and boylyd as one of *Gebers* Cooks,
And oft tymes my wynnyng in the Asks I ſought;
For I was dyſcevyd wyth many falce Books
Wherby untrue thus truly I wrought:
But all ſuch Experyments avaylyd me nought;
But brought me in danger and in combraunce,
By loſſe of my goods and other grevaunce.

For

11. For the love of our Lady ſuch lewdnes eſchue,
Medyll wyth no falſhood whych never prevyd well;
Aſſay when thow wylt and thow ſhalt fynde me treue;
Wynn ſhalt thou nought but loſe every dele,
Pence in thy Pauwkner fewe ſhalt thou feele:
In ſmokes and ſmells thow ſhalt have myckle wo,
That unnethe for ſyknes on Erth ſhalt thow go.

12. I never ſaw true worke treuly but one,
Of whych in thys tretys the trewth I have told.
Stody only therfore to make our *Stone*:
For therby may thow wyn both Syłver and Gold,
Uppon my wrytynge therfore to ground the be bold:
So ſhalt thow loſe nought yf God be thy gyde,
Truſt to my Doctryne and therby abyde.

13 Remember how Man ys moſt noble Creature,
In erths Compoſycyon that ever God wrought,
In whom are the fowre Elements proportyonyd by nature:
A naturall Mercuryalyte whych coſt ryght nought,
Out of hys myner by Arte yt muſt be brought;
For our Mettalls be nought ells but myners too,
Of our Soon and our Moone, wyſe *Reymond* ſeyd ſo.

14. The clerenes of the *Moone* and of the *Soone*, bryght,
Into theſe two Myners deſendyth ſecretly,
Howbeyt the cleernes be hyd fro thy ſyght:
By craft thou ſhalt make ytt to appere openly,
Thys hyd *Stone*, thys one thyng therfore putrefye:
Waſh hym wyth hys owne broth tyll whyte he becoom,
Then Ferment hym wyttely, nowe here ys all and ſoom.

Now

Now to God Almyghty I thee Recommend,
Whych graunte the by Grace to knowe thys one thing,
For now ys thys *Treatys* brought to an end:
And God of hys Mercy to hys blyſſe us bryng,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, where Angells do ſyng:
Prayſyng without ceaſynge hys glorioſe Mageſtye,
Whych he in hys Kyngdome graunte us for to ſee.

An. Dom. 1471.

Explicit Alchimiæ Tractatus Philoſophiæ,
Cujus Rypla George, *Canonicus, Auctor erat;*
Mille, quadringentis ſeptuaginta unoq;
Annis qui ſcriptus compoſituſq; fuit.
Auctori lector præbe præce, quæſo Iuvamen,
Illi purgamen leve poſt vitam ut ſit Amen.

Engliſhed.

Thus heere the *Tract of Alchimy* doth end,
Whych *(Tract)* was by *George Ripley* Chanon pen'd;
It was Compoſed, Writt, and Sign'd his owne,
In *Anno* twice Seav'n hundred ſeav'nty one:
Reader! Aſſiſt him, make it thy deſire,
That after Lyfe he may have gentle Fire.

Amen.

1471

LIBER PATRIS SAPIENTIAE.

THow that in thys Boke beginneth to rede, (spede:
Keepe well thys Councell the better schalt thow
Be thow in a place secret by thy selfe alone, (done.
That noe man see or here what thow schalt say or

2. Yet ere thow begyn to rede much, take thow good hede,
Wyth whom thow kepst company I councell thee indede;
Trust not thy freind too much, wheresoere thow goe,
For he that thow trustest best sometyme may be thye Foe.

3. And take hede to the words of the Fader of Wysdom,
How he techeth hys Sonne how he schould done;
To kepe hys prescepts of bodely governance
And wyth hys Conyng he wyll the gretly advance.

4. And yf thow wylt not to hys wordys take hede,
Thow schalt stand here oft in gret feare and dred.
For he that hath a fore wytt he nedes not do amysse,
And he that doth Folly the Folly schalbe hys.

5. Now my dere *Sonne* be thow not a know
To Lerned nor to Leud, to Hygh nor to Low:
Neyther to Young nor Old, Rych nor Poore,
Unto them thow tech nothyng my Lore.

6. Alſo to ſcuche men that hold themſelves wyſe,
And ſo forth to the foolys that glyde on the Ice:
They weene in grete Bokes ſchould be the *Art*
Of the Science of *Alchemy*, but they be not worth a fart.

7. Therefor my *Sonn* to thee thys *Science* I may well teach,
And yf thow wylt upon thy enemy be wreach;
Or to purchaſe or build any good thyng,
It ſchalbe to thy gret furtheryng.

8. Thys worthy *Scyence* of *Alchemy* if thow wylt it leare,
A lyttle mony out of thy purſe thow muſt forbeare;
To buy therewyth *Flos Florum* it is moſt worthieſt,
And to build well her Cabyn and her Neſt.

9. And if thow put out mony for any other thing,
It is to thy loſſe; and to thy great hindring:
Except yt be for thy workes naturall Foode,
Which is had out of Stone, Ayre and Wood.

10. And if thow have all thyngs wythin the growing,
Then thow needeſt not to buy any manner of thing,
That ſchould be to thys *Science* belonging,
But beware of thy ſelfe for feare of hanging.

11. For then thow and thys *Scyence* were for ever loſt,
If thow make thereof any manner of boaſt,
To any Man or Woman, Old or Young,
Beware of thy ſelfe for feare of diſcovering.

12. For if thow make any man privie
Of thy Councell, Rich or Needy,
Thow muſt ſo beware Sleeping or Waking,
For once ymagining of Money making.

13. For yf God ſends thee grace and underſtanding,
Wyth thys *Scyence* thow mayſt have good lyving:
But beware of ſpeach of Women liberall,
And of the voice and ſight of Children generall.

14. *Sonn* in thyne owne howſe thow maiſt well gett
A good Morſell of meat thy mouth to ſweet,
Both Pheaſant, Partridge, Plover and Leveret,
Though thow cry yt not owte in the common Market.

15. Therefore kepe cloſe of thy Tongue and of thy Hand,
From the Officers and Governours of the Land;
And from other men that they of thy Craft nothing know,
For in wytnes thereof they wyll thee hang and draw.

16. And thereof the People will the at Seſſions indight,
And great Treaſon againſt the they wyll write;
Wythowt that the Kings grace be to thee more,
Thow ſchalt for ever in thys world be forlore.

17. Alſoe wythowt thow be ſure of another thyng,
To purchaſe the Lycence of thy King:
For all manner of doubts thee ſchall betide,
The better thow maiſte Worke, and both goe and ride.

18. Alſo another thing I ſchall thee lere,
The poore People take thow nothing deare,
But ever ſerve thy God alway at the begynnyng,
And among the poore People the better ſchalbe thy livyng.

19. Now my *Chylde* to my precepts looke thow take hede;
Whatſoever fall after the better ſchall thow ſpede.
Better it ys to have a thyng, then for it to wiſh,
For when thow feelſt a Sore tis hard for thee to get a Leech.

20. Now my deare *Son* to the I wyll declare,
More of thys Warke which ſchalbe thy welfaire;
If thow canſt conſider all my ſayings,
For therewyth thow mayeſt finde a full precious thing.

21. And *Son* though thys Writing be made in Ryme,
Yet take thow thereat noe greate diſdaine.
Till thow haſt proved my words in deede and in thought,
I watt it well it ſchalbe ſet at nought.

22. There-

22. Therefor of all Bodyes and Spyrits more or leſſe,
Mercury is called *Flos Florum* and worthieſt Prynceſſe:
For her Birth and marvelous dealing,
Sche ys moſt worthieſt to have byne King.

23. For ſche ys Erth and Water moſt hevieſt,
And ſche will conjoyne wyth Fire and Aire moſt lyghteſt;
And ſo forth wyth her love ſche will run and flee,
For ſche delighteth noe other game or glee.

24. Some ſay that of *Sulphur* and *Mercury* all Bodyes minerall
Ingendered in the Erth with divers Colours cladd: (are made,
By the vertue of Decoccion before Preperacion,
To the lykenes of every body Mynerall in ther faſhion.

25. I will firſt begin wyth *Saturne* after other mens ſayings,
How he ys ingendered in the Erth wyth unclene *Mercury* flying:
And of *Mercury* he ys moſt hevieſt wyth black Sulphury Erth
Save he ys ſoft of fuſion, and hys Sulphur nothing fixed. (mixed,

26. *Iupiter* is a whyte Body made of pure *Mercury* outward,
And of clere *Sulphur* ſomewhat Erthly and white inward;
He ys in kynde ſofteſt and well in his fixation,
For he is almoſt fix^r, but he lacketh Decoction.

27. *Mars* ys a white Body moſt of unclene ☿ in the Erth y'made,
And he ys hardeſt of fuſion with *Sulphur* Erthly cladd;
To blacknes and rednes he will ſooneſt conſume,
By heate or by corroſive when the Spirit beginneth to fume.

28. *Sol* is the pureſt ſomwhat red, & is made of clene ☿ & *Sulphur*
Ingendered with clere red *Sulphur*, in the Erth well mixed, (fixed,
And therefor he ys without defalt and lacketh no degree;
For he ys almoſt hardeſt of Fuſion and hevieſt in ponderoſſity.

29. *Venus* ys a Body more red of pure ☿ made in hys ſubſtance,
Moſt of red *Sulphur* and greene and therein is greate variance:
In the Erth ingendered with Corroſive and bitter ſubſtance,
Well fixed and hard of fuſion, rude in governance.

30. *Mercury* ys a Body if he be with a Subſtance moved,
Mixing one kinde with his kinde, ſo ſchall he be loved;
One Spirit received wyth another, the which of them be maine,
Is cauſe of ingeneration of every body Mettalyne.

31. *Luna* ys a pure white Body of clene *Mercury* & *Sulphur* white
And ſche is a litle hard of fuſion & almoſt well fixed, (ingendered
And ſche is next cleaneſt in Tincture of whitenes,
Of Ponderoſity light, of *Iupiter* bearing his whitenes.

32. And ſoe after the Colour of that Erth ys Sulphuri and re-
Some men do ſay ys engendered every Mettall; (ceptuall,
But my *Son* the perfect worke of thys alteration,
I ſchall informe the true way of another faſhion.

33. Now have I declared the working of the Bodies Mynerall,
Whereof they be ingendered after other mens ſayings over all;
And as in place of the Erth one Body was fully wrought,
Soe muſt the artificiall Medicine, be or elſe it ys nought.

34. Now will I declare the worthines of *Mercury* in ſpeciall,
How ſche ys the notableſt Spirit that ys mynerall,
Moſt marvelous in working and in degree,
Sche ys called the Matter principalleſt of the three.

35. Alſo ſche ys very ſubtile in many things artificiall,
Sche will both give and take Tincture moſt ſpeciall,
To hym or of hym that ſche loveth moſt beſt,
In ſpeciall when ſche ys warmed in her Neſt.

36. My Son *Mercury* ys called the mightieſt *Flos florum*,
And moſt royall, and richeſt of all *Singulorum*;
Sche ys very Patron and Princes moſt royall,
And ſche ys very Mother of every Mettall.

37. Sche ys Vegitable, Animalle and Minerall,
Sche ys Foure in kinde, and One in generall:
Sche ys Erth, Aire, Water and Fyre,
Among all other ſche hath no Peere.

38. Sche

38. She kylleth and slayeth, and also doth calcine,
She dyeth, and also doth she live againe;
She giveth lyfe and also ingression,
For joyntly she ys three in one.

39. She ys a very frendly mixar,
The progeneration of a greate *Elixar*:
She ys both Body Soule and Spirite,
In Colour very red, black and white.

40. Many be the wooers that hang on her tayle,
But she will not with them I'deale;
They would her wedd against her will,
With foemen that liken her full ill.

41. She will deale with no manner of wight,
But with her Husband as it ys greate right:
With him she will beare much fruite,
For he ys by nature of her selfe same sute.

42. My *Son* of hem Fooles have much dispight,
And therin such Fooles loose their light:
For sometymes he ys darke, and sometymes bright,
For he ys lyke no other wight.

43. For if they have their kynde ingendering,
Their naturall foode and good keeping,
They shall increase frute by dene,
Very red and white, King and Queene.

44. My *Son* in thys *Scyence* I doe deny,
All things that be discording truly,
All manner of Salts I doe defie,
And all manner of Sulphurs in waters of Corrosie.

45. Also Alloome, Vitriall, Auripigmentum and Haire,
Gold, Silver, Alkaly and Sandiver;
Honey, Wax, and Oyles or Calx-else,
Gummes, Galls, and also Egg shells.

46. Also

46. Alſo I defie Antimony, Berrall, and Chriſtall,
Roſin, Pitch, alſo Amber, Jett and Corrall;
Hearbs, Dated Stones, Marble, or Tinglas,
If there come any of all theſe it ys the worſe.

47. Alſo Berrills, Gotts Hornes, and Alome plome,
Good with them will none be done;
All things that diſcordeth from Mettall,
It ys contrary to thys worke in generall.

48. My *Son* many fooles to me have ſought,
But they and I accord right nought;
I leave them there as I them finde,
And as Fooles I make them blinde.

49. For whych *Mercury* they have errd full ſore
And then when they had they could doe no more,
Therefor in *Phyloſophers* ſche bear'th the floower,
For ſche ys King, Prince, and Emperour.

50. Yet my deare *Son* be thow not a knowne
To Learned, nor to Lewde, to High, nor to Low;
That thys worke ſtandeth by *Mercury* and in her fire,
Her owne ſpeciall Love both life and deare.

51. For he ys her Son, ſche ys hys Fright,
In whome ſche worketh all her myght:
He ys her Son, ſche ys hys Mother,
Sche loveth him peramore and no other.

52. In *Sol*, and *Lune*, in her meeting ys all love,
For of *Mercury* only ys all her behove,
And with them ſche worketh all her might,
Bnt they may never increaſe on fright.

53. Therefor it ys poſſible to caſt a Projection pure,
Upon a Million to make a perfect Body of tincture:
Wyth Medicine of Spirits well joyned and fixed,
It ſchall not be perceived where it ys well mixed.

54. And therefor if there com Silver or Gold in at thy Gate,
The which men uſe in Aoyne or in common Plate;
I ſweare by God that all thys world hath wrought,
All thy labour and warke ſchall turne to nought.

55. For with what Mettall ſoever that *Mercury* be joyned,
Becauſe of her Coldnes and Moiſtnes ſche ys acloyd:
Put them never ſo cloſe togeder ſche will fume anon,
And when they come into the fire ſche wil ſone be gone.

56. Therefore *Mercury* hath a Lover that paſſeth them
A thouſandfold, who ſo will him ken
And he ys her Lover and her Leman ſweete,
And ſo hys Councell ſche will keepe.

57. Both in hys Chamber and alſo in hys Bedd,
Alſo alive and when they byne dead;
Seeke yee forth fooles as Ae have ſought,
For in all other things finde yee right nought.

58. Now my deare *Son* to thee I will indight,
The truth in word and deede I will write:
How that a precious *Stone* ſhalbe made,
Thee to rejoyce and make thee full glad.

59. As I ſaid in the 32. Chapter unto my Concluſion,
How I ſchould informe the truth after another faſhion,
And to performe thys *Scyence* both in word and deede,
In making of our Medicine God muſt us ſpeede.

60. The which ys called the greate *Elixer*,
And ys verily made with a ſtronge mixar;
The which is a Stone very Minerall,
And thow maiſt him well gett ever all.

61. My *Son* thow ſchalt take to *Mercury* no other thing,
But Erth that's heavy and hard and ſtiff ſtanding:
The which in himſelfe ys derke bright dry and cold,
To joyne them togeder thow maiſt be full bold.

62. One of them to 10 parts of that Water running moſt heavieſt
And they ſchalbe both one, and to thy warke moſt mightieſt:
Then haſt thow Man and Woman togeder brought,
The which ys done by greate love in a thought.

63. The which two be both Spirits, & one Body moſt heavieſt,
When they be in your Chamber and bed joyned in the Element
The which ys more bigger, and bigger hott and dry, (lighteſt,
And therein they will both kiſs togeder & neither weepe nor cry.

64. For when Erth and Water ys well mixed,
By the vertue of the lighteſt Element well hardned and fixed:
For before that time they be Water running both,
And then ſchall turne to fix body be they never ſo loath.

65. For in theyr bed they ſchall make a perpetuall Conjunction,
After the feeding of the light Element and of their proportion;
Soe ſchould they be decoct, having the parfeit fixaſcion,
In the likenes of a body in fuſion having hys faſhion.

66. But at the firſt in their Bed they may indure no greate heate,
Soe as they may well labour in their Bed for ſweate:
Att the firſt if there be in their Chamber overmuch red Colour,
Haſtily going thereto will cauſe greate Dolour.

67. For in their firſt Neſt they ſchould be both water running,
And becauſe of heate they ſchould be ever drying.
And ſo therein become a ſubtill dry Subſtance,
The which warke ſchall thee greately avaunce.

68. Therefor their Neſt muſt be made of a ſtrong kinde,
Of the moſt hardeſt and cleereſt Body, that they not out winde;
For if it ſo be that their Chamber or Neſt begin to breake,
Anon out thereof they will begin to Creake.

69. And then ys all thy warke and thy greate labour loſt,
Then thou maiſt begin againe upon a new coſt,
And ſo thow mayſt not be negligent and haſty, but of the bed be
Without it be hard ſtuff and cleere it will not indure. (ſure,

70. And

70. And if thow wil at the firſt hand give ſuddaine heate,
It will unto thy Warke be nothing meete;
And if thow let him have any ſuddaine greate Cold,
All thys ſchall breke thy warke, then art thow to bold.

71. Let their Neſt be ſomewhat large with a broade rouſe,
And therein they ſchall abide if it be ſtrong and cloſe above;
And in proportion put thereto nothing more nor leſſe,
But as ys ſayd before if thow doe yt ys the worſe.

72. Alſo from the beds head there muſt riſe a highe Spoute,
And another almoſt downe to the bottome that the Spirit go not out;
For thou muſt ſave the flyers that ſwim into the upper place,
For they may hereafter ingender a body as well as the other in (ſpace.

73. Alſo be ſure that thow put in their Bed no other thing,
Then thereof thow ſchalt have no greate winnyng,
If thow do thys it ſchall be to thee for the beſt
To keepe them cloſe from flying and warme in their Neſt.

74. Firſt with ſoft fyre her Neſt muſt be warmed,
With a litle bigger Fyre with overmuch they ſchalbe harmed,
Under thy Chamber flowre meaſure thy Fyre with tyme,
Then commeth the reward, Gold and Silver fine.

75. After the quantity ſpace and tyme muſt be had,
For to deale togeder they be in their dealing glad.
And how long ſpace and tyme I cannot well ſay,
That they in their Chamber and Neſt wilbe in ſport and play.

76. Behold the uppermoſt of their Neſt what there commeth out,
The ſweting of their Bodys labouring round aboute,
And when they have played and ſweate and laboured ſo ſore,
They wilbe ſtill, and neither labour nor ſweate any more.

77. Then let them coole eaſily, and draw their breath,
And then there ſchalbe ſome above and ſome beneath:
There thou ſchalt ſee a Stone as it were grey pouther,
Which ſchalbe to the a ryght greate wonder.

78. Then take them out of their Chamber and Bed anon,
And lay them upon a Marble ſtone and breake them thereon:
And looke what thow haſt in of Colour and Ponderoſity,
Put to him as much of *Flos florum* greateſt in dignity.

79. That ys the ſame Spirit that thow hadſt before,
And ſo medle them togeder and leare them the ſame lore;
A ltogeder in another Bed and in their Chamber they muſt be;
For a marvelous warke thereof thow ſchalt underſtand and ſee.

80. And thus ſo oft thow muſt Multiplie thy Warke,
To aſcend and deſcend into the Aire as doth the Larke;
For when the Larke ys weary above in hys ſtound,
Anon he falleth right downe to the ground.

81. Behold well their Body, and to their head lay thine Eare,
And harken thow well what warke they make there:
If they begin to ſing any manner of voyce,
Give them more heate till thow heare no noyce.

82. And thus give them more heate in their Chamber and Bed
Till thou heareſt no manner of noyſe rumbling to nor fro: (alſo,
And thus continue in their Bed in their ſporting playes,
After the quantity thereof continue ſo many dayes.

83. When their play and wreſtling ys all well done,
In their voyce ſinging and crying and ſweating up and downe;
Give their Chamber bigger heate till their Neſt be red,
And ſo bring them downe low and have no feare nor dread.

84. For thus with heate they ſchalbe brought full low,
That they ſchall in their Bed ne cry nor crow,
But as a Body lye ſtill downe in their Bed,
In their owne liknes as they were bodyes dead.

85. Of Grey and White ys all hys cheife Colour,
For then he ys paſt all hys greate Dolour:
I ſweare by Almighty God that all hath wrought,
Thow haſt found out that many other Men hath ſought.

86. Then

86. Then take thow hym out of hys Cchamber and Bed,
And thow ſchalt then finde a fixt Body as he were dead;
Keepe thow hym cloſe and ſecretly within thy place,
And thanke Almighty God of hys grace.

87. Now my *Son* before thys, after thys *Science* I have right well ſought
And thus to thee I have the White *Elixer* parfetly wrought;
And if thow wilt of the Red *Elixer* parfetly underſtand,
Thow muſt take ſuch another warke in hand.

88. My *Son* whan thow haſt wrought more upon more,
Dubling each time as I ſaid before;
Make thow what thow wilt of Red ſubſtance,
As I did the White warke in manner of Governance.

89. Then thow muſt take the Red Stone that ys all ponder,
And lay on a Mable Stone and breake him aſunder;
And to medle him with the white Spirit and Water cleere,
And ſo put him in hys Bed and Chamber in the Fire.

90. And ſo in hys Chamb. & in hys Bed, he muſt all thys while be
Till thow haſt turn'd and broght him to another manner of glee:
Thys Red *Elixer* if thow wilt open worke heare,
Thys manner of Schoole thow muſt right well leare.

91. Thow muſt hang him in his Chamber with red Colour,
Till he be fixed and brought from hys great Dolour:
Then of thys worthy warke be not thow agaſt,
For in the warke all the worſt ys paſt.

92. And ſo in hys fiery Neſt and Chamber let him be ſure,
For the longer he be in, the better ſchalbe hys tincture;
Soe that he runn not like blood overcoming hys fuſion,
Then haſt thow parfectly thys worke in concluſion.

93. Thus he muſt continue in thys greate heate of Firing,
Till he be full fixed that he be not running nor flying:
Then he will give tincture without Number running like wax,
Unto hys like of fuſion he will both joyne and mix.

94. And yf thy Warke be thus well guided and ſo forth led.
Then haſt thow in thy Warke right well and wittily ſped:
For if thow do otherwiſe then I have thee tould,
In the adventure of thy warke thow maiſt be to bold.

95. For if thow warke by good meaſure and parfect tyme,
Thow ſchalt have very good Gold and Silver fine;
Than ſchalt thow be richer in thy ſelf than any King,
Wythowt he labour the *Science* and have the ſame thing.

96. Now my deare *Son* I ſchall teach thee how to caſt a Projecti-
Therein lyeth all the greate prafetnes with the Concluſion: (on,
To leade an imparfect Body to hys greate parfectneſſe,
In joyning that like to hys like thow ſtandeſt in no diſtres.

97. For when thow haſt joyned the milke to the Bodyes dry,
Than haſt thow the White and Red *Elixer* truly:
The which ys a Marvilous and very precious Stone,
For therein lieth in thys *Science* all the worke upon.

98. In thys *Science* theſe Stones be in themſelves ſo precious,
That in their working and nature they be marvelous:
To ſchew thee the greate vertue furthermore I will declare,
That if thow canſt with thys manner of working well fare.

99. Firſt thow muſt take of that Body which ys next *Sol* in per-
And of his colour toward in ponderoſity & proportion: (fection,
Being ſoluble as it were cleere blood running,
In the hot Element yt ys alwayes lighteſt and fleeting.

100. Then take parte of the Red *Elixer* that ys the precious
And caſt him upon that body that ys blood running anon: (Stone
And whan thow haſt thus parfectly thys warke wrought,
It ſchalbe turned into parfect *Sol* with litle labour or nought.

101. On the ſame wiſe do for *Luna* that is in the Colour ſo white,
In joyning with that body that is ſchining and ſomewhat light;
In the ſame proportion caſt him the very white Stone,
And then ys all thy greateſt warke both made and done.

102. Than

102. Than haſt thow both the Red warke and the White,
Therefor bleſſed be that tyme both day and night:
For thys warke that ſtandeth by greate vertue and love,
Thow muſt thanke Almighty God in heaven above.

103. *Sonn* in the 21. Chapter there write I a full true Rime,
That ys to ſay unto thys warke thow have no greate diſdaine;
Till thow have proved my words in deede and thought,
I know it well thys *Science* ſchalbe ſet at nought.

104. My *Son* to theſe laſt precepts looke thow take good hede
For better 'tys to have then to wiſh for in time of neede:
For who ſo ys bold in time to a Freind to breake,
He that ys thy Freind may be thy Fo and hys emnity wreake.

105. And therefor my *Son* I ſchall give thee a greate charge,
In uttering of ſpeech be thow not to large;
To tell every man what thow haſt in Silver or Gold,
For to have it from thee many men wilbe right bold.

106. Alſo uſe not to revill or ryott that ſchould exceede
To thy bodily health, the better ſchalt thow ſpeede;
Uſe temperate dyet and temperate travell,
For when Phyſitian thee fayleth thys ſchall thee availe.

(Concluſions

107. And leave all blind warkes that thow haſt ſeene or heard of
Or proved by Sublimations, Preperations, Diſtillations, or Diſſo-
Of ſuch manner of things greate Bokes do greatly ſpecifie (lutions;
And all thoſe contrary ſayings in this Craft I do plainly deny.

108. Alſo my *Son* remember how thow art mortall,
Abiding but a while in thys World which ys terreſtriall:
Thow wotteſt not how long nor hence how ſoone,
That death ſchall thee viſitt and unto thee Come.

109. And remember thee well at thy departing,
Whome thow lovedſt and truſtedſt beſt old and young:
Make him thine Heire and moſt of thy Councell,
And give him thy Cunning or thy Boke every deale.

110. But

110 But beware of flattering and glosing People,
Of Boasters and Crackers for they will thee begule:
Of thy precious Cunning behinde or beforne,
And when they have their intent they will give thee a scorne.

111. Therefor make no Man of thy Councell rude nor rustie,
But him that thow knoweſt both true and trustie;
In ryding and going sleeping and waking,
Both in word and deede and in hys disposing.

112. Also in thy owne Chamber looke thow be secret,
That thy dores and windowes be close shet;
For some wyll come and looke in every Corner,
And anon they will aske what thow makeſt there.

113. And therefore a good excuse must soone be had,
Or else thow schalt verily wine for to run madd;
Say thow laboureſt sore both sleeping and waking,
To the perfect way of strange Colours making.

114. As yt be sure Bice, Vermillion, Aurum Musicum, & others
Or else with some people thow schalt never have a doe; (moe
Also thereof thow must have many samples to schew,
Or else they that harmes thinke will say so.

115. Also furthermore I give thee right good warning,
Beware of thy warking and also of thy uttering,
For the examination of the People better or worse,
Ere thow have for thy warke thy mony in thy purse.

116. Therefor take heede my *Son* unto these Chapters sixscore
And all manner of things said what schould be don before:
For in *Astronomy* thow must have right good feeling,
Or else in thys Boke thow schalt have simple believing.

117. For thow must know well of seaven principle Characters,
To what Bodyes in heaven moving that they be likned in those
And to understand their properties and their Conditions, (figures
In Colours, qualities, softnes, hardnes, & in their proper fashions.

118. Now

118. Now *Son* to thee that understandeſt parfection & Sciences
Whether it be Speculative or Practick to my ſentences:
In thys *Science* and labour I thinke it greate ruthe,
Therefore I write to thee very truth.

119. And to thee that underſtandeſt no parfection nor practike
In no concluſion proved that ſchould be to hys warke like,
By Almighty God that all thys world hath wrought,
I have ſaid and performed to thee right nought.

120. Therefore my *Son* before that thow thys Boke begin,
Underſtand wiſely in thys what ys written therein:
For if thow canſt not finde by thys Boke neither *Sol* nor *Moyne*,
Then go forth and ſeeke thow further as other fooles have done.

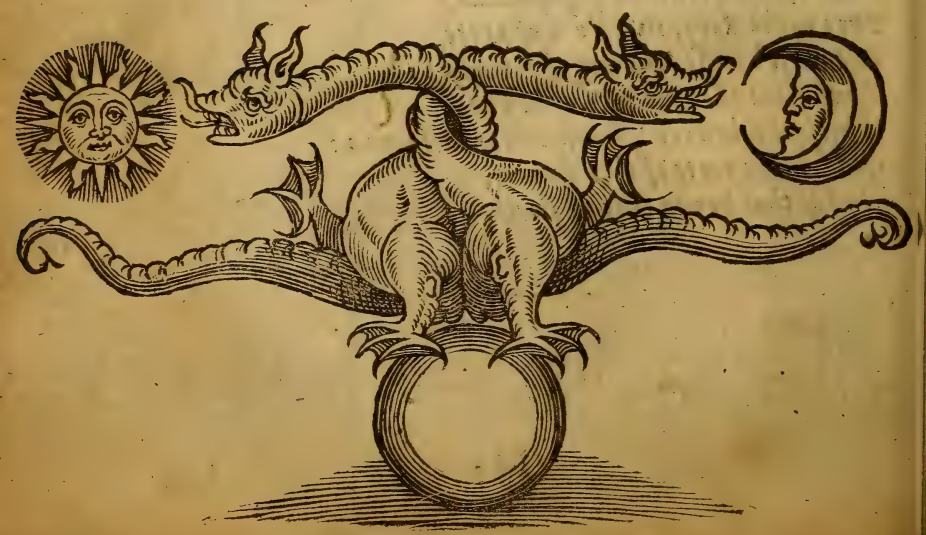
Explicit Liber dictus Pater Sapientiæ.


Vaughan
Sculp:

IN the name of the holy Triniti,
Now ſend us graſe, ſo hit be:
Fyrſt God made both Angel and Heaven,
Na alleſo the World wyth Planets ſeaven;
Man and Woman wyth gret ſenſewalite,
Sum of eſtate, and other in hyr degree;
Both Beſt and Worme for in the grown crepe,
Everyech in hys kynd to receve hys mete.
Egles and Fowles in the Eyre don fle,
And ſwemynge of Fycheys alſo in the See:
Wyth vygital moyſt ver and of the red Grap,
And alleſo of the why e hos can hym take:
Alle me neral thyng that growyth in grownd,
Sum to encreſe and ſum to make an end:
Alle thes bryngeth now to owre howſe,
The mightti Ston that ys ſo precius,
Thys ryche Reby, that ſto n of pryce,
The whych woſſe ſend owt of Paradyce:
Thus made the gret God of heven,
Whych alle ben rewled under Planets ſeaven:
God ſend us parte of thys ſecrete,
And of that heven that ys ſweet.

AMEN.

Yfe thow wilt thys warke begyn,
Than ſchrevy the clene of alle thy Seyne:
Contryte in hert wyth alle thy thowght,
And ever thenke on hym that the der bowght.
Satisfaction thow make wyth alle thy myght,
Than thre fayre flowers thow haſt in ſyght;
Yet nedeth the mor to thy concleſyon,
Take thow good hede nowe to thys leſſen;
Thow muſt have Graſe, Nature, *and* Reſen,
Spekelatif, *and* Coning, *wyth good Condition:*
Yet thow muſt have more now herto,
Experience, *wyth* Pracktik, Prudent *alſo*;
Patient *that thow be, and* Holi in Lyfyngs,
Thenke thow on thys in thy beginings;
Thes fowrtyn Heſtys as I the ſaye,
Ever kepe thow man both nyght and day,
Of thy deſyres thow mayſt not myſſe,
And alleſo of heven that ſwe7t bleſs.





HERMES BIRD.

PRoblemis of olde likenes and fuguris,
Wych proved byn fructuos of ſentens;
And have auctorite grounded in Scripture,
By reſemblaunce of notabil apperence;
Wych moralites concludyng on prudence:
Lyke as the Bibel reherſeth be wryting,
How Trees ſum tyme cheſe hemſelfe a Kyng.

2. Firſt in theyre choiſe they namyd the Olyve
To regne among hem, *Iudicſum* doth expres;
But he hymſelfe can excuſe hym blyve,
He myght not forſake hys fatnes:
Nor the Fig-tree hys amorus ſwetnes:
Nor the Vyne hys holſum freſche terrage:
Wych gyveth comfort to all manner of age.

3. And

3. And ſembleabil *Poyetes laureat*,
By derke parables full convenient;
Feynein that Birdis and Beſts of eſtate
As rial Egeles and Lyons by aſſent,
Sent owte writtes to holde a Parlement;
And made degrees brevely for to ſey,
Sum to have Lordſchip and ſum to Obey.

4. Egeles in the Eyre hygheſt take theyre flyght,
Power of Lyons on the grownde ys ſene;
Cedre amonge Trees higheſt ys of ſight,
And the Laurer of nature ys ever grene,
Of flowris all Florra Goddes and Quene:
Thus of all thyng ther byn diverſites,
Sum of eſtate and ſum of lower degres.

5. *Poyetys* write wonderfull lyknes,
And Covert kepe hemſelfe full cloſe;
They take Beſtes and Fowles to witnes:
Of whos feynyng Fabelis furſt a ros,
And here I caſt unto my purpos,
Owte of the *Frenſche* a tale to tranſcelate,
Whych in a Pamphlet I red and ſaw as I ſate.

6. Thys Tale wych y make of mencion,
In gros reherſeth playnely to declare,
Thre Proverbys payed for raunſome
Of a fayre *Byrde* that was take in a ſnare,
Wonder deſirus to ſcape owte of hir care:
Of myne Auctor followyng the proſſes,
So as it fel in Order y ſchall expres.

7. Whilom ther was in a ſmall vilage,
As my Auctor maketh reherſal;
A *Chorle* the wich had luſt and gret corage,
Within hymſelfe by hys deligent travel,
To aray hys Garden with notabil reparel:
Oflenght and brede y lyche ſquare and long,
Heggyd and dychyd to make yt ſure and ſtrong.

8. All

8. All the Aleys made playne with Sande,
Benches coverid with new Turves grene,
Set Erbes with Condites at the ende;
That wellid up agen the Sun ſchene,
Lyke Silver ſtremys as any criſtal clene:
The burbely Waves up ther on boylyng,
Rownde as Beral theyr bemys owte chedyng.

9. Mides the Garden ſtode a freſh Lawrer,
Ther on a *Byrde* ſyngyng both day and nyght;
With ſhinyng federis brighter then Gold weer,
Wych wyth hir ſong made hevy hertis lyght;
For to behold hit was an hevenly ſyght:
How towerd evyn and in the dawnyng,
Sche dyd her payne moſt ameus to ſyng.

10. Eſperus enforced hyr corage,
Towerd evyn when Phebus went to neſt;
Amonges the braunches to hir avauntage:
To ſyng hir complyn as yt was beſt,
And at the ryſyng to the Quene Alceſt
To ſyng ageyne as hit was to hir dew,
Erly on the morow the day-ſter to ſalew.

11. Hit was a very hevenly melody,
Evyn and Morne to her the *Byrd* ſong;
And the ſote ſugeryd Armony:
Of uncoud Warbelis and twenes drew along,
That al the Garden of the noyſe rong:
Tyll on a morow that Tytan ſchone ful cler,
The *Byrd* was trapped and cawt in a Panter.

12. The *Chorle* was glad that he thys *Byrd* hath take
Mere of cher loke and of viſage:
And in all haſt he caſt for to make
Within hys howſe a lytil prati Cage,
And with hir ſong to rejoyce hys corage:
And at the laſt the ſely *Byrd* abrayde,
And ſobirly to the *Chorle* ſche ſayde:

13. I am now take and ſtond under daunger,
Hold ſtreyte that y may not ſle;
Adew my ſong and al my notes clĕr,
Now that y have loſt my liberte,
Now y am thrall and ſumtyme was fre:
And truſt wel y ſtand in diſtres,
Y can nat ſyng ne make no gladnes.

14. And thogh my Cage forged were of Gold
And the penacles of Beral and Criſtal:
Y remember a *Proverbe* ſayde of olde;
Who liſit hys fredom in ſooth he ys in thral,
For me had laver upon a branche ſmale,
Merle to ſyng amonge the wodis grene,
Than in a Cage of Golde bryght and chene.

15. Songe and Preſun have non acordaunce,
Trowys thow y wyl ſyng in Preſun,
Song procedet of joy and pleſaunce;
And Preſun cauſeth deth and deſtruction,
Ryngyng of Feteris maketh no mere ſown;
Or how ſchoulde he be glad and jocownde,
Ageyn hys wil that lyth in cheynys bownde.

16. What avayleth a Lyon to be a Kyng of Beſtes
Faſt ſchut in a Tower of ſton alone;
Or an Egell under ſtryte cheynys,
Called alſo the Kyng of Fowlys everichon,
Fy on Lordſchyp whan Liberte ys gon:
Anſwer herto and hit nat a ſtart,
Who ſyngeth mere that ſyngeth not with hert.

17. If thow wilt rejoyce the of my ſyngyng,
Let me go fleen fre fro dawnger:
And every day in the mornyng
Y wyll repayre to thy Lawrer,
And freſſely to ſyng with notis cler;
Under thi Chaumber or afore thy Hal,
Every ſeaſon when thow lyſt me cal.

18. To be schut and pyned under drede,
No thyng acordyng to my nature:
Though I were fed with Mylke and Wastelbrede;
And swete Crudis brought to my pasture,
Yet had y lever do my bese cure:
Erly in the morow to shrape in the Vale,
To synde my dener amongs the Wormys smale.

19. The Laborer ys gladder at hys Plough,
Erly on the morow to fede hym on bakon:
Then sum ben that have tresour y nowgh;
And of al deyntes plente and foyson;
And no fredom with hys poceſſion;
To go at large but as Bere at the stake,
To pas hys bondes but yf he leve take.

20. Take thys answer ful for conclusion,
To synge in prison thow schalt not me constreyne:
Tyll y have fredom in woddis up and downe:
To fle at large on bowys both rough and plaine,
And of reson thow schuldest not disdeyn:
Of my desyre but laugh and have good game,
But who ys a Chorle wold every man wer the same.

21. Well quod the *Chorle* sith hit woll not be,
That y desyre by my talkyng;
Magre thy wyll thow schalt chese on of thre:
Within a Cage merele to syng,
Or to the Kychyn y schall thy bode brynge:
Pul thy federis that byn so bryght and clere,
And after rost or bake the to my dynere.

22. Then quod the *Byrde* to reson y sey not ney,
Towchyng my song a ful answer thow hast:
And when my federis pulled byn awey,
If y be rosted or bake in a past,
Thow schalt of me have a smal repaste:
But yf thow wylt werke by my councel,
Thow mayst by me have a gret avayle,

23. If thow wolt to my rede assent,
And suffer me go frele fro Preson :
Witowte raunsom or any oder rent ;
Y schall the gyf a notabil grete gwerdon,
The thre grete Wysdomys acordyng to reson ;
Mor of valew, take hede what y profer,
Than al the Gold that ys shet in thy Cofer.

24. Trust me wel y schal the not deceyve.
Well quod the *Chorle* tel and let se :
Nay quod the *Byrde* a forne conseyve ;
Who schal teche of Reson he most go fre,
Hit fitteth a Master to have hys Liberte :
And at large to teche hys lesson,
Hafe me not suspecte y mene no treson.

25. Wel quod the *Chorle* y holde me content,
Y trust the promys which thow hast made to me ;
The *Byrde* fle forth the *Chorle* was of sent :
And toke hys flight up to the Lawrer tre,
Then thought sche thus now that y stand fre :
With snaris panters y cast not al my lyve,
Nor wyth no lyme twygges no mor to strive.

26. He ys a Fole that schaped ys daungere,
That broke hys feteris and fled ys fro Preson,
For to resort agene : for brente childe dreds fyre :
Eche man bewar of Wisdom and reson,
Of suger strawed that hideth false poyson ;
Ther ys no venom so perilus in scherpnes,
As whan yt hath triakcle of lyknes.

27. Who dredeth no perell in perell he schal falle,
Smothe Watres byn of sithes depe :
The Quayle pipe can most falsely calle ;
Tyl the Quayle under the net doth crepe ;
A bleryed Fowler trust not thogh he wepe :
Exchew hys thumbe, of weping take no hede,
That smale Byrdys can nyp by the hede.

28 And

28. And now that y ſuch daunger am ſcaped,
Y wyl bewar and afore provide:
That of no Fowlar y wil no more be Japed,
From theyre lyme twygges to fly far aſyde,
There perel ys perel to abyde:
Com ner thow *Chorle*, take hede to my ſpeche,
Of thre Wyſdomys that y ſchal the teche.

29. Yef not of Wyſdom to haſty credens,
To every Tale nor eche tydyng:
But conſyder of Reſon and Prudens;
Among Talys ys many a grete leſyng,
Haſty credens hath cawſed grete hynderyng:
Report of talis and tydyngys broght up new,
Maketh many a man ful on trew.

30. For on party take thys for my Raunſom,
Lerne the ſecond grownded of ſcripture:
Deſyre thow not by no condicion
Thyng that ys ympoſſybyl to recure,
Worldly deſyres ſtante alle in a venture:
And who deſyreth to ſoare hygh a lofte,
Oft tyme by ſoden turne he falleth on ſofte.

31. The thyrd is thys, bewar both even and morrow,
Forget yt nought but lerne thys of me:
For Treſor loſt, make never to grete Sorrow;
Wych in no wyſe may not recovered be,
For who that taketh ſorrow for loſſ in that degree:
Reken fyrſt hys loſſe, and after reken hys peyne,
Of one ſorrow he maketh Sorrowys tweyne.

32. Aftur thys Leſſon the *Byrde* began a ſonge,
Of hyr aſcape gretely rejoycyng:
And ſche remembred hyr alleſo of the wronge
Don by the *Chorle*, fyrſt at hyr takyng,
And of the affray, and of hyr impreſonyng:
Glad that ſche was at large and owte of drede,
Seyde unto hym hoveryng above hys hede,

33. Thow were quod ſche a very natural Fole
To ſuffer me departe of thy lewdnes:
Thow owthtys of right to complaine and make dole,
And in thy hert have grete hevenes,
That thow haſt loſt ſo paſſyng grete riches:
Wych myght ſuffice by valew in rekeyng
To pay the raunſom of a myghty Kyng.

34. Ther ys a *Stone* wych ys called *Jagownce*,
Of olde engendered within myne entrayle:
Wych of fyne Golde poyſeth a grete unce;
Setryne of Colors lyke Garnetis of entayle,
Wych makyth men victorius in batayle;
And who that bereth on hym thys *Stone*,
Ys ful aſured ageyne hys mortal Fone.

35. Who that hath thys in poſceſſion,
Schal ſuffer no Povert ne non Indygens:
But of Treſour have plente and foyſon,
And every Man ſchal don hym reverence,
And non Enemy ſchal don hym non offence;
But fro thi hondes now that I am gone,
Pleyne gyf thow wilt for thy parte ys none.

36. As y the abrayde her before,
Of a ſtone now that I had:
The wych now thow haſt forlore;
Be alle reſon thow ſchuldys ben ſad,
And in thi hert nothyng glad:
Now *Chorle* y the tel in my device,
I was eyred and bred in ſwite Paradyce.

37. Now mo namys y ſchal the tel,
Of my ſtone that y cal *Jagownce*:
And of hys vertuis with hys ſmel;
That ben ſo ſwete and ſo odeferus,
Wyth *Ennock* and *Ely* hath be my ſervis:
My ſwete ſonge that ſowndeth ſo ſcherpe,
Wyth Angelles voyſe that paſſeth eny harpe.

38. The

38. The nigrum deamond that ys in Morienis fees
And the white Charbonkkel that rolleth in wave;
The fetryne Reby of ryche degrees:
That paſſeth the ſtonys of comen fawe,
In the Lapidery ys grown by olde lawe;
He paſſeth all ſtonys that ys under hevyn,
After the cowrſe of kynde by the Planets ſevyn.

39. Hyt ys for none *Chorle* to have ſchuch treſour,
That exſedeth alle *Stonys* in the lapidery:
And of alle vertuis he bereth the flowr,
Wyth all joy and grace yt maketh man mery,
That in thys worlde ſchal never byn ſory;
Now very *Chorle* thow paſſeth thy gras,
Y am at my leberte even as I was.

40. As Clerkys fyndeth in the Bybell,
At Paradys yatis whan he was caſt;
By an Angel both fayr and ſtyll,
A downe Kyng *Elyſawnder* ther I threſt,
And of all ſtonys yt was y left;
Soche ſtonys in place few ben y brought,
Soroful ys the *Chorle* and hevy in hys thowte.

41. Now more *Chorle* yt tel y can,
And thow wolt to me take hede:
The Byrde of Ermes ys my name,
In all the worlde that ys ſo wyde,
Wyth gletering of grace by every ſyde,
Hoſe me myght have in hys covertowr,
He wer rychcher than eny Emperowr.

42. *Elyſawnder* the conquerowr my *Ston* ſmot downe
Upon hys helme whan hyt pyght:
No mor then a peſe that ys ſo rownde,
Hyt was ther to no manys fyght,
That leyde ſo pleyne the manly Knyght;
Now y tel the wyth melde Stevyn,
Thys myghty grace cam owte fro Hevyn.

43. Hit cawſeth Love and maketh men Gracius,
And favorabel in ever mannes ſyght:
Hit maketh acorde of two Folks enyvyus;
Comforteth Sorowful and maketh hevy herts lyght,
Lyke paſſyng of colur Sunny bryght:
Y am a fole to tel the at onys,
Or to teche a *Chorle* the pryce of precious Stonys.

44. Men ſchalle not put a precius Margareyt,
As Rubeys, Saferys, and odther Stonys ynde;
Emeraudys, nor rownde Perlys whyte,
Byfore rude Swyne that love draffe of kynde:
For a Sowe delyteth hyr as y fynde
Mor in fowle draffe hyr Pygges for to glad,
Than al the Perry that comes owte of Granad.

45. Heche thyng drawes to hys ſemblable,
Fyſſhes in the See, Beſtys on the Stronde;
The Eyr for Fowlys ys commendabyl,
To the Plowghman for to tyll hys Londe,
And to a *Chorle* a Muk-forke in hys honde.
Y leſe my tyme eny more to tare
To tell the bewar of the Lapidare.

46. That thow haddeſt thow getyſt no more,
Thi Lyme twygges and Panters y defie;
To let me gon thow were fowle over ſeen,
To leſe the richches only of folye:
Y am now fre to ſyng and to fle
VVher that my lyſt: and he is a Fole at all
That goth at large, and maketh hymſelfe thrall.

47. To here of VViſdome thi neres be halfe defe,
Like a Naſſe that lyſteth upon an Harpe;
Thow muſt go pype in a Ive leffe:
Better ys to me to ſyng on Thornes ſcharpe,
Than in a Cage wyth a *Chorle* to carpe:
For hyt was ſeyd of Folkes many yere agone,
A Chorles Chorle ys oft woe be gone.

48. Now

48. Now *Chorle* y have the her tolde,
My vertuys her wyth grete experience;
Hyt were to ſume man better than Golde;
To the yt ys no fructius a ſentence,
A Chepys Croke to the ys better than a Launce:
Adew now *Globbe* wyth herte ſore,
In *Chorles* clowchys com y never more.

49. The *Chorle* felt hys herte part in tweyne,
For very ſorow and in ſunder ryve:
Alas quod he y may wel wepe and pleyne;
As a wreche never lyke to thryve,
But for to indure in povert all my lyve:
For of foly and of wylfulnes,
Y have now loſt all holy my ryches.

50. I was a Lorde y crye owte on Fortune,
And had grete Treſor late in my keepyng;
Wych myght have made me long to contune;
Wyth that ilke *Stone* to have levyd a Kyng,
Yf y had ſet hyt in a Ryng:
Borne it upon me y had gode y nowe,
Than ſchuld y no mor have gon to the plowe.

51. Whan the *Byrde* ſaw the *Chorle* thus morne,
That he was hevy of hys chere,
Sche take her flyght and agayne returne:
Toward hym and ſayd as ye ſchal here,
O dull *Chorle* wiſdom for to lere;
That y the taute all ys lefe byhynde,
Reyſed awey and clene owte of thy meynde.

52. Taw tey the not thys Wyſdome in ſentens,
To every tale brought up of new,
Not to haſtyle gyf not ther to credens;
Unto tyme thow know hit be trew,
All ys not Gold that ſcheweth Goldys hew:
Nor ſtonys all by nature as y fynde,
Byn not Saferus that ſchewyth colour ynde.

53. In thys Doctryne y loſt my labour,
To teche the ſuch Proverbys of ſubſtaunce;
Now mayſt thow ſee thy lewd blynde error;
For all my body poyſed in Balans,
Weyth not a nounce lewde ys thi remembraunce;
Yet have y mor poyſe cloſyd in myne entrayle,
Than all my Body ſet for Countervayle.

54. All my Body weyth not an unce,
How myght y have then in me a ſton:
That poyſeth mor than doth a grete *Jagounce*:
Thy brayne ys dull thi witte almoſt gon,
Of hre Wyſdomys thow haſt loſt on;
Thow ſchulds not after my ſentence,
To every tale gefe to haſtyly credence.

55. I badde alſo bewar both even and morowe,
For thynge loſt by ſuden adventur;
Thow ſchulds not make to moche ſorow;
Whan thow ſeyſt thow mayſt not hit recover,
Her thow fayleſt wych doth thy beſy cure;
In the ſnare to catch me agayne,
Thow art a Fole thy labor ys in vayne.

56. In the thyrde alſo thow doſt rave,
Y bad thow ſchulds in no maner wyſe
Covet thyng the wych thow mayſt not have,
In wych thow haſt fogetyn myne empryſe,
Thaty may ſay playnly to devyſe,
Thow haſt in madnes forgetyn all thre,
Notabyl Wyſdomys that y taute the.

57. Hit wer but foly mor wyth the to carpe,
Or to teche of Wyſdomys mor or leſſe;
Y holde hym madde that brynge forth hys Harpe,
Theron to teche a rode for doilyd Aſſe,
And mad ys he that ſyngyth a Fole a Maſſe:
And he ys moſt madd that doth hys beſyneſſe,
To teche a *Chorle* the termys of Gentleneſſe.

58. And

58. And ſemeblabilly in Apryll and in May,
Whan gentyl Byrds moſt make melody;
But the Cockow can ſyng butoo lay;
In odthir tewnys ſche hath no fanteſy:
Thus every thyng as Clerks do ſpecify;
As Frute on the Trees, and Folke of every age,
Fro whenſe they come they have a tallage.

59. The Wynter tretyth of hys Welſom wyndys,
Of the gentyll Frute boſtys the Gardener;
The Fyſher caſtyth hys hokys and hys lynys,
To catche Fyſſhe in the freſh Revyr,
Of tyllyth of Londe tretyth the powre;
The Gentylman tretyth of Gentry,
The *Chorle* delytith to ſpeke rebawdry.

60. All on to a Faucon and a Kyte,
As good an Owle as a Popyngay;
A dunghyll Douke as deyntieth as a Snyte,
Who ſervys a *Chorle* haſe many a wofull day,
Y caſt me never her after mor with the play;
To fore a *Chorle* any more to ſyng,
Of Wyſdome to carpe in my lyfyng.

61. The Folke that ſchall thys Fabyl ſe and rede,
New Forged Talys y councel them to fle
For leſſe of Good take not to grete hede,
Be not to Sorowfull for noon adverſyte;
Covet not thyng that may not be,
And remember wher ye goan,
A Chorlys Chorle ys ofte wo begon.

62. Unto purpoſe thys *Proverbe* ys ful ryve,
Redde and reported by olde remembraunce:
A Chyldys Byrde, and a Chorlys Wyfe,
Hath ofte ſythys ſorow and miſchaunce.
VVho hath fredom hath ſufficiaunce:
Better ys Fredom wyth lytle in gladnes,
Than to be a *Chorle* wyth all worldly rychches.

63. Go lytyl Quiar and recommaunde me
To my *Mayſter* wyth humbyl affeccyon,
Be ſekyng hym lowly of merſy and pete
Of thys rude makyng to ha compaſſion:
And as towchyng thys Tranſlacyon
Owte of the *Frenſhe*, how ſo ever the *Engliſh* be,
All thyng ys ſayd under correccyon,
VVyth ſupportation of yowr benygnite.

FINIS.



THE TALE OF THE CHANONS YEOMAN.

VVritten by our Ancient and famous Englisſh Poet, *Geoffry Chaucer.*

THE PROLOGUE OF The Chanons Yeoman.

WHan ended was the Lyfe of Saint Cecyle,
Er we fully had rydden fyve myle:
Att Boughton under the blee *us gan a take*
A Man that clothed was in clothes blake;
And under that he had a whyte Surplyſe,
His hakeny that was all pomely gryſe;
So ſwete that itt wonder was to ſee;
It ſeemed that he had precked myles three.
The horſe eke that his Yoman rode uppon,
So Swete, that vimeth migh he gon:
About the paytrell ſtode the ſome full hye,
He was of ſome as flecked as a pye:
A Male twyfolde on his croper lay;
Itt ſemed that he carryed letel Aray;
All fight for ſomer rode this worthy Man,
And in my heart wondren I began,

What that he was, till I underſtode,
How that his cloke was ſewed to his hode:
For which whan I had long avyſed me;
I demyd him ſome Chanon *for to be:*
His hatt hynge att his backe by a Lace,
For he had rydden more then trot or pace.
He rode aye pryckyng as he were wode,
A Clote leafe he had layd under his hode,
For Swett and for to keepe his heede from hete,
But itt was joy for to ſe him ſwete:
His foreheed dropped as a Stillatorie,
But full of Playntaine or of Peritorie:
And when he was come he gan crye,
God ſave (quod he) this Iolly company:
Faſt have I pricked (quod he) for your ſake,
Bycauſe that I wold you overtake,
To ryden in this mery company.
His Yoman was eke full of curteſy,
And ſayd, Syrs, now in the morowe tyde,
Out of your hoſtrye I ſaw you ride,
And warned here my Lord and Soverayne,
Which that to ryden with you is full fayne:
For his diſporte, he loveth dalyance.
Frede for thy warning God yeve thee good chance.
Then ſayd our Hoſt, certayne itt wold ſeme
Thy Lord were wyſe, and ſo I may well deme:
He is full Iocunde, alſoe dare I lay,
Can he ought tell a mery Tale or tway,
With which he glad may this company:
Who Sir my Lord? ye without lye,
He can of myrthe and eke of Iolyte,
Not but ynough alſo Sir truſteth me;
And ye him knew alſo well as doe I,

Ye wold wonder how well and thriftely
He con the werke and that in ſondry wyſe;
He hath taken on him many a great Empryſe:
Which were full hard for any that is here,
To bring about, but they of him itt lere.
As homely as he rideth among you,
If ye him knew itt wold ben for your prowe:
Ye nolde not forgon his aquayntaunce,
For Mochel good I dare lay in balaunce
All that I have in my poſſeßion;
He is a man of hye diſcreßion:
I warne you well he is a paßing wyſe man.
Wel quod our Hoſte) I pray thee tell me than,
Is he a Clerke *or non? tell what he is.*
A Clerke! *nay greater then a* Clerke *I wys,*
Sayd the Yoman, and in words fewe,
Hoſte of his Crafte ſomwhat wol I ſhew;
I ſay my Lord can ſuch a ſubtelte,
But of his Crafte ye may not wete of me:
And ſomewhat helpe I yett to his worchyng,
That all the ground that we be on rydyng,
Till we come to Canterbury *Towne,*
He could all cleane turne up and downe:
And pave it all of Silver *and of* Gold.
And when this Yoman had thus I told
Unto our Hoſte, he ſayd benedicite,
This thing is wonder and marvellous to me:
Sens that thy Lord is of ſo high prudence,
(Becauſe of which men ſhold him reverence,)
That of his worſhip recketh he ſo lyte,
His overeſt ſlopp is not worth a myte;
As in effect to him ſo mote I go,
It is all bawdy and to tore alſoe.

Why is thy Lord soe slotlyche I thee pray,
And is of power better clothes to bey?
If that his dede accord with thy speech,
Tell me that and that I thee beseech.
Why (quod this Yoman) whereto aske ye me?
God helpe mee so, for he shall never ythe:
But I wol not avow that I saye,
And therefore keepe itt secrett I you praye;
He is to wyse in fay as I beleeve,
That is overdone wil not preve;
And right as Clerkes *sayne itt is a vyce,*
Wherefore I holde him in that leude and nyce;
For whan a man hath over greate a witte,
Full ofte it happeth him to misusen itt:
So doth my Lord, and that me greveth sore;
God amend itt, I can say you no more.
Thereof no force good Yoman (quod our Host)
Sens of the connyng of thy Lord thou wost:
Tell how he doth I pray the hertely,
Sens that he is so crafty and so sly,
Where dwellen ye if itt to tell be?
In the Subbarbes of a Towne (quod he)
Lurkeyng in hernes and in lanes blynde,
Where these Robbers, and Theeves by kynde
Holden her privy fearefull residence,
As they that dare not shewen her presence;
Soe fare we if that I shall say the sothe,
Yett (quod our Hoste) lett me talke tothe.
Why art thou soe discolored in thy face?
Peter *(quod he) God yeve itt hard grace;*
I am so used in the hott fyre to blowe,
That itt hath changed my colour as I trow:
I am not wonte in no mirrour to prye,

But ſwynke ſore and lerne to Multiplye.
We blondren ever and pooren in the fyre,
And for all that we faylen of our deſyre:
For ever we lacken our concluſion,
To moche folke we do illuſion:
And borrowe Golde be itt a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve or many ſomes mo,
And make hem wene at the leſte way,
That of a pound we coulde make tway;
Yett is itt falſe, and ay hav we good hope
Itt for to done, and after it we grope.
But that Science is ſo ferre us byforne,
We mowe not all though we had itt ſworne
Itt overtake, itt flytte away ſoe faſte,
Itt wol us make Beggers at the laſte.
Whiles this Yeman was thus in his talking
This Chanon *drew him nere and herde all thing*
Which this Yeman ſpake, for ſuſpection
Of mennes ſpeche ever had this Chanon:
For Cato *ſaythe, he that giltye is,*
Deemeth all thing be ſpeke of him Iwys:
Bycauſe of that he gan ſo nyghe to draw,
To his Yeman to herken all his ſaw;
And thus he ſayd unto his Yeman tho,
Holde nowe thy peace and ſpeke no words mo,
For if thou doe, thou ſhalt it ſore abye,
Thou ſlandereſt me here in this Companye:
And eke diſcovereſt that thou ſholdeſt hyde.
Ye (quod our Hoſte) tell on what ſoever betyde,
Of all his thretynge recke the not a myte.
In fayth (quod he) no more doe I but lyte.
And whan this Chanon *ſaw itt wolde not be,*
But his Yeman wolde tel his privyte,

He fledde away for very ſorrow and ſhame.
A (quod the Yeman) here ſhall ryſe a game,
All that I can anon woll I you tell,
Sens he is gone the foule Fend him quell;
For never hereafter wol I with him mete,
For penny ne for pounde I you behete;
He that me brought firſt unto that game,
Er that he dye ſorrowe have he and ſhame;
For it is erneſt to me by my faith,
That fele I well whatſoe any man ſaith:
And yett for all my ſmerte and all my greife,
For all my ſorrowe, labour and miſcheife,
I couthe never leave it in noe wyſe:
Now wolde God my witt might ſuffyſe,
To tellen all that longeth to that Arte.
But natheleſſe, yet wol I tell you a parte:
Sens that my Lord is gon I wol not ſpare;
Such thyng as I know I wol declare.

Here endeth the Prologue of the Chanons Yeoman, and here followeth his Tale.

The

THE TALE OF
The Chanons Yeoman.

With this *Chanon* I dwelt ſeaven yere,
And of this Science am I never the nere:
All that I had I have loſt thereby,
And God wotte ſoe hath many moe then I,
There I was wonte to be right, freſh and gay,
Of clothing and eke of other good aray;
Now may I weare an hoſe uppon myne heed:
And where my colour was both freſh and reed,
Now itt is wanne and of a leaden hewe,
Whoe ſoe itt uſeth, ſore ſhall him rewe.
And of my ſwynke yett blered in myne Eye,
Lo which avauntage itt is to Multiply:
That ſlyding Science hath me made ſo bare,
That I have noe good where that ever I fare:
And yett I am indetted ſo thereby,
Of Gold, that I have borrowed truly,
That while I live I ſhall itt quitt never,
Let every man beware by me ever;
What manner man that caſteth him thereto,
If he contynue I hold his thrifte I do:
So helpe me God thereby ſhall he never wyn,
But empte his purſe and make his witts thyn;
And whan he thorow his madneſſe and folye,
Hath loſt his owne good through Jeopardye:
Than he exiteth other men thereto,

To leſe her good as himſelfe hath do;
For unto ſhrewes joy it is and eſe,
To have her fellowes in paine and diſeſe;
For thus was I ones ſerved of a *Clerke*;
Of that noe charge, I wol ſpeke of our werke.
When we be there as we ſhall exerciſe
Our elviſh Craft, we ſemen wonder wiſe.
Our termes ben ſo Clergiall and ſo quaynte,
I blow the fyre tyll myn hearte faynte.
What ſhold I tell each proportion
Of things which we werchen uppon?
As on fyve or ſyxe unces, may well be
Of Silver or of ſome other quantite;
And beſye me to tellen you the names,
Of Orpiment, brent Bones, Yron ſquames;
That into powder grounden ben full ſmall,
And in an Erthen pott how putt is all:
And ſalt y put in and alſo p̃pere,
Before theſe powdres that I ſpeke of here:
And well y covered with a lompe of Glaſſe,
And of moch other thing that there was.
And of the potts and glaſſenglutyng,
That of the ayre might paſſe out nothing;
And of the eaſy fyre and ſmerte alſoe,
Which that was made, and of the care and wo
That we had in our matters Sublymeing,
And in Amalgamyng and Calſenyng:
Of Quickſilver icleped Mercurye crude,
For all our ſleight we conne not conclude.
Our Orpyment and Sublymed Mercury;
Our grounde Litarge eke on the porphirye:
Of eche of theſe unces a certayne
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vayne;

Ne eke our Spyrites assencion,
Ne yet our matters, that lyen alfyxe adoun:
Mowe in our werkyng nothing avayle,
For loſt is our laboure and our travayle.
And all the Coſte, a twenty dyvel away,
Is loſt alſoe which we uppon itt lay.
There is alſoe full many another thing,
That is to our Craft apertaynyng:
Though I by ordre hem ne reherce can,
Bycauſe that I am a leud man.
Yet wol I tellen hem as they come to mynde,
Though I ne can ſette hem in her kynde,
As bole Armonyake, Verdegreece, Boras,
And ſondry Veſſles made of Erth and Glas.
Our Urynalls and our Diſcenſories,
Vyols, Croſſeletts and Sublimatories:
Concurbytes and Alembykes eke,
And other ſuch dere ynough a leke:
It needeth not to reherce them all,
Waters rubyfyeng and Boles, Gall;
Arſneke, Sal Armonyake and Brymſtone,
And herbes could I tell eke many one:
As Egrimonye, Valeryan, and Lunarye,
And other ſuch if that me liſte to tarye;
Our Lampes brennyng both night and day,
To bringen about our Crafte if that we may;
Our Fournyce eke of Calcination,
And of our Waters Albifycation.
Unſleked Lyme, Chalke, and glere of an Eye,
Poudres divers, Aſhes, Dong, Piſſe, and Cley:
Sered pokettes, ſalt Peter, and Vitriole,
And divers fyres made of wood and cole;
Sal Tartre, Alkaly, and Sal preparate,

And combuſt matters, and coagulate,
Cley made with horſe donge, mans heere and Oyle,
Of Tartre, Alym, Glas, Berme, Worte and Argoyle:
Reſalgor and other maters enbybyng,
And eke of our Maters encorporing;
And of our Silver Citrynacion,
Our Cementyng, and eke Fermentacyon;
Our Ingottes, Teſtes and many mo.
I wol you tel as was me taught alſo,
The fowre Spyrites and the bodies ſeven,
By order as oft I herd my lord nemene.
The firſt Spyrite Quickſilver cleped is,
The ſecond Orpyment, the third I wis
Armonyake, the fourth Brimſtone.
The Bodyes ſeven eke lo here hem anone,
Sol Gold is, and *Luna* Sylver we threpe,
Mars, Iron, *Mercury*, Quickſilver we clepe:
Saturnus Lede, and *Iupiter* is Tynne,
And *Venus* Copper, by my father kynne.
This curſed Crafte whoe ſoe wol exercyſe,
He ſhall noe good have that may him ſuffyſe;
For all the good he ſpendeth thereaboute,
He leſe ſhall thereof have I no doute;
Whoſo that lyſten to utter his folye,
Let him com forth and lerne to *Multiplye*:
And every man that hath ought in his cofer,
Let him apere and wexe a *Philoſopher*:
Askaunce that Crafte is ſo light for to lere;
Nay God wot all be he *Monke* or *Frere*,
Preiſt, or *Chanon*, or any other wight,
Though he ſytte at hys boke both day and night;
In lernyng of this Elvyſh nyce lore,
All is in vayne, and parde moche more;

Is

Is to lere a leude man this subtelte,
Fye speke not thereof, itt wol not be;
Al coulde he lettrure or coulde he none,
As in effect he shall fynd itt all one;
For bothe two by my Salvacyon
Concluden in Multyplycacyon:
Ilyche well whan they have al ydo,
This is to sayen, they faylen both two.
Yet forgate I moche rehersayle,
Of waters Corosyfe and lymayle:
And of Bodyes molifycacion,
And also of her Induration:
Oyles, Ablucyons, Mettall fusyble
To tellen you all, wolde passe any Byble:
That O where is, wherefore as for the best
Of all these names nowe woll I rest.
For as I trowe I have you told ynowe
To reyse a Fende, al loke he never so rowe.
A nay let be the *Philosphers Stone*;
Alixer cleped, we seken faste echeone,
For had we him, than were we syker ynowe:
But unto God of Heaven I make a vowe,
For al our crafte whan that we han al ydo,
And all our sleyght, he wol not come us to;
He hath made us spend moche goode,
For sorrow of which almost we wexen wode;
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposyng ever though we sore smerte,
To ben releved by him afterwarde,
Supposyng, and hope is sharpe and harde;
I warne you wel it is to syken ever,
That future temps hath made men discever,
In trust therof, all that ever they had,

Yet of that Arte, they could not waxe ſad;
For unto him itt is a bytter ſwete,
So ſemeth itt, for ne had they but a ſhete:
Which that they might wrappen hem in a night,
And a bratte to walken in a day light;
They wolden hem ſel and ſpend it on this Crafte,
They conne not ſtynte, tyl nothing be lafte;
And evermore where that ever they gone,
Men may hem ken by ſmell of Brimſtone:
For al the world they ſtynken as a Gote,
Her Savour is ſo rammiſh and ſo hote:
That though a man a myle from him be,
The ſavour wol infecte him truſteth me.
Lo thus by ſmelling and by threde-bare aray,
If that men liſt this folke know they may:
And if a man wol aske him prively,
Why they be clothed ſo unthriftely:
Right anon they wil rowne in his ere,
And ſayne if that they aſpyed were,
Men wold hem ſlee bycauſe of her Science,
Lo thus theſe folke betrayen innocence.
Paſſe over this I goe my tale unto,
Ere that the pott be on the fyre ydo:
Of Metalls with a certayne quantyte,
My Lord hem tempreth and no man but he:
Now he is gon I dare ſay boldly,
For as men ſayne, he can done craftely;
Algate I wotte wel he hath ſuch a name,
And yet full oft he renneth in the blame,
And wotte ye how full oft itt happeth ſo,
The potte to breaketh and farewel all is go.
Theſe Mettalls ben of ſoe greate violence,
Our walls may not make hem reſyſtence;

But if they were wrought of lyme and ſtone,
They percen ſoe and through the wall they gone;
And ſome of them ſynken into the ground,
Thus have we loſt by tymes many a pound:
And ſome are ſcattered all the floore aboute,
Some lepen into the roſe withouten doute:
Tho that the fende not in our ſyght him ſhewe,
I trow that he with us be, that ilke ſhrewe:
In hell where that he is Lord and ſyre,
Ne is there no more wo, ne angre, ne yre:
When that our potte is broke as I have ſaid,
Every man chyte and holte him yvell apayde.
Some ſayd itt was long of the Fyre makeing,
Some ſayd nay, it was on the blowing:
Than was I ferd, for that was myn offyce,
Straw (quod the third) ye ben lewde and nyce;
It was not tempered as it ought to bee,
Nay (quod the fourthe) ſtynte and herken me:
Bycauſe our fyre was not made of beche
That is the cauſe, and none other ſo teche;
I can not tell whereon itt is alonge,
But well I wotte greate ſtrife is us among.
What (quod my lord) ther nys no more to done,
Of theſe perill I will beware ofte ſoone;
I am right Syker that the potte was craſed,
Be as be may, be ye not amaſed;
As uſage is, let ſwepe the floore as ſwythe,
Plucke up your heart and be glad and blythe.
The Mullocke on an heape yſwepte was,
And on the floore caſt a Canvas;
And all this Mullocke in a ſyve y throwe,
And yſyfted and yplucked many a throwe.
Parde (quod one) ſomewhat of our Mettall;

Yet

Yet is there here though we have not all;
And though this thyng miſhapped hath as now,
Another tyme it may ben wel ynowe;
We mote put our good in aventure,
A Marchant parde may not aye endure;
Truſteth me wel in his proſperyte,
Sometyme his good is drowned in the ſee:
And ſometyme it cometh ſafe unto the londe.
Peace (quod my lord) the next tyme I wol fonde,
To bring our Crafte all in another plyte,
And but I doe Syrs lett me have the wyte:
There was default in ſomewhat wel I wote.
Another ſayd the Fyre was over hote.
But be it hotte or colde I dare ſay this,
That we concluden evermore amys:
We faylen of that which we wolde have,
And in our madneſſe evermore we rave;
And whan we be togyther everychon,
Every man ſemeth as wyſe as *Solomon*,
But all thing which that ſhyneth as the Golde,
Is not Golde as I have here tolde:
Ne every Apple that is faire at Eye,
Nys not good what ſo men clappe or cry.
Right ſoe itt fareth among us;
He that ſemeth the wyſeſt by *Ieſus*
Is moſt foole when it cometh to the preſe,
And he that ſemeth trueſt is a Theeſe:
That ſhall ye know er that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an end.
There was a *Chanon* of Religyoun
Amonge us, wolde enfect all a Towne,
Rome, *Alyſaundere*, *Troy*, and other thre,
Though it as great were as Nineve. His

His sleyght and his infynyte falseneſſe,
There couthe no man written as I geſſe;
Though that he might lyve a thouſand yere
In all this worlde of falseneſſe nye his pere:
For in his termes he wol him ſo wynde,
And kepe his words in ſo ſlye a kynde,
Whan he comen ſhall with any wight,
That he wol make him dote anon right.
But it a fende be as himſelfe is,
Full many a man hath he begyled er this;
And mo wol, if that he may lyve a whyle,
And yet men ryden and gone full many a myle
Him for to ſeeke and have acquayntaunce,
Not knowing of his falſe governaunce:
And if ye luſte to give me audience,
I wol it tellen here in your preſence.
But worſhipfull *Chanons* relygyouſe,
Ne demeth not that I ſclaunder your houſe;
Although my tale of a *Chanon* be,
Of every ordre ſome ſhrewe is parde:
And God forbid that al a Companye
Shoulde rue a ſyngle mannes folye.
To ſlaunder you is not myn entente,
But to correct that myſſe is mente;
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other moe ye wotte wel howe;
That among *Chriſts* Apoſtles twelve,
There was no traytour but *Iudas* himſelve:
Then why ſhoulde the remenant have blame
That gyltleſſe were? by you I ſay the ſame:
Save only this, if you wol herken me;
If any *Iudas* in your Covent be,
Remeveth him betyme I you rede,

If ſhame or loſſe may cauſen any drede,
And be nothing diſpleſed I you pray,
But in this caſe herkenneth what I ſay.
In *LONDON* was a *Preeſt* annuellere,
That therin had dwelt many a yere,
Which was ſoe pleſaunt and ſo ſervyſable
Unto the Wyfe, where he was att table;
That ſhe wolde ſuffer him nothing to pay
For borde, ne clothing, went he never ſo gay;
And ſpending Sylver had he right ynowe,
There of no force I wol proceed as nowe:
And tell forth my tale of the *Chanon*,
That brought this *Preeſt* to confuſyon.
This falſe *Chanon* came uppon a daye
Unto this *Preeſts* chamber where he laye,
Beſeechyng him to leȳe him a certayne
Of Gold, and he wolde quyte him agen:
Leȳeth me a Marke (quod he) but dayes thre,
And att my day I wol quyte itt the;
And if it ſo be, that thou fynde me falſe,
Another day hang me by the halſe.
This *Preeſt* toke him a Marke and that ſwyth,
And this *Chanon* him thanked oft ſyth;
And toke his leve, and went forth his wey,
And att his third day brought his money.
And to this *Preeſt* he toke this Gold ayen,
Whereof this *Preeſt* was gladde and fayn.
Certes (quod he) nothing anoyeth me
To lend a man a Noble, two or thre;
Or what thing were in my poſſeſſion,
Whan he ſoe true is of Condition:
That in no wyſe he breke wol his day,
To ſuch a man I can never ſay nay.

What

What (quod this *Chanon*) ſholde I be untrewe,
Nay! that were a thyng falſen of newe,
Trouthe is a thyng that wol ever I kepe
Unto the day, in which I ſhall crepe
Into my Grave, or els God forbede:
Beleveth this as ſyker as your Crede:
God thanke I and in good tyme be it ſayd,
That there was never man yett yvel apayd;
For Gold ne Sylver that he to me lent,
Ne never falſehede in myn herte I ment.
And Sir (quod he) now of my privyte,
Sens ye ſo goodlych have ben to me;
And kythe to me ſo great gentleneſſe,
Somwhat to quyte with your kyndneſſe;
I wol you ſhewe if ye wol it lere,
(I ſhall it ſhewe to you anon right here)
How I can werche in *Phyloſophye*:
Taketh good hede ye ſhall it ſe with your Eye,
That I woll done a Maiſtrye or I goe.
Ye Sir (quod the *Preeſt*) and wol ye ſo?
Marye thereof I pray you hertely.
Att your Commandement Sir truly,
(Quod the *Chanon*) and els God forbede,
Lo how this theſe con the his ſervyce bede.
Ful ſothe itt is that ſuch profered ſervyſe
Stynketh, as wittneſſeth the olde wyſe:
And that ful ſone I wol it verefye,
In this *Chanon* rote of all trechery,
That evermore delyte hath and gladneſſe:
Such fendly thoughts in his herte empreſſe,
How Chriſts people he may to miſchiefe bring,
God kepe us from his falſe diſſymuling.
What wyſt this *Preeſt* with whom that he delte,

Ne of his harme comyng nothing he felte.
O ſely *Preeſt*, O ſely Innocente.
With Covetyſe anon thou ſhalt be blente:
O graceleſſe ful-blynde is thy conceyte,
Nothyng arte thou ware of his deceyte.
Which that this foxe hath ſhapen to the,
His wylye wrenches thou mayſt not flo.
Wherefore to goe to thy Concluſyon,
That referreth to thy confuſyon:
Unhappy man anon I wol me hye,
To tell thyn unwitte ne thy folye:
And eke the falſeneſſe of that other wretche,
As fer forthe as my connyng wol ſtretche.
This *Chanon* was my Lord ye wold wene,
Syr hoſte in fayth and by the heven Quene:
It was another *Chanon* and not he,
That can an hundredfold more ſubtelte:
He hath betrayed folke many a tyme,
Of his falſeneſſe it doleth me to ryme;
Ever whan I ſpeke of his falſeheed,
For ſhame of him my chekes waxen reed:
Algates they begennen for to glowe,
For redneſſe have I non right well I knowe
In my viſage, for fumes dyverce
Of Metalls which ye have herde me reherce,
Conſumed and waſted hath my redneſſe,
Now take heed of this *Chanons* Curſedneſſe.
Syr (quod he) to the *Preeſt*, ſet your Man gon,
For Quickſilver that we it had anon;
And lett him bring unces two or thre,
And whan he cometh as faſte ſhul ye ſe
A wonder thyng which ye ſaw never er this;
Syr (quod the *Preeſt*) itt ſhalbe done iwys:

He

He badd his ſervaunte fetch him this thyng,
And he already was att his bydding;
And went him forth and came anon agayne
With this Quickſylver ſhortly for to ſayne:
And toke theſe unces there to the *Chanoun*,
And he hem ſayd well and fayre adoun:
And bade the ſervaunt Coles for to bryng,
That he anon might go to his werkyng.
The Coles right anon were yfet,
And this *Chanon* toke out a Croſſelett
Of his boſome, and ſhewed it to the *Preeſt*:
This Inſtrument (quod he) which that thou ſeeſt
Take in thy hond, and put thy ſelfe therein
Of this Quickſylver an unce and begyn
In the name of Chriſt to wexe a *Philoſopher*,
There be ful fewe which I wolde it profer;
To ſhewe him this moche of my Science,
For here ſhul ye ſe by experience,
That this Quickſylver I wol mortifye
Right in your ſyght anon withouten lye,
And make it as good Sylver and as fyne,
As there is any in your purſe or myne,
Or elſewhere, and make it malliable,
Or els hold me falſe and unſtable;
Amonges folke ever to appere.
I have a poudre that coſt me deere,
Shall make all good, for it is cauſe of all
My connyng, which I you ſhewe ſhall;
Voydeth your Man, and let him be therout,
And ſhette the dore, whyles we ben about
Our privetie, that no man us eſpy,
Whyles that we *Werken* in our Philoſophye.
Al as he bade fulfylled was indede:

This ylke ſervant anon out yede,
And his Maiſter ſhette the dore anon,
And to her labour ſpedily they gone.
This *Preeſt* at this curſed *Chanons* byddyng,
Uppon the fyre anon ſet this thyng;
And blewe the fyre and beſyed him ful faſte,
And this *Chanon* into this croſlet caſte
A pouder, I not wherof it was,
Ymade either of Chalke, Erthe, or Glaſſe
Or ſomwhat els, was not worthe a fly,
To blynde with this *Preeſt*, and bade him hye
Theſe Coles for to couchen al above
The Croſſlet for in token that I the love;
(Quod this *Chanon*) thyn hondes two,
Shal werke al thing that here ſhalbe do;
Graunt mercy (quod the *Preeſt*) and was ful glad,
And couched coles as the *Chanon* bad.
And whyle he beſy was, this fendely wretch,
This falſe *Chanon*, the foule fende him fetche;
Out of his boſome toke a bechen cole,
In which ful ſubtelly was made an hole,
And therein was put of Sylver lymayle,
An unce, and ſtopped was without fayle,
The hole with waxe to kepe the Limayle in.
And underſtandeth that this falſe gyn
Was not made there, but it was made byfore;
And other thynges that I ſhall you tell more
Herafter, that whiche he with him brought,
Er he came there to begyle him he thought:
And ſo he did er they went a twynne
Till he had turned him, coulde he not blynne,
It dulleth me whan that I of him ſpeke,
On his falſe hede fayne wolde I me wreke,

If

If I wyſte how, but he is here and there,
He is ſo varyaunt he bydeth no where.
But taketh heed Syrs nowe for Godds love,
He toke his Cole of which I ſpake above,
And in his honde he bare it prively,
And whyles the *Preeſt* couched beſily
The Coles, as I told you er this,
This *Chanon* ſayd, Frende ye done amys:
This is not couched as it ought to be;
But ſone I ſhall amend it (quod he)
Nowe let me medle therwith but a whyle,
For of you have I pyte by *Saint Gyle*:
Ye ben right hotte, I ſe wel how ye ſwete,
Have here a clothe and wype away the wete:
And while the *Preeſt* him wyped hace,
This *Chanon* toke the Cole, I ſhrewe his face:
And layd it aboven uppon the mydwarde
Of the Croſlet, and blewe wel afterwarde,
Till that the Coles gonne faſte brenne.
Nowe yeve us drinke (quod this *Chanon*) then,
As ſwythe al ſhall be wel I undertake,
Sytte we downe and let us mery make;
And whan this *Chanons* bechen Cole
Was brent, al the Limayle out of the hole
Into the Croſlet anon fell adoun,
And ſoe it muſt needes by reſoun,
Sens it ſo even above couched was,
But thereof wyſte the *Preeſt* nothing alas:
He demed all the coles lyche goode,
For of the ſleyght nothing he underſtoode.
And whan this *Alkamiſtre* ſawe his tyme,
Ryſeth up Syr *Preeſt* (quod he) and ſtondeth byme;
And for I wott well yngot have I none:

Gothe

Gothe walketh forth and brynge a chalke ſtone,
For I wol make it of the ſame ſhappe,
That an yngott is if I may have happe;
And bring eke with you a bolle or a panne
Full of water, and you ſhall ſe thanne,
How that our beſyneſſe ſhall happe and preve,
And yet for ye ſhall have no misbyleve,
Ne wronge conceyte of me in your abſence,
I wol not ben out of your preſence:
But goe with you and come with yon agayne.
The Chamber dore ſhortly to ſayne,
They opened and ſhette and went forth her wey,
And forthe with him they carryed the key;
And comen agen withouten any delay,
What ſhulde I tarry all the long day?
He toke the Chalke and ſhope it in the wyſe
Of an yngot as I ſhall you devyſe.
I ſay he toke out of his owne ſleve
A teyne of Sylver, yvel mote he cheve;
Which that was but an unce of weight,
And taketh heed now of his curſed ſleight,
He ſhope his yngot in lenght and in brede
Of the teyne withouten any drede,
So ſlily that the *Preeſt* it not aſpyde,
And in his ſleve agayne he gan it hyde;
And from the fyre toke up his Mattere,
And into the yngot it put with mery chere:
And into the water-veſſele he it caſte
Whan that him liſt, and bade the *Preeſt* as faſte
Looke what there is put in thyn honde, and grope,
Thou ſhalt finde there Sylver as I hope;
What dyvel of hell ſhulde it els be?
Shaving of Sylver, Sylver is parde.

He put in his honde and toke up a Teyne
Of Silver fyne, and glad in every veyne
Was this *Preeſt*, whan he ſaw itt was ſo,
Gods bleſſynge and his Mothers alſo:
And al hallowes have ye Sir *Chanon*
Sayd this *Preeſt*, and I her Malyſon.
But and ye vouchſafe to teche me
This noble Crafte, and this ſubtelte;
I wol be yours in al that ever I may.
Quod the *Chanon* yet woll I make aſſay
The ſeconde tyme, that ye mowe take heede,
And ben expert of this and in your neede
Another day aſſay in myn abſence,
This Diſciplyne and this crafty Science.
Lette take onother ounce (quod he) tho
Of Quickſylver withouten words mo,
And don therwith as I have don er this,
With that other which that nowe ſilver is.
This *Preeſt* him beſyeth in all that he can,
To don as this *Chanon* this curſed man
Commanded him, and faſt blew the fyre
For to come to the effect of his deſyre;
And this *Chanon* right in the meane while,
All redy was, this *Preeſt* eſte to begyle;
And for a Countenance in his honde bare
An holow ſticke, take keepe and beware;
In thend of which an unce and no more
Of Sylver Lymayle putte was, as before,
Was in his cole, and ſtopped with wexe wele,
For to kepen in his Lymaile every dele.
And whiles this *Preeſt* was in his beſyneſſe
This *Chanon* with his ſticke gan him dreſſe
To him anon, and his poudre caſt in,

As he did erſt, the Dyvell out of his skyn
Him torne, I pray to God for his falſhede,
For he was ever falſe in thought and dede:
And with his ſticke above the Croſſlette,
That was ordeyned with that falſe iette,
He ſtyreth the coles tyl all relent gan
The waxe agayne the fyre, as every man,
But he a foole be, wote wel it mote nede,
And al that in the hole was out yede:
And into the croſſlette haſtely it fell.
The *Preeſt* ſuppoſed nothing but well,
But beſyed him faſt and was wonder fayne,
Suppoſing nought but trouthe, ſoth to ſayne:
He was ſo gladd that I cannot expreſſe,
In no manere his mirth and his gladneſſe;
And to the *Chanon* he profered eft ſoone
Body and good: ye (quod the *Chanon*) anone,
Though I be poore, crafty thou ſhalt me fynde,
I warne the yet is there more behynde,
Is there any Copper here within ſayd he?
Ye Sir (quod the *Preeſt*) I trowe there be.
Els go bye ſome and that aſwythe.
Nowe good Sir go forth thy way and hythe.
He went his way and with the Coper he came,
And this *Chanon* in his honde it name;
And of that Coper wayed out but an unce,
All to ſymple is my tonge to pronounce:
As to miniſtre by my wytte the doubleneſſe
Of this *Chanon*, roote of all curſydneſſe:
He ſemed freindly to hem that knew him nought.
But he was fendly both in werke and thought,
It weryeth me to tell of his falſeneſſe
And nathleſſe, yet wol I it expreſſe,

To

To the entent that men may beware thereby,
And for none other cauſe truly.
He put this unce of Coper into the Croſſlett,
And on the fyre as ſwythe he hath it ſett;
And caſt in pouder, and made the *Preeſt* to blowe,
And in his workeing for to ſtoupe lowe:
As he did erſte, and all nas but a jape,
Right as him lyſte, the *Preeſt* he made his Ape;
And afterward in the yngot he it caſte,
And in the panne put it at the laſte
Of water, and in he put his owne honde,
And in his ſleve, as ye by forehonde
Herd me tell, he had a Sylver Teyne,
He ſlily toke it out, this curſed heyne,
Unwetyng this *Preeſt* of his falſe crafte,
And in the pannes botome he hath it lafte,
And in the water rombleth to and fro:
And wonder prively toke up alſo
The coper Teyne, not knowing this *Preeſt*,
And hydde itt, and hent him by the breſt;
And to him ſpake, and thus ſayd in his game,
Stoupeth adowne, by God ye be to blame,
Helpeth me nowe, as I did you whylere:
Put in your honde, and loketh what is there.
This *Preeſt* toke up this Sylver Teyne anone,
And then ſaid the *Chanon*, lette us gon
With theſe thre Teynes which we han wrought
To ſome Goldſmythe, and wete if it be ought:
For by my faith, I nolde for my hoode,
But if it were Sylver fyne and goode,
And that as ſwythe wellproved ſhalbe.
Unto the Goldſmythe with theſe Teynes three,
They went and put them in aſſaye,

To fyre and hammer, might no man ſay nay,
But they were as them ought for to be.
This ſotted *Preeſt* who was gladder then he,
Was never Byrd gladder agenſt the day,
Ne Nightyngale agenſt the ceaſon of May,
Was never none, that lyſt better to ſynge,
Ne Lady luſtier in Carolyng:
And for to ſpeke of love and woman hede,
Ne Knight in armes to done a herdy dede,
To ſtonden in grace of his Lady dere,
Then had this *Preeſt* this crafte to lere,
And to the *Chanon*, thus he ſpake and ſayd
For the love of God, that for us all deyd,
And as I may deſerve it unto yow,
What ſhall this receite coſt, telleth me nowe?
By our Lady (quod this *Chanon*) it is dere,
I warne you well, ſave *I* and *a Frere*:
In *ENGLAND* there can no man it make.
No force (quod he) nowe Sir for Gods ſake,
What ſhall I pay? tell me I you pray.
I wys (quod he) it is ful dere I ſay.
Syr at one word if that ye lyſt it have,
Ye ſhall pay fortye pound, ſo God me ſave:
And nere the freindſhyp that ye did er this
To me, ye ſhulden pay mere y wys.
This *Preeſt* the ſome of forty pounde anon
Of Nobles fette, and told hem everychon
To this *Chanon* for this ilke receyte,
All his worchyng was fraude and deceyte.
Syr *Preeſt* he ſaid; I kepe for to have no loos
Of my craft, for I wold itt were kept cloos:
And as ye love me kepeth it ſecre,
For and men knowe all my Subtelte,

By God men wolde have ſoe greate envye
To me by cauſe of my Phyloſophye:
I ſhulde be deed, ther were none other way.
God it forbid (quod the *Preeſt*) what ye ſay:
Yet had I lever ſpend all the good,
Which that I have, or els waxe I wood
Than that ye ſhoulde fallen in ſuch miſcheiſe:
For your good wyll have ye right good preſe,
(Quod the *Chanon*) and farewell graunt mercy:
He went his way, and never the *Preeſt* him ſey
After that day: And whan that this *Preeſt* ſholde
Maken aſſay at ſuch tyme as he wolde,
Of this receyte, farwell it nold not be:
Lo thus bejaped and begyled was he.
Thus maketh he his Introduction,
To bringe folke to her diſtruction.
Conſydereth Sirs, howe in eche eſtate:
Betwixt Men and Gold is debate,
Soe fer forthe, that unneths there is none,
This Multiplyeng blyndeth ſo many one;
That in good fayth, I trowe that it be
The greateſt cauſe of ſuch ſcarſyte:
Theſe *Phyloſophers* ſpeken ſo miſtily,
In this Crafte, that men cannot come thereby,
For any witte that men have nowe adayes,
They may well chattre and jangle as doth the Jayes:
And in her termes ſett her luſte and payne,
But to her purpoſe ſhall they never attaine;
A man may lightly lerne if he have ought,
To Multiply and bring his good to nought:
Lo ſuch a Lucre is in this luſty game,
A mans myrthe it wol turne all to grame:
And emptien alſo greate and hevy purſes,

And maken folke to purchaſe curſes:
Of hem that han alſoe her good ylent.
O fye for ſhame, they that han be brente:
Alas cannot they fly the fyres hete,
Ye that it uſen, I rede that ye it lete:
Leſt ye leſen al, for bet then never is late,
Never to thryve were to long a date,
Though that ye prolle aye ye ſhall it never fynde,
Ye ben as bold as is *Bayarde* the blynde;
That blondereth forth, and perill caſteth none;
He is as bolde to renne agenſt a ſtone,
As for to go beſyde in the way;
So faren ye that multiplyen I ſay;
If that your Eyen can not ſene aright,
Loketh that your Mynde lacke not his ſight;
For though ye loke never ſoe brode and ſtare,
Ye ſhall not wynne a myte in that chaffare:
But waſte all that ye may repe and renne,
Withdrawe the fyre leaſt it to faſt brenne:
Medleth with that Arte noe more I mene;
For yf ye done your thrifte is gone full cleane.
And right as ſwythe I woll you telſen here,
What that the *Phyloſophers* ſayne in this mattere.
Lo thus ſaith *Arnolde* of the newe toune,
As his *Roſarye* maketh mencioune:
He ſayth right thus withouten any lye,
There may noe man *Mercury* mortifye;
But if it be with his brothers knowlegyng;
Lo how that he which firſte ſayd this thyng
Of Phyloſophers father was, *Hermes*.
He ſaythe how that the *Dragon* doutleſſe
Ne dyeth not, but if he be ſlayne
With his brother: and this is for to ſayne,

By

By the Dragon *Mercurye* and none other,
He underſtood that Brimſtone was his brother.
That out of *Sol* and *Luna* were ydrawe,
And therefore ſayd he, take heed to my ſawe.
Let no man beſye him this *Arte* for to ſeche,
But he that the Entention and ſpeche
Of *Phyloſophers* underſtonde can,
And if he do he is a leud man:
For this *Science*, and this connyng (quod he)
Is of the Secre, of the Secres parde.
Alſoe there was a Diſciple of *Plato*,
That on a tyme ſayd his Maiſter to:
As his booke *Senior* wol bere wytneſſe,
And this was his demaunde in ſothfaſtneſſe.
Tell me the name of the privy Stone?
And *Plato* anſwered unto him anone,
Take the Stone that *Tytanos* men name.
Which is that (quod he?) *Magnatia* is the ſame,
Said *Plato:* ye Sir, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius:*
What is *Magnatia* good Sir I you pray?
It is a Water that is made I ſay
Of Elements foure (quod *Plato*)
Tell me the Rocke good Sir (quod he tho)
Of that Water, if it be your wyll.
Nay nay (quod *Plato*) certayne that I nyll,
The *Philoſophers* were y ſworne echone,
That they ſhulde diſcover it unto none;
Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,
For unto *Chriſt* it is ſo lefe and dere,
That he wol not that it diſcovered be,
But where it liketh to his deite;
Man to enſpyre and eke for to defende,

Whan that him lyketh, lo this is his ende.
Then conclude I thus, sens the God of heaven,
Ne wyl not that the *Phylosophers* nemen:
Howe that a Man shall come unto this *Stone*,
I rede as for the best, lett itt gone;
For who so maketh God his adversary,
As for to werche any thing in contrary:
Unto his will, certes never shall he thrive;
Though that he Multiplye terme of his live,
And there a poynte: for ended is my Tale,
God send every true man *Bote of his bale*.

THE

THE WORKE OF *JOHN DASTIN.*

NOt yet full ſleping, nor yet full waking,
But betweene twayne lying in a traunce;
Halfe cloſed mine Eyne in my ſlumbering,
Like a Mã rapt of all cheer & countenance;
By a manner of weninge & Remembrance
Towards *Aurora*, ere *Phœbus* uproſe,
I dreamed one came to me to doe me pleaſaunce
That brought me a *Boke* with ſeaven ſeales cloſe.

2. Following upon I had a wonderfull dreame,
As ſemed unto my inward thought,
The face of him ſhone as the Sun-beame:
Which unto me thys hevenly Boke brought,
Of ſo greate Riches that yt may not be bought,
In order ſet by *Dame Philoſophie*,
The Capitall and the flowriſhing wrought
By a wiſe Prince called *Theologie*.

3. Thys Boke was written with letters aureat,
Perpetually to be put in memory,
And to *Apollo* the Chapters conſecrate,
And to the ſeaven *Gods* in the hevenly Conſiſtory:
And in *Mercuries* litle Oratory,
Groweth all the fruite in breeſe of thys *Science*,
Who can expreſſe hem and have of hem Victory,
May clayme the tryumph of his Minerall prudence.

4. Of this matter above betweene Starrs ſeaven,
By *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* all of one aſſent,
Was ſent *Caducifer* to Erth downe form Heaven:
Saturnus as Bedell by great adviſement;
For to ſummon a generall Parliament,
By concord of all both old and younge of age,
To ſay in Breife their Councell moſt prudent:
For Common proffit to knitt up a Marriage.

5. Betweene twaine Borne of the Imperiall blood,
And deſcended from *Iupiters* line,
Of their Natures moſt pure and moſt good;
Wythowte infeccion their ſeede is moſt divine:
That noe Eclips may let them for to ſhine,
So that *Mercury* doth ſtint all debate,
And reſtraine their Courage by meaknes them incline;
That of frowardnes they be not indurate.

6. For the *Sunne* that ſitteth ſo heigh a loft,
His golden dew-droppes ſhall cleerely raigne downe,
By the meane of *Mercury* that moven firſt made ſoft:
Then there ſchalbe a glad Conjunccion,
Whan there is made a Seperacion:
And their two Spermes by Marriage are made one;
And the ſaid *Mercury* by deviſion,
Hath taken his flight and from both is gone.

7. Theſe be the two *Mercuries* cheife of Philoſophers,
Revived againe with the Spirit of lyfe,
Richer then Rubies or Pearles ſhut in Cofeurs;
Waſhed and Baptized in waters vegitative,
The body diſſevered with heate nutrative:
By moderate moyſture of Putrefaccion;
So that there is no exceſſe nor no ſtrife
Of the foure Elements in their Conjunccion.

8. The graine of Wheate which on the ground doth (fall,
But it be dead it may not fructifie,
If it be hole the vertue doth appayle;
And in no wiſe it may not Multiplye,
The increaſe doth begin whan it doth Putrefie;
Of good Grafts commeth Fruites of good laſtage;
Of Crabs Verjuyce, of Aſh is made Lye,
Of good Grapes followeth a good Vintage.

9. Who ſoweth good Seede repeth good againe,
Of Cockles ſowne there can grow no good Whea
For as ſuch a *Ploughman* traveleth in vaine,
To fruitefull Land Cockle is not meete;
Gall is ever bitter, Honey is ever ſweete,
Of all things contrary is fals Conneccions,
Let Male and Female together ever meete;
But both be clenſed of their Complexions.

10. A Man of Nature ingendereth but a Man,
And every Beaſt ingendereth his ſemblable;
And as *Philoſophers* rehearſe well can,
Diana and *Venus* in marriage be notable,
A Horſe with a Swine joyneth not in a ſtable,
For where is made unkindly geniture,
What followeth but things abominable?
Which is to ſay *Monſtrum* in Nature.

11. All this I finde in the ſaid Boke,
Brought to me when I lay a ſleepe;
And of one thing good heede I toke;
The Wolf in kinde is Enemy to the Sheepe.
The Roſe full divers to the wild Neepe:
For things joyned that be contrary;
Dame *Nature* complayning doth ſit and weepe:
For falce receipts found in her Library.

12. And there it was ſo pitiouſly complained,
That men ſo err by falſe Opinions
That be ſo farr from truth away reſtrained,
Like as they had loſt wholly their Reaſons,
Not conſidering in their diſcretions;
What miſcheiſe followeth as is oft ſeene,
By theſe falſe froward Conneccions:
As doth leapers with folkes that byne cleane.

13. Notwithſtanding he that is ſate ſo high in heaven,
Crown'd with a Crowne of bright ſtones cleere,
Borne there to raine as cheife choſen of ſeaven:
Equall with *Phœbus* ſhone in the ſame ſphere,
Without difference as *Clerkes* to us leare,
Sate there moſt royallin his diadem:
Very Celeſtiall and Angelike of cheare;
And in all vertue like as he did ſeeme.

14. And in that Boke I found well by writing,
Like as the proceſſe made mention:
How that there was once a mighty rich King,
Cleane of nature and of Complexion:
Voyde of deformity from head ſoe forthe downe,
Which for his beauty as it is ſpecified,
And for his cleanes moſt ſoverayne of renowne:
Was among *Planets* in heaven ſtelleſyed.

15. Certaine Brethren I found he had in Number,
And of one Mother they were borne every each one:
But a Sicknes did them ſore cumber,
That none was whole on his feete to gone,
Hoarſe of language, cleere voice had they none:
For with a ſcabb that was contagious,
They were infected, hole was their none;
For ever exiled becauſe they were Leaprous.

16. The ſaid King roſe up in his Royall ſee,
Seeing this miſcheife caſt his Eye downe,
And of his mercy, and fraternall pittye,
Surprized in heart, full of Compaſſion:
And began to complaine of their Infeccion,
Alas quoth he how came this adventure,
Under what froward or falſe Conſtelacion;
Or in what howre had yee your ingendure.

17. But ſithence this miſcheife ys to you befall,
There is nothing which were more expedient,
Then to chuſe one out amongſt us all,
Without ſpott all cleere of his intent,
For you to dye by his owne aſſent,
To ſave the people from their Damnation:
And with his blood ere you be fully ſhent,
To make of his mercy your remiſſion.

18. The which Liquor moſt wholeſome is and good,
Againſt leprous humors and falſe infeccions,
When from a veyne taken is the blood;
Cleanſing each parte from all corrupcions,
The Originall taken from generacions:
Which is deſcended downe from ſtock royall,
Nouriſhed with Milke of pure complexion;
With menſtrous which are not ſuperficiall.

19. But when the Brethren of this worthy King
Heard the Language, they fell in full great dread,
Full ſore weeping and ſaid in Complayning
That none of them was able to bleede,
Becauſe their blood was infeccious indeede,
And of corrupt blood made is noe Sacrifice,
Wherefore alas there is noe way to ſpeede,
That we can finde, to helpe us in any wiſe.

20. Of our Birth and of our Originall,
Cleerely and truly to make mencion;
Excuſe is there none in parte nor in all;
In ſin was firſt our concepcion:
Our bringing forth and generation,
Fulfilled was in ſorrowe and wickedneſſe,
And our Mother in a ſhort concluſion
With Corrupt milke us foſtred in diſtreſſe.

21. For who may make that ſeede to be cleane
That firſt was conceived in uncleanes,
For cancred ruſt may never I meane,
By noe crafte ſhew forth parfect brightnes:
Now let us all at once our Courſe addres;
And goe unto our Mother to aske by and by,
The finall cauſe of our Corrupt ſicknes;
That ſhe declare unto us the Cauſe and why.

22. The ſaid Children uproſe in a fury
Of wofull rage, and went by one aſſent
Unto their Mother that called was *Mercury*:
Requiring her by greate adviſement,
Before her *Goddeſſes* being every one preſent.
To tell them truly and in noe parte to faine,
Why their nature was corrupt and ſhent;
That cauſed them evermore to weepe and complaine.

23. To whome the Mother full bright of face and hew,
Gave this anſwer remembred in Scripture,
Firſt when I was wedded a new,
I conceived by proſſes of true Nature:
A Child of ſeede that was moſt cleane and pure,
Undefiled, moſt orient, faire and bright,
Of all the *PLANETS* cheife of ingendure:
Which now in Heaven giveth ſo cleere a light.

24. Whoſe

24. Whoſe Complexion is moſt temperate,
In heate and cold and in humidity,
In Erth alſo that there is noe debate,
Nor noe repugnaunce by noe quallity:
Nor none occaſion of none infirmity,
That among them there may be none diſcord,
So well proportioned every-each in his degree,
Each hower and ſpace they be of ſo true accord.

25. Whoſe Nature is ſo imperiall,
That fire ſo burning doth him noe diſtreſſe:
His royall kinde is ſo celeſtiall,
Of Corrupcion he taketh no ſickneſſe;
Fire, Water, Air, nor Erth with his drines,
Neither of them may alter his Complexion,
He fixeth Spirits through his high noblenes;
Saveth infected bodyes from their Corrupcion.

26. His Heavenly helth death may not aſſayle,
He dreadeth noe venome, nor needeth no treacle,
Winde Tempeſt ne Wether againſt him may prevaile,
Soe high in Heaven is his Tabernacle,
In Erth he worketh many a miracle:
He cureth Lepers and fetcheth home Fugitive,
And to gouty Eyne giveth a cleere Spectacle:
Them to goe that lame were all their lief.

27. He is my Son and I his Mother deare,
By me conceived truly in Marriage;
As touching your Birth the ſicknes doth appeare,
Of Menſtruous blood brought forth in tender age,
Your Leprie is ſhewed in Body and in Viſage,
To make your hole Medicine is no other
Drinke, nor potion to your advantage,
But the pure blood of him that is your deare Brother.

28. A good Shephard muſt dye for his Sheepe,
Without grudging to ſpeake in words plaine,
And ſemblable take hereof good keepe,
Your Brother muſt dye and newe be borne againe,
Though he be old, be hereof well certaine;
To youth againe he muſt be renewd,
And ſuffer paſſion or elſe all were vaine,
Then riſing againe right freſh and well hewd.

29. Old *Æſon* was made young by *Medea*,
With her drinks and with her potions,
Soe muſt your Brother of pure *Volunta*
Dye and be young through his operation,
And that through ſubtile natures Confections,
By whoſe death plainely to expreſſe;
Yee ſhalbe purged from all infeccions:
And your foule leaprie changed to cleanes.

30. With the ſaid words the King began to abrayd
The tale adverting that ſhe had tould,
How might a Man by nature thus he ſaid
Be borne againe, namely when he ys old?
Then ſaid hys Mother by reaſon manifold:
But if the Goſpell thus doth meane,
In Water and Spirit be renovate hott and cold,
That he ſhall never plainely come into Heaven.

31. The King was triſty and heavy of cheere,
Upon his Knees meekely kneeled downe,
Prayed his Father in full low manner,
To tranſlate the Challice of hys paſſion,
But for he thought the redempcion
Of his brethren, might not be fulfilled,
Without his death nor their Salvation;
For them to ſuffer he was right willed.

32. And for to accompliſh hys purpoſe in ſentence,
By cleere example who ſo looketh right,
Heavy things from their Circumferance,
Muſt up aſſend and after be made light,
And things light ready to the flight
Muſt deſcend to the Center downe,
By interchaunging of natures might,
As they be moved by meane of Revolucion.

33. Soe as *Iupiter* in a Cloud of Gold,
Chaunged himſelfe by transformacion,
And deſcended from hys hevenly hold
Like a Golden dewe unto *Danae* downe,
And ſhe conceived as made is mencion,
By influence of hys power divine;
Right ſo ſhall *Phœbus* right ſoveraigne of renowne
To be conceived of his Golden raine decline.

34. And to comfort hys Brethren that were full dull,
The *Sun* hath choſen without warr or ſtrife,
The bright *Meone* when ſhe was at the full,
To be his Mother firſt, and after hys wedded wife;
In tyme of *Ver* the ſeaſon vegetative,
In *Aries* when *Titan* doth appeare,
Inſpired by grace with the Spirit of lyfe,
This marriage hallowed at midday Spheare.

35. And at this feaſt were the Godes all,
Saturne from blacknes was turned to white;
And *Iupiter* let his mantle fall,
Full pale a nd meager of greate delight,
Clothed in lylies that every maner wight,
Of Heaven and Erth, and Gods of the Sea,
Rejoyced in Heart, and were full glad and light,
To be preſent at this great Solemnity.

36. *Mars* forgot there hys ſturdy black hardines,
Caſt off his Habergeon fret with old ruſt;
Venus forſooke her minerall rednes,
Tooke Gold for greene and ſhe againe alſo for luſt,
Becauſe ſhe had in *Phœbus* ſuch a truſt,
That he ſhould this feaſt hold of moſt noblenes:
Of brotherly pitty needs as he muſt,
Give her a mantle of Orientall brightnes.

37. After this Wedding here afore deviſed,
Of faire *Phœbus* and freſh *Lucine*;
Philoſophers have prudently practiſed,
A Cloſſet round by their wiſe Doctrine,
Cleere as Chriſtall of Glaſſe a litle ſhrine;
With heavenly deawe ſtuffed that dungeon,
Kept night and day with glorious maidens nyne;
To keepe the Queene in her Concepcion.

38. Religiouſly they kept their Sylence,
Till that from heaven their a royall light,
And there with all in open audience;
Was heard a voyce almoſt at mid night,
Among the Virgins moſt amiable of ſight,
That ſaid unto them, to ſave that was forlorne;
I muſt againe through my imperiall myght,
Be of my Mother new conceived and borne.

39. I muſt paſſe by water and by Fire,
The brunt abide and there from not decline,
To ſave my brethren I have ſo greate deſire,
With new light their darknes to yllumine,
But ſore I dread that venomous Serpentine,
Which ever advanceth with his violence,
My tender youth to hurt and to invenome,
But in your keeping doe you your diligence.

40. The King thus entred in his bed royall,
The Queene conceived under a Sun bright;
Under her feete a mount like Chriſtall,
Which had devoured her husband anon right,
Dead of deſire and in the Maidens ſight;
Loſt all the Collour of his freſh face,
Thus was he dead, the Maidens feeble of mighr
Diſpaired, ſlept in the ſame place.

41. The Serpent bold ſhed out his poyſon,
The Queene and Maidens for feare tooke them to flight,
Seaven tymes aſſending up and downe
With in a vault, now darke, now cleere of light,
Their generation was ſo ſtrong of might,
Tfter death now paſſeth Purgatory;
Ao Reſurreccion as any Sun bright,
Things that were loſt to bring to his glory.

42. The Queene tooke her full poſſeſſion,
The Soule reviving of the dead King;
But of old hatred the toxicate poyſon,
Was by the Serpent caſt in to their hindring;
The *Prince* was buried, but of his riſing,
The Btethren were glad the truth was ſeene,
When they were waſhed by his naturall clenſing;
And their old Leprie by Miracle was made cleane.

43. The full *Moone* halfe ſhaddowed the *Sun*,
To putt away the burning of his light;
Black ſhaddowed firſt the skyes were ſo dunn,
The Ravens bill began who looketh right,
Blacker then Jett or Bugle to ſight;
But litle and litle by ordinary apparance,
The temperate fire with his cheriſhing might
Turned all to white, but with noe violence.

44. Tyme to the Queene approched of Childing,
The Child of Nature was ready to fly,
Paſſage there none to hys out going:
He ſpread hys wings and found no liberty;
Of nyne Virgins he devoured three,
The other ſix moſt excellent and faire,
Fearefull for dread in their greateſt beauty,
Spread their feathers and flew forth in the Aire,

45. The Child coloured firſt Black and after White,
Having noe heate in very exiſtence,
But by cheriſhing of the Sun bright,
Of forraine fire there was noe violence:
Save that men ſay which have experience,
He dranke ſuch plenty of the Water of the well,
That his ſix ſiſters made noe reſiſtance;
But would have devowred; *Daſten* can you tell.

46. Sometymes black, ſometymes was he redd,
Now like aſhes, now Citrine of Colour:
Now of Safforne hew, now ſanguine was his head,
Now white as a lylie he ſhewed him in his bower,
The Moone gave nouriſhment to him in his labour;
And with all their force did their buiſnes,
To cloath hym freſher then any flowre,
With a mantle of everlaſting whitnes.

PEARCE THE BLACK MONKE

upon the Elixir.



Take Erth of Erth, Erths Moder,
And Watur of Erth yt ys no oder,
And Fier of Erth that beryth the pryſe,
But of that Erth louke thow be wyſe,
The trew *Elixer* yf thow wylt make,
Erth owte of Erth looke that thow take,
Pewer ſutel faire and good,
And than take the Water of the Wood:
Cleere as Chryſtall ſchynyng bryght:
And do hem togeder anon ryght,
Thre dayes than let hem lye,
And than depart hem pryvyly and flye,
Than ſchale be browght Watur ſchynyng,
And in that Watur ys a ſoule reynynge,
Inviſible and hyd and unſeene,
A marvelous matter yt ys to weene.
Than departe hem by dyſtillynge,
And you ſchalle ſee an Erth apperinge,
Hevie as metale ſchalle yt be;
In the wych is hyd grete prevety,
Deſtil that Erth in grene hewe,
Three dayes during well and trew;
And do hem in a body of glaſſ,
In the wych never no warke was.

In a Furnas he muſt be ſett,
And on hys hede a good lymbeck;
And draw fro hym a Watur clere
The wych Watur hath no peere,
And aftur macke your Fyer ſtronger,
And there on thy Glaſſe continew longer,
So ſchal yow ſe come a Fyer;
Red as blode and of grete yre,
And aftur that an Erth leue there ſchale,
The wych is cleped the Moder of alle;
Then into Purgatory ſche muſt be doe,
And have the paynes that longs thereto,
Tyl ſche be bryghter than the Sune,
For than thow haſt the Mayſtrey wone;
And that ſchalbe wythin howres three,
The wych forſooth ys grete ferly:
Than do her in a clene Glaſſ,
Wyth ſome of the Watur that hers was.
And in a Furnas do her againe,
Tyl ſche have drunke her Watur certaine,
And aftur that Watur give her Blood,
That was her owne pewre and good,
And whan ſche hath dranke alle her Fyer,
Sche wyll wex ſtrong and of grete yre.
Than take yow mete and mylcke thereto,
And fede the Chylde as you ſchowlde do,
Tyl he be growne to hys full age,
Than ſchal he be of ſtrong courage;
And tourne alle Bodies that leyfull be,
To hys owne powre and dignitye,
And this ys the makyng of owre *Stone*,
The trewth here ys towlde yow evereech one.
For all that taketh any other wey,
Mouch they looſeth and mouch they may,

For trewly there ys no other way of righte,
But Body of Body and Lyghte of Lyghte,
Man of Man begottyn ys,
And Beſte of Beſte to hys lykenes,
Alle the fooles in the worlde ſeeken;
A thynge that they may never meeten,
They wolde have Metalle owte of hem,
That never was fownde by worldly men:
Ne never was fownde by Goddis myghte,
That they ſchould beare any ſuch fryghte.
All Saltes and Sulphures far and nere,
I interdite hem alle in fere,
Alle Coroſive waters, Blood and Hayre,
Pyſſ, Hornes, Wormes and Saudiver,
Alume, Atriment, alle I ſuſpende,
Raſalger and Arſnick I defende,
Calx vive, and Calx mort hys Brother,
I ſuſpende them both, one and other,
For of alle things I wyll no moe,
But fowre Elements in Generall I ſay ſoe,
Sun and Moone, Erth and Water;
And here ys alle that men of clatter,
Our Gold and Sylver ben no common plate;
But a ſperme owte of a Bodi I take,
In the wych ys alle *Sol*, *Lune*, Lyfe and Lyghte
Water and Erth, Fyre and Fryght:
And alle commyth of one Image,
But the Water of the Wood makyth the marryage;
Therefore there ys none other waye,
But to take thee to thy Beades and praye:
For Covetous Men yt fyndyth never,
Though they ſeek yt once and ever,
Set not your Hearts in thys thyng,
But only to God and good lyvynge.

And

And he that wyll come thereby,
Muſt be meeke, and full of mercy:
Both in ſpyrit and in Countenannce,
Full of Chereti and good Governaunce;
And evermore full of almes deede,
Symple and pewerly hys lyf to leade:
Wyth Prayers, Pennaunces, and Piety,
And ever to God a lover be,
And alle the ryches that he ys ſped,
To do God worſchyppe wyth Almes deede.

In Arſenyck ſublymed there ys a way ſtreight,
Wyth Mercury calcyned nyne tymes hys weight
And grownde together with the Water of myght
That bereth ingreſſion lyfe and lyght,
And anon as they togyther byne,
Alle runnyth to Water bryght and ſhene,
Upon thys Fyre they grow togethyr,
Tyll they be faſt and flee no whythyr;
But than feede hem fowrth wyth thy hond,
Wyth mylke and meate tyle they be ſtronge,
And thow ſchalt have there a good Stone,
Whereof an Ounc on fowrty wyll gone:
Upon *Venus* or on *Mercury*,
Thys Medicyn wyll make thee merry.

All yow that have ſowght mani a day,
Leave worke, take yowre Beades and pray,
For the longer that yow ſeeken,
The longer yt ys or yow meeten;
And he that now fayne would be ſped,
Lyſten to my Daughter *Megg*:
For ſchhe ſcall tell yow trewth and ryghte,
Hearken now wyth all your myght.

I am *Mercury* the myghty Flower,
I am moſt worthy of Honour;

I am ſours of *Sol*, *Luna*, and *Mars*,
I am genderer of *Iovis*, many be my ſnares:
I am ſetler of *Saturne*, and ſours of *Venus*,
I am Empreſſe, Prynceſſe and Regall of Queenes,
I am Mother of Myrrour, and maker of lyght,
I am head and hygheſt and fayreſt in ſyght:
I am both *Sun*, and *Moone*,
I am ſche that alle thynges muſt doone.
I have a Daughter hight *Saturne* that ys my darlyng,
The wych ys Mother of all werkyng,
For in my Daughter there byne hydd,
Fowre thyngs Commonly I kydd:
A Golden ſeede, and a ſpearme rych,
And a Silver ſeede none hym lich;
And a *Mercury* ſeede full bryght,
And a *Sulphur* ſeede that ys ryght.
Of my Daughter wythowten dred,
Byn made Elyxirs whyte and redd,
Therefor of her draw a Water cler,
The *Scyence* yf thow lyſt to leare.
Thys Water reduceth every thynge,
To tendernes and to fyxing:
It burgeneth growyth and gyveth fryght and lyght,
Ingreſſion lyfe and laſtyng in ſyght:
Alle ryghteous werkes ſooth to ſay,
It helpeth and bryngyth in a good way:
Thys ys the Water that ys moſt worthy,
Aqua perfectiſsima & flos mundi:
For alle werkes thys Water makyth whyte,
Reducyng and ſchyning as Sylver bryght:
And of the Oyle greate marvell there ys,
For all thyngs yt bryngyth to rednes:
As Cytrine gold he ys full high,
None ys ſo redd nor none ys ſo worthy:

And in the Erth grete marvele ys hyd,
That ys firſt ſo black, and than ſo red:
And alle ys done in howres three,
Thys may be cleped *Gods Prevetie*;
Than the Erth ſhall torne red as blood,
Citrine Gold, naturall cleere and good,
And than the red Oyle to hem ſchall goe,
Red Ferment, and red Mercury alſoe,
And grow togeder weekes ſeaven,
Bleſſed be Almyghty God of Heven:
One Ounce of thys Medycine worthy
Caſt upon two hundred ownces of Mercury:
Schall make Gold moſt royall,
And ever enduring to holde tryall;
Fyre and Hammer Tuch and Teſt,
And all eſſayes moſt and leaſt.
And yt ys Medycen above common Gold,
To mans body as God yt would.
For Gold that cometh from the Oare,
Is nouriſhed with fowle Sulphur:
And Engendered upon Mercury he ys,
And nouryſhed by Erth and Sulphur I wys,
And our Gold ys made of thre pewre ſoules,
In the wych ys noe Corrupcyon foule:
But purged pewre as clene as Chryſtall,
Body and Spyryt and Sowle wyth all;
And ſo they grow into a ſtone,
In the wych Corrupcyon there ys none;
And than caſt hym upon *Mercury*,
And he ſchalbe Gold moſt worthy,
Now have you heard the makyng of our Stone,
The begynyng and endyng ys all one.

THE

THE WORKE OF *RICH: CARPENTER.*

OF *Titan Magnasia* take the cler light,
The rede Gumme that ys so bryght,
Of *Philosofris* the *Sulfer vife*,
I called *Gold* wythouten stryfe;
Of hem drawe owte a Tincture,
And make a matrymony pure:
Betweene the husband and the wyfe,
I spoused wyth the Water of lyfe:
And so that none dyvysion
Be there, in the conjunccion
Of the *Moone* and of the *Sonne*,
After the marriage ys begonne;
And that *Mercury* the planete,
In loef make hem so to mete:
That eyder wyth oder be joyned even,
As a Stone engendered sente down fro heven;
Of hem make water clere rennynge,
As any Chrystall bryght schynynge.
Drawen out of bodyes fyxed,
By Nature prively mixed
Within a vessal depured clene,
Of *Philosofris* bright and schene;
Beware the Fume escape the nowght,
And alleso marked well in thy thowght;
That of the Fire the quallitee,
Equal to *Phebez* bemes be;
In the moneth of *Iune* and *Iule*,
Understand me be not dulle;

For thou ſchalt ſee marveles grete,
Colures ſpring oute of the heate:
Fyrſte Blakke and Whyte, and ſo Redde,
And after Setryne wythouten drede:
And ſo wythin howres thre,
That *Stone* ſchall thorowe perced be
Wyth Aier that ſchall upon hym lyght,
The wych ys a wonder ſyght:
Whenne the ſpiryt ys refreyned,
And wyth the Bodie ſo conſtrayned,
That hem aſounder maye nothyng parte,
So Nature hem doth there ſo coart,
In matriſe whenne they both ben knyte,
Lett never thy Veſſel be unſhytte;
Tyl thys ingendred have a ſtone,
That in thys world ys not ſuche on:
For hyt ys called Anymal,
Richer then the Mineral.
Wyche ys founden in every plaſe,
Who foundeth hyt myght have graſe:
In the and me and over alle
Both Vegetables and Sophiſticall:
On Hilles hye and Valeys lowe,
He groweth who cowde hyt know,
Take thys for an informacion,
In Caryt and in Proporcion,
Lyth alle who ſo coude ſeke oute,
In *Bus* and *Nubi* ys alle the doute:
He that puttes hemſelf in pres,
To Genis and to Species:
Qualitas and every Quantite,
To mane a man hyt wol not be,
To brynge about thys treſeur,
I mene owre *Stone* of ſuche valour;

And yet who coude well underſtonde,
May fynde hit redy at hys honde:
For Fowles that in the Ayre done flee,
And alſo Fiſches in the See:
The moyſter of the rede Grape
And of the Whyte, who coud hym take:
Vertues of Erbes vegetyff,
And ſoules of Beſtes ſenſytyff:
Reyſons of Angels that doth diſcerne,
Goude and Yeul Man to governe,
All bryngs to thyn houſe
Thys Noble *Ston* ſo precious,
And Soverente of alle thys Werke,
Both to Lewd and to Clerke:
This lyth alle by diſcrecion,
In Fyre, and in Decoccion:
The craft recordeth yif he can rede,
How all and ſume who ſhal ſpede;
In Bokes eler as ye maye ſee,
Stat in Ignis regimine:
To brynge fosth at my devys,
Thys ryche Rubye, thys *Ston* of prys:
Harde hevy and percyng,
Now ys thys a wonder thyng:
I coude never ſuche on a ſpye;
Save that I finde howe on *Marie*:
Fyrſt found hyt wythouten leſe,
The wyche was ſuſter to *Moyſez*:
But who hyt be that ſchall hyt werke,
Let hem not begenn in the derke:
For he mai fayle for faute of lyght,
But the Sunne ſchyne full bright:
Advyſe thé well er thow begene,
Or elſe lytel ſchalt thow wynne.

THE HUNTING OF the GREENE LYON.

ALL haile to the noble Companie
Of true Students in holy *Alchimie*,
Whoſe noble practiſe doth hem teach
To vaile their ſecrets with miſtie ſpeach;
Mought yt pleaſe your worſhipfulnes
To heare my ſilly ſoothfaſtnes,
Of that practiſe which I have ſeene,
In hunting of the *Lyon Greene*:
And becauſe you may be apaid,
That ys truth, that I have ſaid;
And that you may for ſurety weene,
That I know well thys *Lyon, greene*:
I pray your patience to attend
Till you ſee my ſhort writt end,
Wherein Ile keepe my noble *Maſters* rede,
Who while he lived ſtoode me in ſteede;
At his death he made me ſweare hym to,
That all the ſecrets I ſchould never undoe
To no one Man, but even ſpread a Cloude
Over my words and writes, and ſo it ſhroude,
That they which do this *Art* deſire,
Should firſt know well to rule their Fyre:

For with good reaſon yt doth ſtand,
Swords to keepe fro mad Mens hand:
Leaſt th'one ſhould, kill th'other burne,
Or either doe ſome ſore ſhroud turne:
As ſome have done that I have ſeene,
As they did hunt thys *Lyon greene*.
Whoſe collour doubtles ys not ſoe,
And that your wiſdomes well doe know;
For no man lives that ever hath ſeene
Upon foure feete a *Lyon* colloured *greene*:
But our *Lyon* wanting maturity,
Is called *greene* for unripenes truſt me,
And yet full quickly can he run,
And ſoone can overtake the *Sun*:
And ſuddainely can hym devoure,
If they be both ſhut in one towre:
And hym Eclipſe that was ſo bryght,
And make thys redde to turne to whyte:
By vertue of hys crudytie,
And unripe humors whych in hym be,
And yet wythin he hath ſuch heate,
That whan he hath the *Sun* up eate,
He bringeth hym to more perfection,
Than ever he had by Natures direccion.
This *Lyon* maketh the *Sun* ſith ſoone
To be joyned to hys Siſter the *Moone*:
By way of wedding a wonderous thing,
Thys *Lyon* ſhould cauſe hem to begett a King:
And tis as ſtrange that thys Kings food,
Can be nothing but thys *Lyons* Blood;
And tis as true that thys ys none other,
Than ys it the Kings Father and Mother.
A wonder a *Lyon*, and *Sun* and *Moone*,
All theſe three one deede have done:

The *Lyon* ys the Preiſt, the *Sun* and *Moone* the wedd,
Yet they were both borne in the *Lyons* Bedd;
And yet thys King was begott by none other,
But by *Sun* and *Moone* hys owne Siſter and Brother.
O noble *Maſter* of pardon I you pray,
Becauſe I did well-neere bewray
The ſecret which to me ys ſo deare,
For I thought none but Brothers were here:
Than ſchould I make no doubt
To have written plainely out,
But for my fealty I muſt keepe aye,
Ile turne my pen another way,
To ſpeake under *Benedicite*
Of thys noble Company:
Wych now perceives by thys,
That I know what our *Lyon* ys.
Although in Science I am noe *Clerke*,
Yet have I labour'd in thys warke:
And truly wythouten any nay,
If you will liſten to my lay:
Some thing thereby yow may finde,
That well may content your minde,
I will not ſweare to make yow give credence,
For a *Philoſopher* will finde here in evidence,
Of the truth, and to men that be Lay,
I skill not greatly what they ſay.
For they weene that our *Lyon* ys
Common Quickſilver, but truly they miſſ:
And of thys purpoſe evermore ſhall fayle,
And ſpend hys Thrift to litle availe,
That weeneth to warke hys wyll thereby,
Becauſe he doth ſoe readely flie;
Therefore leave offere thou begin,
Till thow know better what we meane;

Whan

Whych whan thow doeſt than wilt thou ſay
That I have tought thee a good lay,
In that whych I have ſaid of thee before,
Wherefore lyſten and marke well my lore.
Whan thow haſt thy *Lyon* with *Sol* and *Luna* well fedd,
And layd them clenly in their Bedd;
An eaſie heate they may not miſſe,
Till each the other well can kiſſe;
And that they ſhroude them in a skin,
Such as an Egg yelke lyeth in:
Than muſt thow draw from thence away,
A right good ſecret withouten any nay:
Wych muſt ſerve to doe thee good,
For yt ys the *Lyons* Blood:
And therewith muſt the King be fedd,
When he ys riſen from the dead:
But longe tyme it wilbe,
Or ere his death appeare to thee;
And many a ſleepe thow muſt lack,
Or thow hym ſee of Collour black.
Take heede yow move hym not with yre,
But keepe hym in an eaſy fyre;
Untill you ſee hym ſeperate,
From hys vile Erth vituperate;
Wych wilbe black and light withall,
Much like the ſubſtance of a fusball:
Your magnet in the midſt wilbe,
Of Collour faire and white truſt me;
Then whan you ſee all thys thing,
Your fire one degree increaſing;
Untill yow well may ſe thereby,
Your matter to grow very dry:
Then yt ys fit wythout delay,
The excrements be tane away;

Prepaire a Bed moſt bryght and ſhine
For to lodge this young Chylde in:
And therein let hym alone lye,
Till he be throughly dry;
Than ys tyme as I doe thinke,
After ſuch drouth to give him drinke:
But thereof the truth to ſhew,
Is a greate ſecret well I know;
For *Philoſophers* of tyme old,
The ſecret of *Imbibition* never out tould;
To create *Magneſia* they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare;
But how to order it after hys creacion,
They left poore men without conſolacion;
Soe many men thought they had had perfeccion,
But they found nothing in their Projeccion:
Therefore they mard what they had made before,
And of *Alchimy* they would have no more.
Thus do olde Fathers hide it from a Clearke,
Becauſe in it conſiſteth the whole ſubtill warke;
Wych if ye liſt of me to know,
I ſhall not faile the truth to ſhew.
Whan your pure matter in the glaſſe is fitt,
Before that you your veſſell ſhitt;
A portion of your *Lyons* ſweate
Muſt be given it for to eate:
And they muſt be grounded ſo well together,
That each fro other will flee noe whither;
Then muſt you ſeale up your Glaſſe,
And in hys Furnace where he was,
You muſt ſet them there to dry.
Which being done then truly,
You muſt prepare like a good Phiſitian,
For another *Imbibition*:

But evermore looke that you dry
Up all hys drinke, that none lye by,
For if yow make hym drinke too free,
The longer will your workeing be,
And yf you let hym be too dry,
Than for thirſt your Child may dye;
Wherefore the meane to hold is beſt,
Twixt overmoyſt and too much roſt;
Six tymes thy *Imbibitions* make,
The ſeaventh that Saboath's reſt betake:
Eight dayes twixt ilke day of the ſix,
To dry up moiſt and make it fix;
Then at the nynth tyme thy Glaſſe up ſeale,
And let him ſtand ſix weekes each deale:
With his heate temperd ſo right,
That Blacknes paſt he may grow white;
And ſo the ſeaventh weeke reſt him ſtill,
Till thow *Ferment* after thy will;
Which if thow wilt *Ferment* for Whyte,
Thereby thow gainſt noe greate profitt;
For I aſſure thee thow needeſt not dred,
To proceede with fire till all be Redd;
Than muſt thow proceede as did *Philoſophers* old
To prepaire thy *Ferment* of peure Gold,
Which how to doe though ſecret that it be,
Yet will I truly teach it thee.
In the next *Chapter* as erſt I did ſay,
That ſoe the truth finde yow may,
Therefore of Charity and for our Lords ſake,
Let noe man from my writings take
One word, nor add thereto,
For certainely if that he doe,
He ſhall ſhew malice fro the which I am free,
Meaning truth and not ſubtilty;

Which I refer to the Judgement
Of thoſe which ken the *Philoſophers* intent:
Now liſten me with all your might,
How to prepare your Ferment right.
O noble Worke of workes that God has wrought,
Whereby each thing of things are forth aye broght;
And fitted to their generacion,
By a noble fermentacion;
Which *Ferment* muſt be of ſuch a thing,
As was the workes begyning;
And if thow doe progreſſe aright
Whan thow haſt brought the worke to whight;
And than to ſtay is thy intent,
Doe after my Comandement;
Worke *Luna* by her ſelfe alone,
With the blood of the *greene Lyon*:
As earſt thow didſt in the begining,
And of three didſt make one thing,
Orderly yeilding forth right,
Till thy Magnet ſchew full whyte;
Soe muſt thow warke all thy *Ferment*,
Both White and Red, elſe were yt ſhent.
Red by yt ſelfe and ſoe the White,
With the *Lyons* Blood muſt be deight;
And if thow wilt follow my lore,
Set in thy *Ferment* the ſame houre,
Of *Sol* for Redd, of *Luna* for White,
Each by himſelfe let worke tight;
Soe ſhall thy *Ferment* be ready edreſſ,
To feede the King with a good meſſ
Of meates that fitt for his digeſtion,
And well agreeing to his Complexion;
If he be of Collour White,
Feed hym than with *Luna* bright;

If his fleſh be perfect Red,
Than with the *Sun* he muſt be fedd,
Your *Ferment* one fourth parte muſt be,
Into your Magnet made evenly,
And joyne hem warme and not cold,
For raw to ripe you may be bold
Have diſagreement ſoe have heate and cold:
Therefore put hem warme into thy Glaſſe,
Then ſeale it up even as it was:
And Circle all till yt be wonne,
By paſſing degrees every each one:
Both black and whyte, and alſo redd,
Than of the Fire heere have noe dread;
For he will never dreade the fyre,
But ever abide thy deſire.
And heere a ſecret to thee I muſt ſhew,
How to *Multeplie* that thow muſt know,
Or elſe it wilbe over micle paine
For thee to begin thy worke againe:
I ſay to thee that in noe faſhion, tation:
It's ſo well Multeplied as with continuall Firmen
And ſure far it wilbe exalted at the laſt,
And in Projeccion ren full faſt:
There for in fyre keepe *Firment* alway,
That thy Medicine augment mayſt aye;
For yf the maid doe not her leaven ſave, (crave;
Then of her Neighbours ſche muſt needs goe
Or ſche muſt ſtay till ſche can make more,
Remember the Proverbe that *ſtore is no ſore:*
Thus have I tought thee a leſſon, full of truth,
If thow be wicked therefore my heart is reuth:
Remember God hys bleſſing he can take,
Whan he hath given it, if abuſe any you make,
For ſurely if thow be a *Clerke*,

Thow wilt finde trewth in thys werke:
But if ſo be that thow be lay,
And underſtond not what I ſay,
Keepe Councell then and leve thy Toy,
For it befitts no Lymmer loy,
To medle with ſuch grete ſecreſie:
As ys thys hygh *Phyloſophye.*
My Councell take, for thow ſchalt finde it true,
Leave of ſeeking thys *Lyon* to purſue,
For hym to hunt that ys a prety wyle,
Yet by hys Craft he doth moſt Folke beguile,
And hem devour and leave hem full of care,
Wherefore I bidd thee to beware.
And Councell give thee as my frend,
And ſo my *Hunting* here I end.
Praying God that made us we may not myſſ
To dwell with hym in hys Hevenly blyſſ.

THE BREVIARY OF NATURALL PHILOSOPHY.

Compiled by the unlettered Scholar THOMAS CHARNOCK.

Student in the moſt worthy Scyence of *Aſtronomy* and *Philoſophy*. The firſt of *Ianuary* *Anno. Dom.* 1557.

Anno. Dom. 1557. *The firſt day of the new yeare*
This Treatiſe was begun as after may appeare.

The Booke Speaketh.

COme hither my Children of this Diſcipline,
Which in naturall Philoſophy have ſpent ſo long time;
To eaſe your painfull Study I am well willed
And by the grace of God it ſhall be fulfilled;
If he in me (my *Author*) will ſhed one drop of grace,
The better he ſhall finiſh me and in ſhorter ſpace.
And if you will know what I am ſurely,
I am named the *The Breviary of naturall Philoſophy.*
Declaring all *Veſſells* and *Inſtruments*,
Which in this *Science* ſerve our intents.
For moe things belong unto the ſame,
More then any *Author* hath written the Name;
Which hath brought many a one in great doubt,
What is the Implements that longeth thereabout;
Wherefore in good order, I will anon declare,
What *Inſtruments* for our *Arte* you neede to prepare.

The Preface of the Author.

GOe forth little Booke *in volume but small,*
Yet haſt thou in thee that is not in them All,
For ſatisfying the mindes of the Students in this Arte,
Then art thou worth as many Bookes, as will lye in a Cart:
Glad may he be that hath thee in his keeping,
For he may find through diligent ſeeking,
All things in thee which ſhall be neceſſary,
As Veſſells and Inſtruments belonging to Alchimy;
Which would ſet many a Mans heart on fire,
To have the ſame knowledge they have ſo great deſire.
And no mervaile though they be glad and faine,
For they have ſpent many a pound in vaine;
In making of Veſſells of many divers ſorts,
And have brought them out of many ſtrange Ports:
Becauſe they did not well underſtand,
That all things we need we have in England.
Now think you that this will not ſave many a Marke,
Unto thoſe that have wreſtled ſo long in our Warke?
Yes ſome would ſpend all the Money in their pouch,
If they knew but this or halfe ſo much.
Wherefore of pitty I will no longer refraine,
But declare all things their purpoſe to attaine.
Wherefore if you do happen on my Booke,
Either by Caſualty, Hooke, or by Crooke:
Yet pray for my Soule when I am dead and rotten,
That of Alchimy Scyence *the dore hath let open;*
Sufficient for thee if thou have any Braine,
Now ſharpen thy wits that thou maiſt it attaine.

The first Chapter.

NOw will I declare all things at large,
Of *Implements* of this Work and what is the charge:
And first with the *Potter* I will begin,
Which cannot make that which he hath never seene;
Whether that thy Vessels be made to thy minde,
Stand by while he worketh more surety to finde,
And shew him what to doe by some signe or similitude,
And if his witts be not to dull nor rude,
He will understand what thou doest meane,
For I think few Potters within this Realme
Have made at any tyme such cunning ware,
As we for our *Scyence* doe fashion and prepaire;
And when he hath formed them unto thy purpose,
For what occasion thou needest not disclose:
But if he say unto you, Good Master myne,
Tell me for what purpose or what engine
Shall these Vessels serve that thou cause me to make,
For all my life hitherto I dare undertake
I never formed such, nor the like of them;
Yet are they but plaine without wrinkle or hem,
One within another, it is a pretty feate,
The third without them to guide up the heate:
Then say unto him to satisfie his minde,
That ye have a Father which is somewhat blinde,
Who if it please God you will indeavour,
To stil a water his blindnes to dissever:
Which is the *Elixir* of lyfe as wise men say,
And in this doing God send me my pray;

Then will he ſay this or the like,
I pray God to ſend yee that which you ſeeke,
And thus with the *Potter* thou haſt now done,
Without thou breake thy Pots with the heate of the *Sun*:
Which if it doe it turnes thee to paine,
And there is no way but to make them new againe.
As ſoone as with the *Potter* thou haſt made an end,
Then with a *Ioyner* thou muſt Condeſcend,
Who alſo muſt have this Councell and witt,
To make a Tabernacle the Veſſell to fitt;
Which wilbe alſo in greate doubt,
For what purpoſe it will ſerve about;
In that he never made nor framed none ſuch,
Although it be made like to a Hutch:
Then tell him a Tale of a roaſted Horſe,
Unto the which he will have no remorſe:
And laugh and ſay it is a Borrough for a Fox,
Although it be made ſure with Keys and locke,
And thus with the *Ioyner* thou haſt made an end,
Without thou ſet it on fire as I did mine.
As for *Glaſſemakers* they be ſcant in this land,
Yet one there is as I doe underſtand:
And in *Suſſex* is now his habitacion,
At *Chiddinſfold* he workes of his Occupacion:
To go to him it is neceſſary and meete,
Or ſend a ſervant that is diſcreete:
And deſire him in moſt humble wiſe
Ito blow thee a Glaſſe after thy deviſe;
If were worth many an Arme or a Legg,
The could ſhape it like to an egge;
To open and to cloſe as cloſe as a haire,
If thou have ſuch a one thou needeſt not feare.
Yet if thou hadſt a number in to ſtore,
It is the the better, for *Store is no ſore.*

THE

The second Chapter.

NOw LORD of thy grace I beseech thee suffer me,
To finish my pretence in this rude Studie:
For this nor ought else without thy helpe can be done,
As neither the Conjuncion of *Sun* nor *Moone*:
Nor yet other *Planets* can motion themselves an houre,
Without thy providence and thy divine power:
Wherefore in all things that we doe begin,
Let us with prayer call for helpe of him:
That he bring our doings to effect,
Which must be done very Circumspect:
Wherefore if you thinke to obtaine your intent,
Feare God and keepe his Comandement:
And beware of Pride and let it passe,
And never be looking too much in thy Glasse;
Deceive noe man with false measure,
For truly that is ill gotten treasure:
But let thy weights be true and just,
For weight and measure every man must
Unto his Neighbour yeild uprightly,
And so must thou in the worke of *Philosophy*:
And also feede him which is hungry,
And give him drinke which is thirsty.
Give liberally I say as riches doe arise,
And from thirsty body turne not away thy Eyes.
What and two poore Men at one tyme come unto thee
And say, Master, for the love of God and our Lady,
Give us your Charity whatsoever you please,
For we have not one peny to do us ease;

And we are now ready to the Sea preſt,
Where we muſt abide three moneths at the leaſt;
All which tyme to Land we ſhall not paſſe,
No although our Ship be made but of Glaſſe,
But all tempeſt of the Aire we muſt abide,
And in dangerous roades many tymes to ride;
Bread we ſhall have none, nor yet other foode,
But only faire water deſcending from a Cloude:
The *Moone* ſhall us burne ſo in proceſſe of tyme,
That we ſhalbe as black as men of *Inde*:
But ſhortly we ſhall paſſe into another Clymate,
Where we ſhall receive a more purer eſtate;
For this our Sinns we make our Purgatory,
For the which we ſhall receive a Spirituall body:
A body I ſay which if it ſhould be ſould,
Truly I ſay it is worth his weight in Gold:
Son give theis two, one penny in their Journey to drinke,
And thou ſhalt ſpeede the better truly as I thinke.

The third Chapter.

NOw have I good will largely to write,
Although I can but ſlenderly indite;
But whether I can or cannot indeede,
With the Chapter of *Fire* I will proceede:
Which if thou knoweſt not how to governe and keepe,
Thou wert as good go to bed and ſleepe,
As to be combred therewith about,
And therefore I put thee moſt certainely out of doubt;
For when I ſtudied this *Scyence* as thou doeſt now,
I fell to practiſe by God I vowe:

I was never so troubled in all my lyfe beforne,
As intending to my *Fire* both Midday Eve and Morne:
And all to kepe it at an even stay;
It hath wrought me woe moe then I will say.
Yet one thing of truth I will thee tell,
What greate mishap unto my Worke befell;
It was upon a Newyeares day at Noone,
My *Tabernacle* caught fire, it was soone done:
For within an houre it was right well,
And streight of fire I had a smell.
I ran up to my worke right,
And when I cam it was on a fire light:
Then was I in such feare that I began to stagger,
As if I had byne wounded to the heart with a dagger;
And can you blame me? no I think not much,
For if I had beene a man any thing rich,
I had rather have given 100 Markes to the Poore,
Rather then that hap should have chanced that houre.
For I was well onward of my Work truly,
God save my Masters lyfe, for when he thought to dye,
He gave me his worke and made me his Heire,
Wherefore alwaies he shall have my prayer:
I obteyned his grace the date herefro not to varie,
In the first and second yeare of *King Phillip* & *Queene Mary*.
Yet lewdly I lost it as I have you tould,
And so I began the new and forgot the old,
Yet many a night after I could not sleepe in Bed
For ever that mischance troubled my head,
And feare thereof I would not abide againe;
No though I shoulde reape a double gaine,
Wherefore my charge rose to a greater summe,
As in hyring of a good stoute Groome;
Which might abide to watch and give attendance,
Yet often tymes he did me displeasaunce,

And would ſleepe ſo long till the Fire went out,
Then would the Knave that whorſon Lout,
Caſt in Tallow to make the fire burne quicker,
Which when I knew made me more ſicker;
And thus was I cumbred with a drunken ſott,
That with his haſty fire made my Worke too hott;
And with his ſloth againe he ſet my worke behinde;
For remedy thereof to quiet my Minde,
I thruſt him out of dores, and tooke my ſelfe the paine,
Although it be troubleſome it is the more certaine;
For ſervants doe not paſſe how our workes doe frame,
But have more delight to play and to game.
A good ſervant ſaith *Solomon* let him be unto thee,
As thyne owne heart in each degree.
For it is precious a faithfull ſervant to finde,
Eſteeme him above treaſure if he be to thy minde;
Not wretchles, but ſober, wiſe, and quiet,
Such a one were even for my dyet:
Thus having warn'd thee of an ill ſervant ſufficient,
But a good ſervant is for our intent.

The fourth Chapter.

WHen my Man was gone I began it anewe,
And old troubles then in my minde did renew;
As to break ſleepe oftentimes in the night,
For feare that my Worke went not aright;
And oftentimes I was in greate doubt,
Leaſt that in the night, my fire ſhould go out:
Or that it ſhould give to much heate,
The penſivenes thereof made me to breake ſleepe:

And

And also in the day least it should miscary,
It hath made my minde oftentimes to varie;
Wherefore if thou wilt follow my reade,
See thy fire safe when thou goest to Bed:
At Midnight also when thou dost arise,
And in so doing I judge thee to be wise:
Beware that thy Fire do no man harme,
For thou knowest many a mans House and Barne
Have byne set on fire by mischance,
And specially when a Foole hath the governance;
Our Fire is chargeable, and will amount
Above 3. pound a weeke, who hath list to cast account,
Which is chargeable to many a poore man,
And specially to me as I tell can:
And *Geber* bids poore men be content,
Hæc Scientia pauperi & agento non convenit
Sed potius est illis inimica, and bids them beware,
Because their mony they may not well spare;
For thou must have Fires more then one or two,
What they be *George Ripley* will thee shew;
Above a hundred pounds truly did I spend,
Only in fire ere 9. moneths came to an end;
But indeede I begun when all things were deare,
Both Tallow, Candle, Wood, Coale and Fire:
Which charges to beare sometymes I have sold,
Now a Jewell, and then a ring of Gold:
And when I was within a Moneths reckoning,
Warrs were proclaimed against the *French King*.
Then a *Gentleman* that ought me greate mallice,
Caused me to be prest to goe serve at *Callys:*
When I saw there was none other boote,
But that I must goe spight of my heart toote;
In my fury I tooke a Hatchet in my hand,
And brake all my Worke whereas it did stand;

And

And as for my Potts I knocked them together,
And alſo my Glaſſes into many a ſhiver;
The *Crowes head* began to appeare as black as Iett
Yet in my fury I did nothing let:
But with my worke made ſuch a furious faire,
That the *Quinteſſence* flew forth in the Aire.
Farewell quoth I, and ſeeing thou art gon,
Surely I will never caſt of my Fawcon,
To procure thee againe to put me to hinderance,
Without it be my fortune and chaunce,
To ſpeake with my good *Maſter* or that I dye;
Maſter *I. S.* his name is truly:
Nighe the Citty of *Salisbury* his dwelling is,
A ſpirituall man for ſooth he is;
For whoſe proſperity I am bound to pray,
For that he was my Tutor many a day,
And underſtood as much of *Philoſophie*,
As ever did *Arnold* or *Raymund Lullie*:
Geber, *Hermes*, *Arda*, nor yet King *Caleb*,
Underſtood no more then my good *Maſter* did.
I travelled this Realme Eſt and Weſt over,
Yet found I not the like betweene the Mount and *Dover*:
But only a *Monke* of whome Ile ſpeake anon,
Each of them had accompliſhed our *White Stone*:
But yet to the *Red Worke* they never came neere,
The cauſe hereafter more plainely ſhall appeare;
And thus when I had taken all this paines,
And then could not reape the fruit of my gaines:
I thought to my ſelfe, ſo to ſet out this Warke,
That others by fortune may hit right the Marke.

The fift Chapter.

I am sorry I have nothing to requite my *Masters* gentlenes,
But only this *Boke* a litle short Treatise;
Which I dare say shall as welcome be to him,
As if I had sent him a Couple of Milch Kine:
And heere for his sake I will disclose unto thee,
A greate seacret which by God and the Trinity,
Since that our Lord this world first began,
Was it not so opened I dare lay my hand,
No, all the *Philosophers* which were before this day,
Never knew this secret I dare boldly say.
And now to obteyne thy purpose more rathe
Let thy Fire be as temperate as the Bath of the Bathe.
Oh what a goodly and profitable Instrument,
Is the Bath of the Bathe for our fiery intent!
To seeke all the World throughout I should not finde,
For profit and liberty a Fire more fitt to my minde.
Goe or ride where you list for the space of a yeare
Thou needest not care for the mending of thy Fire.
A *Monke* of *Bath* which of that house was *Pryor*,
Tould me in seacret he occupied none other fire,
To whome I gave credit even at the first season,
Because it depended upon very good reason:
He had our *Stone*, our *Medicine*, our *Elixir* and all,
Which when the *Abbie* was suppreſt he hid in a wall:
And ten dayes after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the stopple of a Clout.
Then he tould me he was in such an Agonie,
That for the losse thereof he thought he should be frenzie,

And a Toy tooke him in the head to run ſuch a race,
That many yeare after he had no ſetling place;
And more he is darke and cannot ſee,
But hath a Boy to leade him through the Country.
I hapned to come on a day whereas he was,
And by a word or two that he let paſſe,
I underſtood ſtreight he was a *Philoſopher*,
For the which cauſe I drew to him neare;
And when the Company was all gone,
And none but his Boy and he and I alone,
Maſter quoth I for the love of God and Charity,
Teach me the ſeacrets of *Naturall Philoſophy*.
No Son, quoth he, I know not what thou art,
And ſhall I reveale to thee ſuch a preciuos *Arte*?
No man by me ſhall get ſuch gaines,
No not my Boy which taketh with me ſuch paines,
That to diſcloſe it lyes not in my Bands,
For I muſt ſurrender it into the Lords hands,
Becauſe I heare not of one that hath the fame;
Which lifts up his minde and is apt for the ſame,
Which if I could finde I would ere I dye,
Reveale to him that ſame greate miſtery:
Yet one there is about the Citty of *Salisbury*,
A young man of the age of Eight and Twenty,
Charnock is his name of *Tennet* that *Iſle*,
His praiſe and Comendacions ſoundeth many a Mile;
That for a Younge man he is toward and apt,
In all the ſeaven liberall Scyences ſet none apart:
But of each of them he hath much or litle,
Whereof in our *Scyence* he may claime a title:
His praiſe ſpreads alſo for his good indighting,
And of ſome of his doings I have heard the reciting,
Both of Proſe and Meeter, and of Verſe alſo,
And ſure I commend him for his firſt ſhewe,

I thinke *Chaucer* at his yeares was not the like,
And *Skelton* at his yeares was further to ſeeke;
Wherefore for his knowledge, gravity and witt,
He may well be Crowned *Poet Laureat.*
Ceaſe Father quoth I and heare me ſpeake,
For my name is *Charnock* upon whome you treate;
But this which you ſay to me is greate wonder,
For theſe quallities and I am farr aſſunder;
I am no ſuch Man as you have made reckoning,
But you ſhall ſpeake for me when I go a wiving:
Your praiſe will make me ſpeede, though it be not true,
Nor yet my ſubſtance worth an old horſe ſhooe.
Is your name *Charnocke*, and the ſame Man?
Yea Sir quoth I: then ſtumbled he to give me his hand:
And talked an howre with me in the *Philoſophers* ſpeeche,
And heard that in no queſtion I was to ſeeche,
My Son quoth he let me have thy prayer,
For of this *Science* I will make thee myne heire;
Boy quoth he lead me into ſome ſecret place,
And then departe for a certaine ſpace,
Uutill this man and I have talked together:
Which being done, quoth he, now gentle Brother,
Will you with me to morrow be content,
Faithfully to receive the bleſſed Sacrament,
Upon this Oath that I ſhall heere you give,
For ne Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you beare towards your Kinne,
Nor yet to no great Man preferment to wynne:
That you diſcloſe the ſeacret that I ſhall you teach,
Neither by writing nor by no ſwift ſpeech;
But only to him which you be ſure
Hath ever ſearched after the ſeacrets of Nature?
To him you may reveale the ſeacrets of this *Art*, (depart.
Under the Covering of *Philoſophie* before this world yee

What anſwer will you give me: let me heare?
Maſter quoth I, I grant your deſire.
Then Son quoth he keepe thys Oath I charge thee well
As thinkeſt to be ſaved from the pitt of Hell. (cion
The next day we went to Church, and after our devo-
A *Preiſt* of his Gentlenes heard both our Confeſſions;
Which being done, to Maſſe ſtreight we went,
And he miniſtred to us the holy Sacrament;
But he never wiſt what we meant therein:
For with a contrary reaſon I did him blinde,
And ſo home to dinner we went to our hoaſt,
All which refeccion I paid for the Coſt.
When dinner was done I walked in the field
Large and plaine, where people paſſe by but field,
And when we were in the midds, Boy quoth he go pick a
And come not againe before I for thee whiſtle. (Thiſtle
Now *Maſter* quoth I the Coaſt from hearers is cleare,
Then quoth he my *Sonn* hearken in thyne Eare;
And within three or foure words he revealed unto me,
Of Mineralls prudence the greate Miſterie.
Which when I heard my Spirits were raviſhed for Joy,
The *Grecians* were never gladder for the wynning of *Troy*:
As I was then remembring my good *Maſter* thoe,
For even the ſelfe ſame ſecret he did me ſhew:
Nyne dayes and no more I tarried with him ſure,
But Lord in this tyme what ſecrets of Nature
He opened to me at divers ſundry tymes,
As partly I have told thee in my former Rimes:
The reſt is not to be written on paine of Damnacion,
Or elſe in this *Boke* truly I would make relation;
Now *Father* quoth I, I will depart you froe,
And for you I wil pray whether ſoever I goe;
Son quoth he Gods bleſſing goe with thee and thyne,
And if thou ſpeede well, let me heare of thee againe.

THE

The sixt Chapter.

WHen I was gone a mile or two abroade,
With fervent prayer I praised the Lord:
Giveing him thankes for that prosperous Journy,
VVhich was more leaver to me then an 100 l. in mony:
Surely quoth I my *Master* shall know all this,
Or else my Braines shall serve me amisse;
Which if they were so good as the *Monke* made mencio,
Then would I write to my *Master* with a better invencio,
O Lord quoth I what a solemne Oath was this given!
Surely in sheetes of Brasse it is worthy to be graven;
For a perpetuall memory ever to remaine
Among the *Philosophers*, for an Oath certaine:
And when I was two dayes Journey homeward,
To aske him a question to him againe I fared,
Which I had forgotten, and would not for my Land,
But that doubt truly I might understand.

I thought it not much to goe backe with all speede,
To seeke him out, & to the house where I left him I yed,
And there in a Chamber anone I founde him out,
Praying upon his Beades very devout:
Father quoth I a word with you I doe beseech:
Who is that quoth he? my *Son Charnock* by his speech:
Yea forsooth quoth I, I am come back to you,
Desiring you heartily to tell me one thing true:
Which is this. Who was in *Philosophy* your Tutor,
And of that Seacret to you the Revealer?
Marry quoth he and speake it with harty Joy,
Forsooth it was *Ripley* the Canon his Boy:

Then I remembred my good *Maſter* againe,
Which tould he did it never attaine
Of no manner of Man but of God, he put it in his head,
As he for it was thinking lying in his Bead:
And thus I tarried with him all that night,
And made him as good Cheere as I might.
In the morning I tooke my leave of him to depart,
And in the proceſſe of tyme came home with a merry heart;
But that mirth was ſhortly turn'd to care,
For as I have tould you ſo my Worke did fare.
Once I ſet it on fyre which did me much woe,
And after my Man hindred me a Moneth or two;
Yet the *Gentleman* did me more ſpight then the reſt,
As when he made me from worke to be preſt,
Then Bedlam could not hold me I was ſo frett,
But ſowſt at my worke with a greate Hatchett;
Rathing my Potts and my Glaſſes altogether,
I wiſſe they coſt me more or I gott them thither:
The aſhes with my ſtur flew all about,
One Fire I ſpilt and the other I put out:
All the Rubiſh to the dunghill I carried in a Sack,
And the next day I tooke my Coates with the Croſſe at the back;
And forth I went to ſerve a Soldiers rome
And ſurely quoth I, there ſhall come the day of Dome;
Before I practiſe againe to be a *Philoſopher*,
Wherefore have me Commended to my good *Maſter*.
And now my ſtudents in this *Art*, my promiſe I have kept juſtly,
And that you ſhall finde true when you underſtand me truly;
Which before that day never thinke to ſpeede,
For a plainer *Boke* then this never deſire to reade:
And true it is alſo yf you can pick it out,
But it is not for every Cart-ſlave or Loute;

This

This to understand, no though his witts were fyne,
For it shalbe harde enough for a very good Divine
To Conster our meaning of this worthy *Scyence*,
But in the study of it he hath taken greate diligence:
Now for my good *Master* and *Me* I desire you to pray,
And if God spare me lyfe I will mend this another day.

Finished the 20th of July, 1557. *By the unletterd Schollar* Thomas Charnock, *Student in the most worthy* Scyence *of* Astronomy *and* Phylosophy.

Ænigma ad Alchimiam.

When vii. tymes xxvi. had run their rase,
Then Nature discovered his blacke face:
But when an C. and L. had overcome him in fight,
He made him wash his face white and bright:
Then came xxxvi. wythe greate rialltie,
And made Blacke and White away to fle:
Me thought he was a Prince off honoure,
For he was all in Golden armoure;
And one his head a Crowne off Golde
That for no riches it might be solde:
Which tyll I saw my hartte was colde
To thinke at length who should wyne the filde
Tyll Blacke and White to Red dyd yelde;
Then hartely to God did I pray
That ever I saw that joyfull day.

1572. T. Charnocke.

when

Ænigma de Alchimiæ.

WHen vii tymes xxvi had runne their raſe,
Then Nature diſcoved his blacke face.
But whith an C. and L. came in with great bloſt
And made Blacke nye to flye the Coſte:
Yet one came after and brought 30. off greate might,
Which made Blacke and White to flee quite;
Me thought he was a Prince off honor,
For he was all in Golden Armoure,
And one his hed a Crowne off Golde:
That for no riches it myght be ſolde,
And trewly with no *Philoſopher* I do mocke;
For I did it my ſellffe *Thomas Charnocke*:
Therefore God coomforte the in thy warke
For all our wrettinges are verye darke,
Deſpyſe all Bookes and them defye,
Wherein is nothing but *Recipe & Accipe*;
Fewe learned men with in this Realme,
Can tell the aright what I do meane;
I could finde never man but one,
Which cowlde teache me the ſecrets off our Stone:
And that was a *Pryſte* in the Cloſe off *Saleſburie*,
God reſt his Soll in heven full myrie.

1572.

T. CHARNOCKE.

BLOOMEFIELDS
BLOSSOMS:
OR,
The Campe of PHILOSOPHY.

WHen *Phœbus* was entred the ſigne of the *Ramme*,
In the Moneth of *March* when all things do ſpring;
Lying in my bed an old Man to me came,
Laying his hand on my buiſy head ſlumbering;
I am, ſaid he, *Tyme*, The *Producer of all thing*:
Awake and riſe, prepaire thy ſelfe quickly,
My intent is to bring thee to *the Campe of Philoſophy*.

2. Bloomes and Bloſſomes plentifully in that field,
Bene pleſantly flouriſhing dickt with Collour gay,
Lively water fountaines eke Beaſts both tame and wild;
Over ſhaddowed with Trees fruitefull on every ſpraye,
Mellodiouſly ſinging the Birds do ſitt and ſay:
Father Son and holy Ghoſt one God in perſons three,
Impery and honor be to thee O holy Trinity,

3. Lo thus when he had ſaid I aroſe quickly,
Doing on my Clothes in haſt with agility,
Towards the *Campe* (we went) *of Philoſophy*:
The wonderfull ſights ther for to ſee;
To a large greate Gate father *Tyme* brought me,
Which cloſed was then he to me ſaid,
Each thing hath his Tyme, be thou then nothing diſmaid.

4. Then greate admiration I tooke unto my ſelfe,
With ſore and huge perturbacion of minde,
Beholding the Gate faſtned with locks twelve:
I fantiſed but ſmally that *Tyme* ſhould be my frend:
Why ſtudieſt thou man, quoth hee, art thou blinde?
With a rodd he touched me, whereat I did downe fall
Into a ſtrong ſleepe, & in a Dreame he ſhewed me all.

1. *Igitur audite ſomnium meum quod vidi.* (ſeaven
In the thouſand yeare of Chriſt five hundred fifty and
In the Moneth of *March* a ſleepe as I did lye,
Late in the night, of the clock about Eleven,
In ſpirit wrapt I was ſuddainely into Heaven:
Where I ſaw ſitting in moſt glorious Majeſtie
Three I beholding: adored but one Deitie.

2. A Spirit incircumſcript, with burning heate incombuſtible,
Shining with brightnes, permanent as fountaine of all light.
Three knit in one with Glory incomprehenſible;
Which to behold I had a greate delight:
This truly to attaine to, ſurmounteth my might:
But a voyce from that Glorious brightnes to me ſaid,
I am one God of immenſurable Majeſtie; be not affraid.

3. In this Viſion cleere, that did it ſelfe ſoe extend
With a voyce moſt pleaſant being three in one;
Peirced my Minde, and tought me to Comprehend
The darke ſayings of *Philoſophers* each one;
The *Altitude*, *Latitude*, and *Profundity* of the *Stone*,
To be three in Subſtance, and one in Eſſence;
A moſt Heavenly Treaſure procreate by Quinteſſence.

4. Then ſtudied I what this Quinteſſence ſhould be,
Of viſible things apparant to the Eye;
The fift being even a ſtrange privetie,
In every ſubſtance reſting inviſibly;
The inviſible Godhead is the ſame thought I;
Primer cauſe of being, and the Primer Eſſence:
And of the *Macrocoſmy* the moſt ſoveraigne Quinteſſence.

5. This

5. This is that heavenly secret potentiall,
That divided is, and resteth invisible
In all things Animall, Vigetall and Minerall;
Whose vertue and strength in them is indivisible:
From God it cometh, and God maketh it sensible,
To some Elect, to others he doth it denay,
As I sat thus musing a voyce to me did say.

6. Study thou no more of my Being, but stedfastly
Beleive this Trinity equally knit in One;
Further of my Secrets to muse it is but folly,
Passing the Capacity of all humane reason;
The Heavens closed up againe at that season:
Then Father *Tyme* set me at the Gate,
And delivered me a Key to enter in thereat.

7. The Key of knowledge and of Excellent Science;
Whereby all secrets of *Philosophy* are reserate;
The seacrets of Nature sought out by diligence;
Avoyding fables of envious fooles inveterate:
Which *Recipe* and *Decipe* this *Scyence* is violate.
Therefore to me this Key he did dispose
The seacrets of this *Arte* to open and disclose.

8. Thus said Father *Tyme* this Key when he me tooke;
Unlock quoth he this Gate now by thy selfe,
And then upon him sorrowfully did I looke,
Saying that one Key could not undoe Locks twelve,
Whose Axe quoth he is sure both head and helve
Hold will together, till the Tree downe fall,
Soe open thou the first Lock and thou hast opned all.

9. What is the first Lock named tell me then
I pray thee, said I, and what shall I it call?
It is said he *the Seacret of all wise Men*;
Chaos in the bodyes called the *first Originall:*
Prima materia, our *Mercury*, our *Menstruall:*
Our *Vitriol*, our *Sulphur*, our *Lunary* most of price;
Put the Key in the Lock, twill open with a trice.

10. Then the Key of knowledge I buſily tooke in hand
And began to ſearch the hollownes in the Lock,
The words thereof I ſcarce did underſtand,
So craftily conveid they were in their ſtock;
I proved every way, and at laſt I did unlock
The crafty Gynns thus made for the nonce,
And with it the other Locks fell open all at once.

11. At this Gate opening even in the entry
A number of *Philoſophers* in the face I met,
Working all one way the ſecrets of *Philoſophy*
Upon *Chaos* darke that among them was ſet,
Sober men of living, peaceable and quiet;
They buiſily diſputed the *Materia Prima*,
Rejecting cleane away *Simul ſtulta & frivola.*

12. Here I ſaw the Father of Philoſophers, *Hermes*,
Here I ſaw *Ariſtotle* with cheere moſt jocund;
Here I ſaw *Morien*, and *Senior in Turba* more or leſſe,
Sober *Democritus*, *Albert*, *Bacon* and *Ramund*,
The *Monke* and the *Chanon of Bridlington* ſo profound,
Working moſt ſeacretly, who ſaid unto me;
Beware thou beleeve not all that thou doeſt ſee.

13. But if thou wilt enter this *Campe of Philoſophy*
With thee take *Tyme* to guide thee in the way;
For By-pathes and Broad wayes deepe Valies and hills high
Here ſhalt thou finde, with ſights pleaſant and gay,
Some thou ſhalt meete with, which unto thee ſhall ſay,
Recipe this, and that; with a thouſand things more,
To *Decipe* thy ſelfe, and others; as they have done before.

14. Then Father *Tyme* and I by favour of theſe men
Such ſights to ſee paſſed forth towards the *Campe*,
Where we met diſguiſed *Philoſophers* leane,
With Porpheries, and Morters ready to grinde and ſtampe,
Their heads ſhaking, their hands full of the Crampe:
Some lame with Spaſmer, ſome feeble, wan and blind
With Arſnick and Sulphus, to this *Art* moſt unkinde.

15. Theſe

15. These were *Brooke* the Preist, and *Yorke* with Coates gay,
Which robbed KING *HENRY* of a Million of Gold,
Martin Perien, Major, & Thomas De-la-hay
Saying that the King they greatly inrich would,
They whispered in his Eare and this Tale they him tould.
We will worke for your highnes the *Elixer vitæ*,
A princely worke called *Opus Regale*.

16. Then brought they in the Viccar of *Malden*
With his *Greene Lyon* that most Royall seacrett,
Richard Record, and litle Master *Eden*,
Their Mettalls by Corrasives to Calcine and frett;
Hugh Oldcastle and Sir *Robert Greene* with them mett.
Roasting and boyling all things out of kinde,
And like *Foolosophers* left of with losse in the end.

17. Yet brought they forth things beautifull to sight,
Deluding the King thus from day to day,
With Copper Citrinate for the Red, and albified for the White
And with Mercury rubified in a glasse full gay,
But at the last in the fire they went away.
All this was becaus they knew not the verity,
Of *Altitude*, *Latitude* and *Profundity*.

18. Thence Father *Tyme* brought me into a Wildernes,
Into a Thicket having by-paths many one;
Steps and footeings I saw there more and lesse
Wherein the aforesaid men had wandred and gone,
There I saw Marcasites, Mineralls, and many a stone.
As Iridis, Talck, and Alome, lay digd from the ground
The Mines of Lead, and Iron, that they had out found.

19. No marvel I trow though they were much set by
That with so greate Riches could endue the King,
So many Sundry wayes to fill up his Treasury;
With filty matters greate charges in to bring,
The very next way a Prince to bring to begging;
And make a noble Realme and Common wealth decay,
These are Royall *Philosophers* the cleane contrary way.

20. From thence forth I went (*Tyme* being my guide,)
Through a greene Wood, where Birds ſing cleerely,
Till we came to a field pleaſant large and wide
Which he ſaid was called *The Campe of Philoſophy*;
There downe we ſatt to heare the ſweete Harmony
Of divers Birds in their ſweete Notes ſinging,
And to receive the Savour of the flowers ſpringing.

21. Here *Juno*, here *Pallas*, here *Apollo* do dwell;
Here true *Philoſophers* take their dwelling place
Here duly the *Muſes* nyne drinke of *Pyrenes* Well,
No boaſting broyler here the *Arte* can deface;
Here *Lady Philoſophy* hath her royall Pallace:
Holding her Court in moſt high Conſiſtory,
Sitting with her Councellors moſt famous of memory.

22. There one ſaid to me, an ancient Man was hee,
Declaring forth the Matter of the *Stone*;
Saying that he was ſent thither to Councell me,
And of his Religion to chuſe me to be one;
A Cloath of Tiſhue he had him upon,
Verged about with Pearles of Collour freſh and gay,
He proceedeth with his Tale, and againe he did thus ſay.

23. Here all occult ſecrets of Nature knowen are,
Here all the Elements from things are drawne out;
Here Fire, Air and Water in Earth are knit together:
Here all our ſecret worke is truly brought about,
Here thou muſt learne in thy buſines to be ſtoute,
Night and day thou muſt tend thy worke buſily,
Having conſtant patience never to be weary.

24. As we ſatt talking by the Rivers running cleere,
I caſt myne Eye aſide and there I did behold
A *Lady* moſt excellent ſitting in an Arbour
Which clothed was in a Robe of fine Gold,
Set about with Pearles and Stones manifold.
Then ask't I Father *Tyme* what ſhe ſhould be?
Lady Philoſophy quoth, he moſt excellent of beauty.

25. Then was I stricken with an ardent Audacity,
The place to approach to where I saw this sight,
I rose up to walke and the other went before me,
Against the Arbour, till I came forth right,
There we all three humbly as we might,
Bowed downe our selves to her with humility.
With greate admiration extolling her felicity.

26. She shewed her selfe both gentle and benigne,
Her gesture and Countenance gladded our comming:
From her seate imperiall she did her selfe decline,
As a Lady loving perfect wisdome and Cunning,
Her goodly Poems, her Beauty was surmounting:
Her speech was decorate with such aureat sentence,
Far excelling famous *Tullies* Eloquence.

27. Then Father *Tyme* unto that *Lady* said,
Pleaseth it your highnes this poore Man to heare,
And him to assist with your most gratious aide:
Then she commanded him with me to draw neere
Son, said the *Lady*, be thou of good Cheere.
Admitted thou shalt be among greate and small
To be one of my Schollers principall.

28. Then she committed me to *Raymund Lullie*,
Commanding him my simplenes to instruct,
And into her Secrets to induce me fully,
Into her privy Garden to be my conduct:
First into a Towre most beautifull construct,
Father *Raymund* me brought, and thence immediately
He led me into her Garden planted deliciously.

29. Among the faire Trees one Tree in speciall,
Most vernant and pleasant appeared to my sight.
A name inscribed, *The Tree Philosophicall*,
Which to behold I had greate delight:
Then to *Philosophy* my troth I did plight
Her Majesty to serve; and to take greate paine,
The fruits of that Tree with *Raymund* to attaine.

30. Then

30 Then *Raymund* ſhewed me Budds fifteene
Springing of that Tree, and fruites fifteene moe,
Of the which ſaid Tree proceedes that we doe meane;
That all *Philoſophers* covet to attaine unto
The bleſſed *Stone*; one in Number and no moe:
Our greate *Elixer* moſt high of price,
Our *Azot*, our *Baſaliske*, our *Adrop*, and our *Cocatrice*.

31. This is our *Antimony* and our *Red Lead*
Glorioufly ſhining as *Phœbus* at midday,
This is our Crowne of Glory and Diadem of our head;
Whoſe beames reſplendant ſhall never fade away;
Who attaines this Treaſure, never can decay:
It is a Jewell ſo abundant and excellent,
That one graine will endure ever to be permanent.

32. I leave thee heere now our ſeacrets to attaine,
Looke that thou earneſtly my Councell do enſue,
There needes no blowing at the Cole, buiſines nor paine:
But at thyne owne eaſe here maiſt thou continue,
Old Antient writers beleive which are true:
And they ſhall thee learne to paſſe it to bring,
Beware therefore of too many, and hold thee to one thing.

33. This one thing is nothing elſe but the *Lyon greene*,
Which ſome Fooles imagine to be *Vitrioll Romaine*,
It is not of that thing which *Philoſophers* meane,
For nothing to us any Coroſive doth pertaine,
Underſtand therefore or elſe thy hand refraine
From this hard *Scyence*, leaſt thou doe worke amiſſe,
For I will tell thee truly; now marke what it is.

34. Greene of Collor our *Lyon* is not truly
But vernant and greene evermore enduring
In moſt bitternes of death, he is lively:
In the fire burning he is evermore ſpringing;
Therefore the *Salamander* by the fire living,
Some men doe him call, and ſome na other name,
The *Metталline Menſtruall*, it is ever the ſame.

35. Some

35. Some call it also a *Substance exuberate*,
Some call it *Mercury* of Mettaline essence,
Some *Limus deserti* from his body evacuate,
Some the *Eagle flying* from the North with violence:
Some call it a *Toade* for his greate vehemence.
But few or none at all doe name it in his kinde,
It is a *privy Quintessence*; keepe it well in minde.

36. This is not in sight, but resteth invisible;
Till it be forced out of *Chaos* darke,
Where he remaineth ever indivisible,
And yet in him is the foundacion of our warke,
In our *Lead* it is, so that thou it marke.
Drive it out of him so out of all other,
I can tell thee no better if thou wert my Brother.

37. This *Chaos* darke the Mettalls I do call,
Because as in a Prison it resteth them within,
The seacret of Nature they keepe in thrall:
Which by a meane we do warily out-twyne,
The working whereof the easier to begin.
Lift up thy head and looke upon the heaven,
And I will learne thee truly to know the *Planets* seaven.

The second parte of the Booke.

Saturne in all, to this *Arte* hath most respect,
Of whom we draw a Quintessence most excellent,
Unto our Magistery himselfe he doth connect,
United in quallitie, and also made equipolent
In strength and in vertue; who lists to be diligent,
Shall finde that we seeke an heavenly tresure
And a precious Jewell that ever shall endure.

2. *Jupiter* the gentle, endewed with Azure blew,
Examiner by Juſtice declareth true Judgement,
Altering his Colours ever freſh and new,
In his occult Nature to this *Arte* is convenient;
To *Philoſophie* is ſerviceable and alſo obedient,
Joyned with *Lunary* after his owne kinde,
Conteyneth this *Arte* and leaveth nothing behinde.

3. *Mars* that is Martiall in Citty and Towne,
Fierce in Battaile, full of debate and ſtrife,
A noble Warriour, and famous of renowne,
With fire and ſword defendeth his owne lyfe,
He ſtaineth with blood and ſlaieth with a knife
All ſpirits and bodyes, his *Arts* be ſo bold,
The harts of all others he wyns to him with Gold.

4 The *Sun* moſt glorious ſhining with power potent,
Above all other faire *Planets* ſeaven,
Shedding his light to them all indifferent,
With his glorious Beames and gliſtering ſhine,
He lightneth the Earth and the Firmament of Heaven:
Who can him diſſolve and draw out his Quinteſſence,
Unto all other *Planets* he ſhall give influence.

5. Lady *Venus* of love the faire Goddeſſe
With her Son *Cupid* apperteyneth to this *Arte*,
To the love of the *Sun* when ſhe doth her addreſſe,
With her Darts of love ſtriketh him to the hearte,
Joyned to his ſeede of his ſubſtance ſhe taketh parte:
Her ſelfe ſhe endueth with excellent Tiſſue,
Her corrupt nature when ſhe doth renew.

6. *Mercury* this ſeeing begineth to be fugitive,
With his rodd of Inchantment litle doth he prevaile,
Taken often Priſoner himſelfe doth revive;
Till he be ſnared with the *Dragons Tayle*
Then doth he on a hard Coate of Male,
Soudred together with the *Sunn* and *Moone*,
Then is he Maſtered and his Inchantment done:

The *Moone* that is called the leſſer *Lunary*,
Wife unto *Phœbus*, ſhining by Night,
To others gives her Garments through her hearb *Lunary*,
And from the North to the South ſhineth full bright,
If you do for her looke ſhe hydeth from your ſight.
But by faire intreaty ſhe is won at the laſt,
With *Azot* and *Fire* the whole Maſtery thou haſt.

8. The Maiſtery thou getteſt not yet of theſe *Planets* ſeaven,
But by a miſty meaning knowne only unto us;
Bring them firſt to Hell, and afterwards to Heaven:
Betwixt lyfe and death then thou muſt diſcuſſe,
Therefore I councell thee that thou worke thus:
Diſſolve and *Seperate* them, *Sublime*, *Fix* and *Congeale*,
Then haſt thou all: therefore doe as I thee tell.

9. Diſſolve not with Corroſive nor uſe Separacion
With vehemence of Fire, as Multipliers doe uſe,
Nor to the Glaſſe topp make thou Sublimacion;
Such wayes inordinate *Philoſophers* refuſe,
Their ſayings follow, and wiſely them peruſe:
Then ſhalt thou not thy ſelfe lewdly delude
In this goodly *Scyence*: Adiew, I thus conclude.

Incipit Theorica.

VVEE intend now through grace divine
In few words of *Chaos* for to write,
Light from Darknes to cauſe forth to ſhine,
Long before hidden as I ſhall recite,
In every thing unknowne it is requiſite
A Seacret to ſearch out which is inviſible,
Materiall of our Maiſtry, a ſubſtance inſenſible:

2. Becauſe I ſhould not ſeeme to incloſe
Long hidden ſecrets unto me committed,
Of my Lord God. Therefore plainely of *Chaos*,
My purpoſe ſhalbe thereof to be acquitted,
For dangerous burthens are not eaſily lighted.
In faith therfore I ſhall my ſelfe endeavour,
Lightly to diſcharge me before God for ever.

3. Devotely therefore unto thee O Lord I call,
Send me thy Grace to make explicacion
Of *Chaos*: For thou art opener of ſecrets all:
Which ever art ready to heare the Suplicacion
Of thy meeke Servants, which with hearty humiliacion
To thee do I apply: ſend me now thy grace
Of thy Secrets, to write in due order tyme and place.

4. *Chaos* is no more to ſay, this is doubtles,
(As *Ovid* writeth in his *Metamorphoſin*)
But a certaine rude ſubſtance, *indigeſtaq; moles*,
Having divers Natures reſting it within,
Which with the Contrary we may it out twyne.
By *Philoſophers Arte*, who ſo the feat doth know
The foure Elements from *Chaos* to out draw.

5. This *Chaos* as all things hath Dimenſions three,
Which well conſidered ſhall follow the effect,
That is *Altitude*, *Latitude* and *Profunditie*,
By which three all the Water is direct:
Unto theſe Dimenſions who hath no reſpect
Shall never divide the *Chaos* in his kinde,
But after his labour ſhall finde fraud in the end.

6. *Chaos* is to us the Vine-tree white and red,
Chaos is each Beaſt, Fiſh and Fowle in his kinde,
Chaos is the Oare, and Mine of Tinn and Lead,
Of Gold and Silver that we ont finde,
Iron and Copper which things do binde:
And hold our ſights and witts unto them bound,
The ſecrets hid in them which we ne underſtand.

7. Out

7. Out of this miſty *Chaos*, the *Philoſophers* expert,
Doe a ſubſtance draw called a *Quinteſſence.*
Craftily deviding the foure Elements by Art:
With great Wiſdome ſtudy and Diligence,
The which high Seacreat hath a divine Influence;
That is ſupernaturall of Fooles thought impoſſible,
An Oyle or ſuch like called Incombuſtible.

8. The Mayſtery of this plainely to ſhew thee,
In forme heareafter I will it declare:
Setting forth here the *Philoſophers Tree*,
Wherein now the whole *Arte* I ſhall Compare:
In this faire *Tree* Sixteene frutes are,
More precious then Gold in the Stomake to digeſt,
Put thy hand thereto and take of the beſt.

9. And leſt the fault imputed ſhould be,
In me, or nothers that of this *Arte* doth write.
I ſet before thee the true figure of the *Tree*,
Wherein orderly the *Arte* I will recite;
Underſtand my Sentence that thou maiſt worke right,
Conſider that I ſaid that *Chaos* is all thing
That we begin of, the true way of working.

10. Put caſe thy *Chaos* be Animall, Vegitall or Minerall,
Let reaſon gnide thee to worke after the ſame;
If thou workeſt out of kinde, then looſeſt thou all:
For Nature with Nature rejoyceth and maketh true game,
Worke Animall with his kind and keepe thee out of blame;
Vegetable and Minerall in their Order due,
Then ſhalt thou be counted a *Philoſopher* true.

11. When thou haſt found what it is indeede,
Then knoweſt thou thy forme by reaſon it muſt be,
Search it wittily and draw from him his ſeede:
Then is there thy *Altitude* ſuperficiall to ſee,
The *Latitude* ſhall appeare anon beleeve me.
When thou haſt divided the Elements aſſunder,
Then the *Profundity* amongſt them lyeth hid under.

12. Here is *Materia Prima*, and *Corpus confuſum*,
But not yet the *Matter* of which *Philoſophers* doe treate,
Yet this one conteyneth the other in Somme:
For *Forma*, *Materia* and *Corpus* together are knit;
With the Menſtruall Water firſt thou muſt them frett:
That the Body firſt be finely Calcinate,
After diſſolved and purely evacuate,

13. Then is it the true *Mercury* of the *Philoſophers*,
Unto the Mayſtery apt needefull and ſerviceable;
More of this thing I neede not much rehearſe:
For this is all the Secret moſt Commendable;
Materia Prima it is called Multiplicable,
The which by *Arte* muſt be exuberate,
Then it is the *Matter* of which Mettalls were generate.

14. *Sulphur* of Nature and not that which is common,
Of Mettalls muſt be made; if that thou wilt ſpeede,
Which will turne them to his kinde every each one;
His Tincture into them abroad he will ſpread,
It will fix *Mercury* common at thy neede.
And make him apt true Tincture to receive.
Worke as I have tould thee, and it ſhall not thee deceive.

15. Then of *Sun* and *Moone* make thou Oyle incombuſtible,
With *Mercury* vegetable or elſe with *Lunary*,
Inſerate therewith and make thy *Sulphur* fluxible
To abide thy Fire and alſo thy *Mercury*
Be fixt and flowing, then haſt thou wrought truly.
And ſo haſt thou made a Worke for the nonce,
And gott a *Stone* more precious then all Stones.

16. Fix it up now with perfect Decoccion,
And that with eaſy heate, and not vehement,
For feare of Induracion, and Vitrificacion,
Leaſt thou looſe all and thy labour miſpent:
With Eight dayes and nights, this *Stone* is ſufficient,
The greate *Elixir* moſt high of price,
Which *Raymond* called his *Baſiliske* and *Cocatrice*.

17. To this excellent worke greate Cost neede not be,
Many Glasses or Potts about it to breake,
One Glasse, one Furnace and no more of necessity,
Who more doth spill, his witts are but weake,
All this is stilled in a Limbeck with a Beake.
As touching the Order of Distillacion,
And with a blinde head on the same for Solucion.

18. In this thy *Mercury* taketh his true kinde,
In this he is brought to Multiplicacion;
In this made he his *Sulphur*, beare it well in minde,
Tincture he hath herein, and inceracion,
In this the *Stone* is brought to his perfect Creacion;
In one Glasse, one Thing, one Fire and no mo,
This Worke is Compleate. *Da gloriam Deo.*

Incipit Practica.

WE have sufficiently declared the *Theorique*,
In words misticall making declaracion.
Let us now proceede plainely with the *Practique*,
Largely of the Matter to make explanacion:
I will therefore that you marke well my Narracion,
As true Disciples my Doctrine to attend
My *Testament*, and last *Will* to you I do comend.

2. Be you Holy therefore, Sober, Honest, and Meeke;
Love God and your Neighbour, to the Poore bee not unkind;
Overcome Sathan, Gods Glory see you seeke,
My *Son* be gentle to all men, as a Frend;
Fatherles and Widdow have alwaies in thy minde,
Innocente love as Brothers, the wicked do eschew,
Let Flasehood and Flattery goe, least thou it rue.

3. Devoutely ſerve God, call daily for his grace,
Worſhip him in Spirit with heart contrite and pure,
In no wiſe let Sathan thy prayers deface:
Looke thou be ſtedfaſt in faith and truſt moſt ſure,
Lay up treaſure in heaven which ever ſhall endure:
In all Adverſity be gentle in thy heart
Againſt thy Foe; ſo ſhalt thou him convert.

4. Moſt heartily therefore O Lord to thee I call,
Beſeeching thee to ayde me with thy heavenly grace,
Lovingly thy Spirit upon me downe let fall;
Overſhaddowing me that I at no tyme treſpas,
My Lord and my God grant me to purchaſe
Full knowledge of thy Secrets, with thy mercy to wine,
Intending thy truth this Practiſe I begin.

5. Liſten thou my *Son*, and thine Eares incline.
Delight have thou to learne this Practiſe ſage and true,
Attend my ſaying, and nore well this Diſcipline:
Theſe Rules following do as it doth enſue,
This labour once begun thou muſt it continue
Without tedious ſluggardice, and ſlothfull wearines:
So ſhalt thou thereby acquire to thee greate Riches.

6. In the name of God this *Seacret* to attaine,
Joyne thow in one Body with a perfect unity:
Firſt the red Man, and the white Woman theſe twaine:
One of the Mans ſubſtance, and of the Womans three,
By Liquefaction joyned together muſt they be:
The which Conjunction is called Diptative,
That thus is made betweene Man and Wife.

7. Then after that they be one Body made,
With the ſharpe teeth of a Dragon finely,
Bring them to Duſt, the next muſt be had,
The true proporcion of that Duſt truly,
In a true Ballance weighing them equally;
With three tymes as much of the fiery Dragon
Mixing altogether, then haſt thou well done.

8. Thy

8. Thy Substance thus together proportionate,
Put in a Bedd of Glasse with a bottome large and round,
There in due tyme to dye, and be regenerate
Into a new Nature, three Natures into one bound,
Then be thou glad that ever thou it found.
For this is the Jewell shall stand thee most in stead,
The Crowne of Glory, and Diadem of thy head.

9. When thou hast thus mixt thy Matter as is said,
Stop well the Glasse that the Dragon goe not out;
For he is so subtile that if he be overlayd
With Fire unnaturall, I put thee out of doubt,
For to escape he will search all about;
Therefore with gentle Fire looke that thou keepe it in,
So shalt thou of him the whole Maystery winne.

10. The whole Maystery hereof duly to fulfill,
Set thy Glasse and Matter upon thine Athenor;
Our Furnace called the *Philosophers Dunghill*,
With a temperate heate working evermore;
Night and day continually have Fuell in store,
Of Turfe, of Sawdust, or dry chopped segges,
That the heate be equipolent to the Hen upon her Eggs.

11. Such heate continually loke thou doe not lack,
Forty dayes long for their perfect union
In them is made; For first it turnes to Black,
This Collour betokens the right Putrefaction,
This is the begining of perfect Conception
Of your Infant into a new generation,
A most pretious Jewell for our Consolation.

12. Forty dayes more the Matter shall turne VVhite,
And cleere as Pearles; which is a declaration,
Of voiding away of his Cloudes darke night;
This sheweth our Infants full organization,
Our White *Elixir* most cleere in his Creation.
From White into all Colours withouten faile,
Like to the Rainebow or the Peacocks Tayle.

13. So forth augment thy Fire continually,
Under thy Matter eaſily they muſt be fedd,
Till theſe Collours be gone uſe it wiſely;
For ſoone after appeareth Yellow the meſſenger of the Redd,
When that is come then haſt thou well ſped,
And haſt brought forth a *Stone* of price,
Which *Raymund* calls his *Baſiliske and Cocatrice.*

14. Then 40 dayes to take his whole Fixation,
Let it ſtand in heate moſt temperate,
That in that tyme thou ſpare thy Fermentation,
To increaſe him withall that he be not violate,
Beware of Fire and Water, for that will it ſuffocate.
Take one to a hundred of this Confection,
And upon *crude Mercury* make thou Projection.

15. One of thy *Stone* I meane upon an hundred fold,
After the firſt and ſecond right Fermentation,
Of *Mercury crude*, turneth it to fine *Gold*,
As fine, as good, and as naturall in ponderation,
The *Stone* is ſo vehement in his penetrations,
Fixt and Fuſible as the Gold-ſmiths Souder is,
Worke as I have ſaid, and thou canſt not doe amiſſe.

16. Now give thankes to the bleſſed Trinity,
For the benefit of this precious *Stone*,
That with his grace hath ſo much lightned thee,
Him for to know being three in one,
Hold up thy hands to his heavenly Throne.
To his Majeſty let us ſing *Hoſanna*,
Altiſſimo Deo ſit honor & gloria.

The

The Conclusion.

OUr Magistery is Three, Two, *and* One:
The Animall, Vegitable *and* Minerall Stone.
First I say in the name of the holy Trinity,
Looke that thou joyne in One, Persons Three.
The Fixt, *the* Variable *and the* Fugitive,
Till they together tast Death and Live.
The first to the Dragon *fell,*
That shall the other twaine both slay and quell:
The Sun *and* Moone *shall louse their light,*
And in mourning Sables they shall them dight,
Threescore dayes long or neere thereabouts:
Then shall Phœbus *appeare first out,*
With strange Collours in all the Firmament,
Then our Joy is coming and at hand present:
Then Orient Phœbus *in his hemisphere*
To us full gloriously shall appeare:
Thus who can worke wisely
Shall attaine unto our Mastery.

FINIS.

SIR EDWARD KELLE'S VVORKE.

ALL you that faine *Philoſophers* would be,
And night and day in *Geber's* kitchin broyle,
Waſting the chipps of ancient *Hermes Tree*,
Weening to turne them to a pretious Oyle,
The more you worke the more you looſe and ſpoile.
To you I ſay, how learned ſoever you be,
Goe burne your Bookes and come and learne of me.

Although to my one Booke you have red tenn,
Thats not inough, for I have heard it ſaid,
The greateſt Clarkes ar not the wiſeſt men,
A Lion once a ſilly Mouſe obeyd,
In my good will ſo hold your ſelves appaid:
And though I write not halfe ſo ſweete as *Tully*,
Yet ſhall you finde I trace the ſtepps of *Lully*.

Yt doth you good to thinke how your deſire,
And ſelfe-conceit doth warrantize vaine hope,
You ſpare no coſt, you want no coals for fier,
You know the vertues of the Elitrope,
You thinke your ſelves farr richer then the Pope.
What thinge hath being either high or low,
But their *Materia prima* you do know.

Elixir vitæ, and the precious *Stone*,
You know as well as how to make an Apple;
If't come to the workinge then let you alone,
You know the coullers black brown bay and dapple,
Controwle you once then you begin to fraple.
Swearing and ſaying, what a fellow is this?
Yet ſtill you worke but ever worke amiſſe.

No

No no, my friends, it is not vauntinge words,
Nor mighty oaths that gaines that sacred skill;
It is obteined by grace and not by swords;
Nor by greate reading, nor by long sitting still,
Nor fond conceipt nor working all by will.
But as I said by grace it is obteined,
Seeke grace, therefore, let folly be refrained.

It is no costly thing I you assure,
That doth beget *Magnesia* in hir kind.
Yet is hir selfe by leprosie made pure:
Hir eyes be cleerer being first made blind:
And he that can Earths fastnes once unbind,
Shall quickly know that I the truth have tould,
Of sweete *Magnesia*, Wife to purest Gold.

Now what is meant by Man and Wife is this,
Agent and Patient, yet not two but one,
Even as was *Eva*, *Adams* Wife I wisse:
Flesh of his Flesh and Bone of his Bone,
Such is the Unionhood of our precious *Stone*.
As *Adam* slept untill his Wife was made,
Even so our *Stone*, ther can no more be said.

By this you se how thus it came to passe,
That first was Man, and Woman then of him:
Thus *Adam* heere as first and cheefest was,
And still remaineda Man of perfect limme,
Then Man and Wife were joynd together trimme.
And each in love to other straight addressed them,
And did increase their kind when God had blessed them.

Even so the Man our *Stone* is said to sleepe,
Untill such time his Wife be fully wrought;
Then he awakes, and joyfully doth keepe
His new made Spouse, which he so dearely bought,
And when to such perfection they be brought,
Rejoyce the beauty of so faire a bride,
Whose worth is more then halfe the world beside.

I doubte as yet you hardly understand,
What Man or Wife doth truly signifie,
And yet I know you beare your selves in hand,
That out of doubt it *Sulpher* is and *Mercury*,
And so yt is, but not the common certeinly:
But *Mercury* essentiall is trewly the trew Wife,
That kilies her selfe to bring her Child to life.

For first and formost she receaves the Man,
Her perefct love doth make her soone conceive:
Then doth she strive with all the force she can,
In spite of love of life him to bereave,
Which being done then will she never leave,
But labour kindly like a loving Wife,
Untill againe she him have brought to life.

Then he againe her kindnesse to requite,
Upon her head doth set a Crowne of glory,
And to her praise he Poems doth indite,
Whose Poems make each Poet write a story,
And that she shew him then she is not sorry.
For he by vertue of his loving Wife,
Not only lives, but also giveth life.

But here I wish you rightly understand,
How heere he makes his Concubine his Wife,
Which if you know not, do not take in hand,
This worke which unto fooles is nothing rife,
And looke you make attonement where is strife.
Then strip the Man into his shirt of Tishew,
And her out of her smock to ingender yssue.

To tell you troath he wanteth for no Wives
In Land, or Sea, in Water, Air, or Fire,
Without their deaths he wanteth not their lives.
Except they live he wants his cheif desire,
He bindes them prentice to the righteest Dier,
And when they once all Sorrowes have abidden,
Then finde they Ioyes which from them first were hidden.

For

For then they finde the Joy of ſweete encreaſe,
They bring forth Children beautifull to ſight.
The which are able Priſners to releaſe;
And to the darkeſt Bodyes give true light,
Their hevenly Tincture is of ſuch great might.
Oh! he that can but light on ſuch a treaſure,
Who would not thinke his Joyes were out of meaſure?

Now by this queſtion I ſhall quickly know
If you can tell which is his Wife indeede:
Is ſhe quick footed, faire faced yea or no,
Flying or fixed as you in Bookes do reade?
Is ſhe to be fed or elſe doth ſhe feede?
Wherein doth ſhe joy, where's her habitation?
Heavenly or Earthly, or of a ſtrange nacion?

What is ſhe poore? or is ſhe of any wealth?
Bravely of her attyre, or meane in her apparrell?
Or is ſhe ſick? or is ſhe in perfect health?
Mild of her Nature? or is ſhe given to quarrell?
Is ſhe a Glutton? or loves ſhe the Barrell?
If any one of theſe you name her for to be,
You know not his Wife, nor never did her ſee.

And that will I prove to you by good reaſon,
That truly noe one of all theſe is ſhe,
This is a queſtion to you that is geaſon:
And yet ſome parte of them all ſhe muſt be,
Why then, ſome parte is not all you may ſee.
Therefore the true Wife which I doe meane,
Of all theſe Contraries is the Meane betweene.

As Meale and Water joyned both together,
Is neither Meale nor Water now but Dow;
Which being baked, is Dow nor Water neither:
Nor any more will each from other goe,
The meane betweene is Wife, our Wife even ſo:
And in this hidden point our ſeacret lyes,
It is enough, few words content the wiſe.

Now

Now by this ſimile heere I do reveale,
A mighty Secret if you marke it well;
Call *Mercury* Water, imagine *Sulphur* Meale,
What Meale I meane I hope the wiſe can tell:
Bake them by craft, make them together dwell,
And in your working make not too much haſt,
For Wife ſhe is not while ſhe is in Paſte.

This leſſon learn'd now give me leave to play,
I ſhall the fitter be to learne another,
My minde is turn'd cleane cam another way.
I doe not love ſweete ſecret thoughts to ſmother,
It is a Child you know that makes a Mother.
Sith ſo it is then muſt we have a Childe,
Or elſe of Motherhood we are beguild.

What will you ſay if I a wonder tell you,
And prove the Mother is Child and Mother too?
Do you not thinke I goe about to ſell you
A bargaine in ſport, as ſome are wont to do?
Iſt poſſible the Mother, to weare her Infants ſhoe?
In faith it is in our *Philoſophy*,
As I will prove by reaſon by and by.

Ripley doth bid you take it for no ſcorne,
With patience to attend the true Conjunccion,
For ſaith he in the Aire our Child is borne,
There he receiveth the holy Unction,
Alſo with it a heavenly function.
For after death reviv'd againe to lyfe,
This all in all both Husband Child and Wife.

Whilſt all is Earth *Conception* it is termed,
And *Putrefaction* tyme of lying in,
Perfect *Conjunction* (by artes-men is affirmd)
The womans Childing where doth all Ioy beg
Who knowes not this, his witts are very thin.
When ſhe is ſtrong and ſhineth faire and bright,
She's tearm'd the VVife moſt beautifull to ſight.

Loe thus you see that you are not beguil'd;
For if you marke it I have proved by Reason,
How both is one the Mother and the Child,
Conception, Breeding, Childing, every season:
I have declared to you without all Treason,
Or any false ambiguous word at all;
And hewn you worke then finde it true you shall.

This is that *Mercury* essentiall truly,
Which is the principall of the *Stone* materiall,
And not those crude Amalgames began newly;
These are but *Mercuries* superficiall,
This is that Menstrue of perfect tincturiall:
This is most truly that One thing,
Out of the which all profitt must springe.

If this content you not, abide displeas'd for me,
For I have done. If Reason take no place,
What can be said, but that there doubts will be,
Doe what one can, where folly wins the race.
Let it suffice, this is the perfect Base,
Which is the *Stone* that must dissolved be.
How that is done I will declare to thee.

This is the *Stone* that *Ripley* bidds you take,
(For untill thus it be it is no *Stone*)
Be rul'd by me, my councell not forsake,
And he commands, Let Crudities alone,
If thou have grace to keep thee free from moan.
Then stick to this, let Phansey not o'resway thee,
Let Reason rule, for Phansey will betray thee.

Take thou this *Stone*, this *Wife*, this *Child*, this *All*,
Which will be Gummous, crumbling, silken, soft:
Upon a Glasse or Porphire beat it small,
And as you grinde, with *Mercury* feede it oft,
But not so much that *Mercury* swim aloft,
But equall parts, nipt up their seed to save;
Then each in other are buried within their grave.

When thus and there you have it as is ſaid,
Worke in all points as Nature wrought at firſt:
For Blacknes had thow needeſt not be afraid,
It wilbe White, then art thou paſt the worſt,
Except th ou breake thy Glaſſe and beaccurſt;
But if through Blacknes thou to Whitenes march,
Then will it be both White and ſoft as Starch.

This very place is cal'd by many names,
As *Imbibition*, *Feeding*, *Sublimation*,
Clyming high Mountaines, alſo *Childrens Games*;
And rightly it is termed *Exaltation*,
When all is nothing elſe but *Circulation*
Of the foure Elements whatſoere fooles clatter,
Which is done by heate upon Forme and Matter.

Earth is the loweſt Element of All
Which Black, is exalted into Water,
Then no more Earth but Water wee it call;
Although it ſeeme a black Earthy matter,
And in black duſt all about will ſcatter,
Yet when ſoe high as to Water it hath clym'd,
Then is it truly ſaid to be *Sublym'd*

When this black Maſſe againe is become White,
Both in and out like ſnow and ſhining faire,
Then this Child, this Wife, this Heaven ſo bright,
This Water Earth ſublimed into Aire,
When there it is it further will prepare
It ſelfe into the Element of Fire,
Then give God thankes for granting thy deſire.

This Black, this White, doe we call *Seperation*,
Which is not manuall but Elementall;
It is no crude Mercuriall Sublimation,
But Natures true worke conſubſtantiall,
The White is called *Conjunction* naturall,
Secret and perfect Conjunction not groſſe;
Which bringeth profitt all other loſſe.

When thrice yee have turned this Wheele about,
Feeding and working it as I have ſaid,
Then will it flow like Wax without doubt:
Giving a Tincture that will not vade.
Abiding all tryalls that can be made.
If wiſely Project you can and keepe free,
Both profitt and creditt to you it wilbe.

Your *Medicine* fixed and perfectly flowing,
White you muſt thinke will Whitenes increaſe;
So Red begets Red as Seede in the ſowing
Begetteth his like or as kinde doth in Beaſſe,
And fire muſt be the true maker of peace:
For white or red *Ferment* your *Medicine* augmenteth,
And perfectly tinckteth and ſoone it relenteth.

That is to ſay, your *Medicine* ended,
If White melt downe Silver and thereon Project it,
If Red melt downe Sol, for ſo it is intended;
Like unto like in no wiſe reject it,
And out of the pureſt looke you elect it.
Medicen one parte upon *Ferment* ten,
That One on one Thouſand of *Jupiter* then.

Your *Jupiter* ſtanding red hot on the fyre,
So ſoone as your *Medicine* upon him is caſt,
Preſently ſtandeth ſo hard as a Wyre,
For then he is fixed and melteth by blaſt,
And of all your working thisis the laſt.
Then let it by Teſt or ſtrong water be tryde,
The beſt Gold or Silver no better ſhall bide.

Mercury crude in a Crucible heated,
Preſently hardeneth lik Silver anealed;
And in the high Throwne of Luna is ſeated,
Silver or Gold as Medicine hath ſealed:
And thus our greate *Secret* I have reveled.
Which divers have ſeene, and my ſelfe have wrought,
And dearely I prize it, yet give it for nought.

FINIS. E. K.

SIR ED: KELLEY
CONCERNING
the Philosophers Stone *written to his especiall good Freind*, G. S. *Gent.*

THe heavenly Cope hath in him Natures fower,
Two hidden; but the rest to sight appeare:
Wherein the Spermes of all the Bodies lower;
Most secrett are, yett spring forth once a yeare,
And as the Earth with Water, Authors are,
So of his parte is Drines end of care.

No Flood soe greate as that which floweth still,
Nothing more fixt than Earth digested thrise:
No Winde so fresh as when it serveth will;
No Profitt more, then keepe in, and be wise,
No better happ, then drie up Aire to dust,
For then thou maist leave of, and sleepe thy lust.

Yett will I warne thee least thou chaunce to faile,
Sublyme thine Earth with stinkeing Water erst,
Then in a place where *Phœbus* onely tayle
Is seene att midday, see thou mingle best:
For nothing shineth that doth want his light,
Nor doubleth beames, unlesse it first be bright.

Lett

Lett no man leade, unleſſe he know the way
That wiſe men teach, or *Adrop* leadeth in,
Whereof the firſt is large and eaſieſt pray;
The other hard, and meane but to begin.
For ſurely theſe and no one more is found,
Wherein *Appollo* will his harp-ſtrings ſound.

Example learne of GOD that plaſte the Skyes,
Reflecting vertues from and t'every poynt,
In which the mover wherein all things lyes,
Doth hold the vertues all of every Joynt:
And therefore *Eſſence firſt* may well be ſaid,
Conteining all and yett himſelfe a Maid.

Remember alſo how the *Gods* began,
And by Diſcent who was to each the Syre,
Then learne their Lives and Kingdomes if you can,
Their Manners eke, with all their whole Attire;
Which if thou doe, and know to what effect;
The learned *Sopheis* will thee not reject,

If this my Doctrine bend not with thy brayne,
Then ſay I nothing though I ſaid too much:
Of truth tis good will moved me, not gaine,
To write theſe lynes: yett write I not to ſuch
As catch at Crabs, when better fruits appeare,
And want to chuſe at fitteſt time of yeare.

Thou maiſt (my Freind) ſay, what is this for lore?
I anſwere, ſuch as auncient Phyſicke taught:
And though thou read a thouſand Bookes before,
Yett in reſpect of this, they teach thee Naught:
Thou mayſt likewiſe be blind, and call me Foole
Yett ſhall theſe Rules for ever praiſe their Schoole.

TESTAMENTUM JOHANNIS DEE PHILOSOPHI SUMMI

ad Johannem Gwynn, transmissum 1568.

THis *Letter* third and last I minde to make,
At your request for very vertues sake;
Your written panges, and methods set aside,
From that I byd, looke that you never slide.
Cut that in Three, which Nature hath made One,
Then strengthen hyt, even by it self alone,
Wherewith then Cutte the poudred Sonne in twayne,
By length of tyme, and heale the woonde againe.
The self same Sunne twys yet more, ye must wounde,
Still with new Knives, of the same kinde, and grounde;
Our *Monas* trewe thus use by natures Law,
Both binde and lewse, only with rype and rawe,
And ay thanke God who only is our Guyde,
All is ynugh, no more then at this Tyde.

Tho-

THOMAS ROBINSONUS
DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHORUM.

THe Heavens, the Earth, and all that in them is,
Were in six Dayes perfected from Abisse:
From One sprung foure; from foure a second One;
This last a Gritt; that first the Corner Stone.
Without the First the Last may not be had;
Yet to the First the Last is too too bad.
When from the Earth the Heavens were seperated,
Were not the Heavens with Earth first cohobated?
And when the Heavens, and Earth and all were not;
Were onely Heavens create; and Earth forgott?
No: Heavens, and Earth sprung all from one at first:
Then who can say or Heavens, or Earth is worst?
Is not the Earth the Mother of them all?
And what the Heavens, but Earths essentiall?
Although they have in Heaven no Earthly residence,
Yet in the Earth doth rest their Heavenly influence:
Were not the Earth, what were the other Three?
Were not the Heavens, what on the Earth could be?
Thus as they came, so shall they passe together;
But unto Man not knowne from whence, or whither.
And for the tyme of Earths Heaven purifying,
Six thousand yeares they live, and have their dying:
Then all shall rest eternall and divine,
And by the Beauty of the Godhead shine.
I sweare there is noe other truth but this
Of that great *Stone*; which many seeke and misse.

FINIS.

EXPERIENCE AND *PHILOSOPHY.*

HAve you not heard yee Princes great, you Lords & Ladies all,
Of the mishap and heavy chaunce that now of late did fall?
A wofull Tale to tell
VVho could expresse it well:
Oh that some learned *Poet* had byne
With me, to se that I have sene:
Or else some other standing by,
That well could write a Tragidy
Of lasting fame and memory.
For yet not since this VVorld began,
Such cry, such clamour as was than
Heard never any earthly Man.

Experience that Princesse greate, I saw her in her Throne
Of glory, where her Majesty delightes to sitt upon;
And on her wayting by
A blessed Company
Of Virgins pure, that as I gesse,
VVere Children to that great Goddesse:
Their Princely port, their Comly grace,
Their pierles featur'd hands and face
Did shew them of most Noble race:
But of their prudent skill to tell,
In Artes where in they did excell,
No earthly Tongue can do it well.

And

And as I gazed thus upon that strange and dreadfull sight,
I saw how that *Experience* did teach these Ladies right,
The seven *Artes* Divine,
With decent discipline,
By divers rules and orders grave,
As she thought good for them to have.
But for to see how diligent
And buisily their time they spent
To learne those *Artes* most excellent,
The endlesse travells that they tooke
From place to place, from booke to booke,
Amazed me on them to looke.

For some in divers Languages did reason and dispute,
And other some did sing and play on Organ, Harpe and Flute;
And some with Compasse found
All Measures square and round:
And some by Cyphering could tell
Infinite Summes and Numbers well:
And some with Eloquence began
As Poets and Orators to scan
The Causes betweene Man and Man:
And some upon the Stars did gaze,
And other some sat in a Maze,
To judge of Secrets that there was.

Soe that nothing created was under the Firmament,
That hath a Being or Life by any Element,
No Simple nor Compound
In all the World is found
Under the Sky, or Clouds that fly,
But they sought out the privity:
This Rocky Earth, this heavy Masse,
This Artícke Virgin, this let not passe
To seeke the thing that therein was:
But put themselves in presse to creepe
Into the Center of the Deepe,
Where sundry Soules and Spirits doe sleepe.

This thing *Experience* gan prudently to debate, (ſtate.
VVith cheerefull looke and voyce full mylde, as ſeemed to her
And ſoone decreed ſhe
Of her benignity:
Not for their ſundry paines I take,
But only for her Glory ſake,
That all theſe Ladies in a row
Should further of her Secrets know,
That from her Majeſty did grow;
VVherewith to Councell called ſhee
A Lady grave of greate degree,
That named was *Philoſophy*.

And after their diſcourſe and talke, that *Lady* fell downe flatt
On hands & knees before the *Queene* in heaven where ſhe ſatt.
And looking upon her face
Did ſay unto her grace:
Bleſſed be thou *Experience*,
Full mighty is thy Influence;
Thy wondrous workes records full well
In wordell of wordels where thou doeſt dwell,
In Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell;
That thou art now the very ſame,
That of Nothing All things did frame,
VVherefore now bleſſed be thy Name.

Wherewith the Heavens opened, and fiery flames did fall
Downe from the Throne of endles Joy and ſeate imperiall,
Where Angels infinite
Like gliſtering Starrs did ſitt:
So pure and ſimple was the Light,
As all the World had burnt bright;
The flames and floods began to roare,
And did preſent their hidden ſtore,
Of Spirits that ſing for evermore,
All glory and magnificence,
All humble thankes and reverence
Be given to *EXPERIENCE*.

Then

Then sylence fell upon the face of Heaven Christalline
Where all the Powers mustered full ready ro encline;
To that most Sapient,
The high Omnipotent:
That said *be it*, and it was don,
Our Earth, our Heaven were begun;
I am said it the most of might,
In worde in lyfe and eke in light.
I am Mercy and Judgment right,
The Depth is myne so is the Hight:
The Cold, the Hot, the Moyst, the Dry,
Where All in All is there am I.

What thing can tell when I began, or when I make an end?
Wherewith I wrought, and what I mought, or what I did intend?
To doe when I had done
The worke I had begun.
For when my Being was alone
One thing I made when there was none,
A Masse confused darkely clad
That in it selfe all Nature had
To form and shape the good and bad;
And then as Tyme began to fall,
It pleased me the same to call
The *first Matter*, Mother of all.

And from that Lumpe divided I foure sundry Elements,
Whom I commanded for to raigne in divers Regiments:
In Kinde they did agree,
But not in Quality.
Whose simple Substance I did take,
My seate invisible to make:
And of the Qualites compound,
I made the Starry Sky so round
VVith living Bodyes on the ground;
And blessed them infinitely,
VVith lyfe and long prosperity,
And bad them grow and Multiply.

Reſpecting theſe divided things ſo created by me,
Their light and lively ſpreading forth of them in their degree;
Retourning to the Maſſe,
VVhere there begining was,
And ſaw the refuſe of the ſame,
How Voyd and Empty it became,
All darke, and nothing to remaine,
I put with wrath and greate diſdaine,
My only Curſe there for to raygne;
For I the Author of all Light
Did baniſh Darknes from my ſight,
And bleſſed all things that ſhined bright.

So that I mard nothing I made, for that I made is ſtill,
And ſo ſhalbe unto the end, only to worke my will:
One thing was firſt imployd,
And ſhall not be deſtroid,
It compaſſeth the VVorld ſo round,
A Matter eaſy to be found:
And yet moſt hardeſt to come by:
A Secret of Secrets pardye,
That is moſt vile and leaſt ſet by,
And it my Love and my Darling,
Conceived with all living thing,
And travells to the VVorlds ending.

What neede have I of mans Deviſe of Peny or of Pound,
Of Gold or Silver, Lead or Tynn, or Copper in the ground,
Iron or Silver Quick,
Whereat the blind do prick;
Of Cankered Coroſives that ruſt,
By Salts and ſulphurs all to duſt?
Seeke out therefore my darling deare;
For unto me it is moſt neere,
My ſpouſe my Love and my Compeare:
And unto it looke thou direct
My ſeaven Children long elect,
That all things elſe they might reject.

A Child begetting his owne Father, and bearing his Mother,
Killing himſelfe to give lyfe, and light to all other:
Is yt that I do meane,
Moſt myld and moſt extreame.
Did not the Word that dwelt in me
Take forme and walked viſibly;
And did not I then dwell in it,
That dwelt in me for to unite
Three powers in one ſeate to ſit?
And then *Experience* did ſay
Now knoweſt thou all, heere lyes the Key,
And then ſhe vaniſht cleane away.

There with aroſe *Phyloſophy* as one filled with grace,
Whoſe looks did ſhew that ſhe had byne in ſome Heavenly place:
For oft ſhe wipt her Eyes,
And oft ſhe bowd her knees.
And oft ſhe kiſt the Steps with dread,
VVhereon *Experience* did tread;
And oft ſhe caſt her Head on high
And oft full low ſhe caſt her Eye
Experience for to eſpy:
But when ſhe ſaw that ſhe was gon,
And that her ſelfe was left alone:
I never hread thing make ſuch mone.

FINIS.

THE MAGISTERY.

THrough want of *Skill* and *Reasons* light
Men stumble at *Noone day*;
Whilst buisily our *Stone* they seeke,
That lyeth in the *way*.

Who thus do seeke they know not what
Is't likely they should *finde*?
Or hitt the *Marke* whereat they *ayme*
Better then can the Blinde?

No, *Hermes Sonns* for *Wisdome* aske
Your *footesteps* shee'le direct:
Shee'le *Natures* way and *secret Cave*
And *Tree of lyfe* detect.

Son and *Moone* in *Hermes* vessell
Learne how the *Collours* shew,
The *nature* of the *Elements*,
And how the *Daisies* grow.

Greate *Python* how *Appollo* slew,
Cadmus his *hollow-Oake*:
His *new rais'd army*, and *Iason* how
The *Fiery Steeres* did yoke.

The *Eagle* which aloft doth fly
See that thou bring to *ground*;
And give unto the *Snake* some *wings*,
Which in the *Earth* is found.

Then

Then in *one Roome* ſure *binde* them both,
To *fight* till they be *dead*;
And that a *Prince* of *Kingdomes three*
Of *both them* ſhalbe *bred*.

Which from the *Cradle* to his *Crowne*,
Is *fed* with his owne *blood*;
And though to ſome it ſeemeth ſtrange,
He hath no other *Foode*.

Into his *Virgin-Mothers* wombe,
Againe he *enter* muſt;
Soe ſhall the *King* by his *new-byrth*,
Be *ten times ſtronger* juſt.

And able is his *foes* to *foile*,
The *dead* he will *revive*:
Oh happy man that underſtands
This Medicen to atchive!

Hoc opus exigium nobis fert ire per altum.
DECEMBER, 1633.

W. B.

ANONYMI:
OR,
SEVERALL WORKES OF unknowne Authors.

NOw I ſchall her be gynne,
To teche the a Concluſion;
In the name of the Trenete
Send us grace that well hit be;
Now take two Onces as mych of anoder,
And dyſſolve on ther with the toder,
Y tel the trowthe as my broder,
Put in to a Glas wyth owtten oder:
Than take three Onces of the bytter,
And meng hym with the ſwetter;
And put them than into a Glas,
Even right as the toder was:
Than take a unc of the beſt,
And do with hym as thou didſt erſt,
In a Glas than thou him put,
And loke thy mowth be wel I ſhut;
Now thow haſt here Glaſſes thre,
Even lyke unto the Trynete,
Than hem ſtop theſe everyehon,
Even a ſute as thow haſt on:
About thy Glaſſes a wal thow make,
Laſt the wynde ham al to crake,

Than

Than thy Glaſſys now all I thre,
With yn that grave they ſchal be;
Now thys I fed with moyſty hete,
To make that Glaſſys ſwynke and ſwete,
Then let hem ſtonde thus wekys thre;
And wel the beter they ſchal be.
Than put hem all now into on,
The wich ys lyke than be a ſtone;
Than let hem ſtonde ſo theryn,
Whan thou haſt made thy Conjunction:
Tyl ſevyn dayes be al I don,
Much the better woll be thy Ston;
Than upon thy Glas thow ſett
A fayre heed and wel I mette,
Draw up thy water with eſy fyre,
Within a Rotunde good and cler,
Tyl thi Mater wol ſtyl no mer,
Than ſet thow hem in dry Fyr,
Than ſe thow ſtyl with reaſonabyl hete,
Tyl thy Mater wol no more lete.
Whan he ys ther both good and dry,
Ful fayne wolde he than be moyſty;
Than wey that Stone within the Glas,
And put hym hys Lecur has it was;
Now whan thys fryſt drawte ys don,
Thow muſt Embybe with good proporciun:
Now looke thow wel what ys hys whyght,
And wyth the fourth part than hym dyght,
And evermore wyth partys fowr,
Now tyl he be of Whyte colowr;
And thus loke thow make good wache,
Tyl the Body thy Spirit can cache;
And alſo thy Sowle ſo muſt he,
Than underſtand thow haſt thre.

Now ſchyt thy Glas as hyt was er,
And worke hyt forthe on thys maner;
Whan tho thre to gedur ben knyte,
With moch joy than thow mayſt ſitte.
For than art thou ricchar than the *King*,
But he have the ſame thyng.
Thus is alle thy Medcyn wroght,
Evyn after thin owne thoght;
How thys Medcyn thow ſchalt encres,
And make hyt mor tyll thow lyſt ſees;
The trowth I ſchall now the certefie,
How thow ſchalt hyt thus Multyply:
Loke as thow did thy Werke befor,
Encres hit forth with mor and mor:
As thow did at the begynnyng,
So continu forth to the endyng:
Thus for ſoth infynytely
Thou mayſt this craft forth Multiply:
Lyke as a man hath lytil Fyr,
And mor to make ys hys deſyr;
He be hovyth this ys no nay,
More Wode or Cole ther to lay:
And thus he may hys Fyr encres,
That he ſchall never be fyreles.
One the ſame wiſe thou underſtande,
Ever thy Medcyn muſt be growande;
And whan the lyſt Projecciun make,
Loke to this leſſon good tent thou take;
Whan thy Medcyn is very parfit,
Thow ſchalt hym caſt on hys lyke;
Als evyn than as thow can geſe,
On part on Ten looke thow not meſſe,
The trowthe yf thow wil wete,
Than ys thy Lexer evyn complete;

And than of that On part thow take,
The trew Projeccion thus ſchalt thow make;
Caſt that on Ten of Tyn or Leede,
Or Coper or Mercury ther in that ſteede,
Into fine Lun hit ſchal be broght,
Or into Sol evyn after thi thoght:
After that thy Lexer ys,
Be hit White or Rede I wys,
If thow hit caſt on Iren alſo,
If it ſchal be Lun or Sol ther to:
Thys ar the Secrets of *Phyloſophie*,
I councel the keepe hit ſecretlye;
And ſerve thy God both nyght and day,
The better thou ſhalt ſpeede, thys ys no nay.
Now I have taught the how thow ſchalt do,
The blys of hevyn God bryng hus to.



HER ys an Erbe men calls *Lunayrie*,
I bleſſet mowte hys maker bee.
Aſterion he ys, I callet alle ſo,
And other namys many and mo;
He ys an Erbe of grete myght,
Of Sol the Sunn he taketh hys lyght,
He ys the Fader, to Croppe and Rote;
Wyth fragrant Flowris that ben ſote,
Flowrys to bere in that ſtede,
Swm ben Whyte, and ſwm ben Red:
Hys Lewys grwyth, both day and nyght,
Lyke to the Ferment that ys ſo bright:
I ſhall declare, thys Erbe ſo lyght,
To many a man hyt ys a fayre ſeyght;
Friſt at the Rote I wolle be gynne,
That cawſyth alle thing for to ſprynge;

A growyth a pon a Mowntayne brym,
Where *Febis* hath grete dominacion:
The Sune by day, the Mone by nyght,
That maketh hym both fayre and bryght,
The Rote growyth on ſtonns clere,
Whyte and Rede, that ys ſo peyre:
The Rote ys blacke, the Stalke ys red;
The wyche ſchall ther never be dede,
The Lewis ben rownd, as a Nowbel ſon,
And wexſyth and wanyth as the Mon:
In the meddes a marke the brede of a peni,
Lo thys is lyke to owre ſweght Lunayre:
Hys Flowrys ſchynith, fayre and cler,
In alle the Worlde thaye have non pere,
He ys not fownde in no maner wyſe,
But of a Schepeherd in Godis ſervyſe:
The good Schepeherd that I her mene,
Ys he that keepeth hys Sowle clene:
Hys Flowrys ben gret and ſum ben ſmall,
Lyke to hem that growyth in Dale;
With many a vertu both fayre and cler,
As ther ben dayes in alle the yere,
Fro fallyng Ewel and alle Sekeneys,
From Sorowe he brengyth man to Bles;
Unto that bleſe that wee maye come,
Byth the help of Marys Sonne:
And of hys Moder that ys ſo fre,
Amen good Lord for cherite.



ISchal yow tel wyth hert mode,
Of thre Kynggys that ben ſo goude,
And how thaye cam to God almyght,
The wich was ther a ſweet ſyght.

I figure now howr beſſet *Stone*,
Fro Heven waſe ſende downe to *Solomon*:

By an Angele bothe goude and ſtylle,
The wych waſe than Chriſtis wylle.

The preſent of hem in Bedlem than,
To Cryſt brwght Aurum Tus & Myrham.

Owre Sol and Sulphir wyth his Mercuri,
Both Bodi and Soule wyth oure Luneyre.

Aurum betokeneth heer, owre Bodi than,
The wych was brwght to God and Man.

And Tus alleſo owre Soule of lyfe,
Wyth Myrham owre Mercurye that ys hys Wyfe.

Here be the thre namys fayre and good
And alle thaye ben but one in mode.

Lyke as the Trenite ys but on,
Ryght ſo conclude the *Phyloſofeers Stone.*

Thow mayſt a ſe her now in ſyght,
Off owre *Stone* figuriet a right.

How ſende he waſe out of Heven,
By an Angele wyth mylde Stefyn.

And by hys fygure thow mayſt ſe
That hyt ys lyke to perſonis Thre.

To Fader and Sonne and holi Goſt,
The wych was and ys of mytis moſt;

Into hys blyſe now come wee,
Amen goud Lord for cheyte.

I Shew you here a ſhort Concluſion,
To underſtand it if ye have grace,
Wrighten without any deluſion;
Comprehended in a litle ſpace.
All that in this Booke wrighten is,
In this place comprehended is,
How Nature worketh in her kinde,
Keepe well this Leſſon in your minde:
I have declared micle thing,
If you have grace to keepe in minde,
How that our Principle is One thing,
More in Number and One in kinde;
For there ben things Seven
That in a Principle doe dwell,
Moſt precious under Heven,
I have ſo ſworne I may not tell.
In this Booke I ſhew to you in wrighting,
As my Bretheren doe each one,
A ſimilitude of every like thing,
Of the which we make our *Stone*.
Our *Stone* is made of one ſimple thing,
That in him hath both Soule and Lyfe,
He is Two and One in kinde,
Married together as Man and Wife:
Our Sulphur is our Maſculine,
Our Mercury is our Femenine,
Our Earth is our Water cleere;
Our Sulphur alſo is our Fier,
And as Earth is in our Water cleare,
Soe is Aer in our Fier.
Now have yee Elements foure of might,
And yet there appereth but two in ſight;
Water and Earth ye may well ſee,
Fier and Aer be in them as quality:

Thys *Scyence* maie not be taught to every one,
He were acurſt that ſo ſchould done:
How ſchould ye have Servants than?
Than non for other would ought done,
To tyl the Lande or drive the Plough,
For ever ech man would be proud enough;
Lerned and leude would put them in Preſſe,
And in their workes be full buſie,
But yet they have but little increſe,
The writings to them is ſo miſty.
It is full hard this *Scyence* to finde,
For Fooles which labour againſt kinde;
This *Science* I pray you to conceale,
Or elſe with it do not you meale,
For and ye canot in it prevaile,
Of much ſorrow rhen may you tell:
By ſuddain mooving of Elements Nature may be letted,
And wher lacks Decoction no perfection may be,
For ſome Body with leproſy is infected;
Raw watery humors cauſe ſuperfluity:
Therefore the *Philoſopher* in his reaſon hath contrived
A perfect Medicine, for bodyes that be ſick,
Of all infirmetyes to be releeved,
This heleth Nature and prolongeth lyfe eak;
This Medicine of Elements being perfectly wrought,
Receypts of the Potecary we neede not to buy,
Their Druggs and Dragms we ſet at nought,
With *quid pro quo* they make many a ly.
Our *Aurum potabile* Nature will increaſe,
Of Philoſophers Gold if it be perfectly wrought,
The Phiſitians with Minerall puteth him in preſe:
Litle it availeth or elſe right nought.
This *Scyence* ſhall ye finde in the old boke of *Turb*;
How perfectly thisMedicine *Philoſophers* have wrought,

Rosary with him also doth record,
More then four Flements we occupie nought;
Comune Mercury and Gold we none occupie,
Till we perfectly have made our *Stone*,
Then with them two our Medicine we Multiply,
Other recepts of the Potecary truly we have none.
A hundred Ounces of *Saturne* ye may well take;
Seeth them on the fire and melt him in a mould,
A Projection with your Medicin upon hem make,
And anon yee shall alter him into fine Gold;
One Ounce upon a hundred Ounces is sufficient,
And so it is on a thousand Ounces perfectly wrought,
Without dissolucion and Subtillant;
Encreasing of our Medicine els have we nought.
Ioy eternall and everlasting blisse,
Be to Almyghty God that never schal miss.

In some Copies I found these following Verses set before this Worke.

EArth out of Earth clensed pure,
By Earth of himselfe through his nature,
Rectified by his Milke who can it tye,
And afterward united with Water of lyfe truly:
A Dragon lying in his deepe denne,
Rotting in Water to Putrefie then:
Leprouse huge and terrible in sight,
By bathing and balning the Dragon cometh to light;
Evermor drowned in the bottome of his Well,
Tyl all his Leprousie will no longer dwell,
In his owne Nature he altereth cleane
Into a pure substance, ye wat what I meane.
I shew you here a short Conclusion, &c.

Why

WHy art thou so Poore and I so Rich,
Aboundance of Treſure in me thow maiſt
In all the World I am nothing so liche;
As Man that is so proginitous to my kynde,
The Rych man on the Poore hath no pity,
In me therefore have thow affiance,
It is oft tymes ſeene in Towne and Cittie:
He is evyll at eaſe that hath no Craft nor Scyence.
The Ryche men of the Poore now have greate diſpight,
That they ſhould wyth thyr cunyng any good thing wyn;
And to give to the Poore almes they have no delight,
Lytle is the Charity that is them within,
And Enſample of *Dives* as the Scripture can tell,
Poore *Lazerus* at his Gate for default dyed;
Had he given him Almes he had not gon to hell,
Now for to repent him truly it is too late.
Man thou haſt no goods but God doth them ſend,
Departe with thy Brother as God doth thee Comand.
Thy lyfe that wyll the better amend,
Death will with thee make a ſuddaine hand,
Thy worldly goods thow ſchalt forſaken:
Give every Beaſt againe his due,
And than ſchall thy body be full naked:
Death on the will nothing rue.
Why ſo far and I ſo neare?
Haſt thou no grace Man me to meete,
So oftyn as I to the do appeare;
And yet of me thou takeſt no keepe,
In common Mercury thou doeſt me ſeeke:
In Alkali and in Alembroke,
In common Sulphur and Arſenick eke,
Which makes many a man to dote.
Common Mercury is not good,
It bringeth many a man to care;

It makes his Haire grow through his hood,
And his Purſe both thin and bare.
Mercury and I are of allye,
But ſhe with me may not compare;
In nature ſhe is both cold and dry,
Therefore I councell thee to beware:
Many a man ſhe makes full bare,
Becauſe ſhe lacks humidity,
On her to ſpend they would ſpare,
She brings many a man to poverty.
I am ſhe which wiſe men ſeeke,
Mercury, which is moſt of might;
Hot and moyſt, light and weake,
Of the Elements I am full right,
Water, Earth, Aire and Fire,
Quality, and Quantity, you can never have your deſire,
Without Concoction perfectly,
Great riches in us be,
Who hath grace us for to know,
By vertue of her humidity,
In the Fire our *Stone* doth grow.
Thou needy man, where is thy minde?
I councell thee this leſſon leare:
Our Mercury is but of one thing,
In our Veſſell thin and cleere.
Common Mercury in him is none,
Neither Gold nor Silver in him none is;
Of Mettalls we make not our *Stone*,
By proportion more or leſſe,
All manner of Mettalls we deny,
Untill the time our *Stone* be wrought,
All other Receipts we defie
That of the Potecaryes be bought,
With all Spices, ſave onely Mercury.

Gould with him ſtands us in ſteed,
Our Medicine for to Multiplie,
After our Phiſicks Stone be Red.
A true Leſſon I have thee tought,
Pray for me and forget it nought:
Many Bookes mayſt thou ſee,
That is not writ ſo openly.
And as I am true Chriſtian man,
A truer Booke findeſt thou none;
And thou wilt of this *Scyence* leare
In riches thou ſhalt have no peare;
He that made this Booke hath it well preved,
The better therefore he may be beleived;
Therefoee I pray you for charity,
To keepe this Booke very ſecretly.
If any man this *Science* of you will crave,
Know he be Sapient that the Coppy ſhall have
I made it not for every man,
Neither for them that litle good can,
But for me and for my Brother,
Such as have Reaſon and no other;
Keepe this Leſſon well in minde,
Beware thou worke not againſt Kinde;
And in thy Worke make no greate haſt,
That thou labour not in waſt:
Worke in light and not in darke,
And ask Councell of a Clerke:
Elſe may you both lightly fayle,
Without you have both good Counſayle.

TAke our Roſe with the red Flower,
Which thou maiſt know by his Colour;
And him knock into Plates ſmall,
A like thin beate over all.
And with a Coroſive good and fine,
Forthwith drawe the ſame tyne;
Of things that be new and good,
And diverſe in Nature and one in Moode,
And put together with ſtrong grinding,
In Horſe wombe ever abiding;
In a Veſſell good and ſtrong,
Thou ſo it rule and thinke it not longe,
For within a Moneth or litle moe,
And with his might the Body ſlo;
Thy Corroſive will thy Roſe ſo frett,
Till he be thin as Milke in Meate.
But how the Corroſive made ſhalbe,
I will it ſhew plainely to thee;
As I ſaid to thee before,
Elſſ knoweſt thou litle of this lore.
Take Maidens Urine younge of age,
Aſhes, Salt, and Lyme,
Of him together make a mariage.
Then the Corroſive is both good and fine:
For without this Corroſive ſhortly ſaid,
Well compound together in One,
All your Worke is but voyd;
As *Philoſophers* write every ech one:
For Doctors both to lay and Clearke,
Written that our firſt Warke
Is to bring our Body all and ſome;
And him to reduce in Mercurium.
Then is our Worke well begun,
If the firſt love be thus wone.

Now say *Philosophers* much more,
Our second Worke if thou wilt know,
Labour with paine and travell therefore:
And God is ready thee it to shew,
To bring our Water into Air,
Of *Philosophers* the second verse,
Spare not to worke and be not afraid;
For so it will be without lese,
But yet be wise in the Warke,
For hasty men never lack woe:
And aske the Councll of a Clarke,
For sober thrift is best thereto,
And so Continue night and day
I thee charge, and sleepe thee not,
For in six Weekes truly in say,
All into Earth it wilbe brought:
So the Fyre continued be,
Every Decoction to even measure,
And after that fyre his quality,
Thou must all the Worke rule,
For when it is in Earth full black,
Then is it our black Stone,
He is so strong he may not lack,
Tyll all thy Worke be y done.
The third degree as I thee say,
Of our Stone now black as pitch,
Thou must him wash with waters gay;
And make him white for so did Ich;
And when thou hast washt him cleane,
Then is his blacknes gone;
Then is he bright and shine,
As Carbuncle or Beril stone:
But ere he come to that degree,
It wilbe labour but thinke not long,

For

For many a Colour change will he,
Browne, Red, Ruſſet, ever amonge:
After that to many other mo,
Greene, Blew, Pale and Whyte,
But all theſe let them goe,
They are not to thy profit,
And when thou haſt thus wrought,
By ſix weekes and a day,
Then is the Earth truly ſought,
A white powder collor'd in fay:
But then ſpare the fyre,
And bate him even to meaſure;
And within a month and litle mo,
The Whyte Stone hath nigh ſure done,
Which will ſhine and melt as wax,
He muſt needes Maſteries do,
The Spirit and Soule make him ſo lax;
That all other kindes he tourne him to.
Then Ferment him with his like,
By joyning of true Decoction,
And feede him forth by litle and lite,
That both together be brought in one,
In Colour ſight and Demeane,
That there be no diviſion:
As thou haſt wrought ſo will it prove,
Take heede how thou haſt done
In this worke of Conjunction;
Thou ſhalt ſe marvells greate,
Both going up and coming downe,
Of Colours ſpringing by the heate:
For the ſoule that is ſo withheld,
And the ſpirit that is ſo bright,
If men it ſeene ſay they would,
Certaine it were a wondrous ſight,

And all this is paſt,
That God and Kinde hath done his cure,
Of the Whyte Stone be not agaſt,
He will not flee but bide the Fyre.
Now farther if thou wilt Worke,
To have the ready way,
Take good heede and be not dull,
For ile tell thee the truth in fay:
Hold alwaies as thou did
Before in the other Stone,
Thou cannot faile God be thy ſpede,
As Clerkes write every one,
For your Fyre will him dere,
So it be dry and laſtingly;
Save other while the changing cheare,
Till he have ſottill faſting and flye.
Firſt I wot well change he woll,
Into Citrine and pure degree;
And after that Colour is full,
He ſhall never but be White ay,
After that Tawny and Colour de Pale,
He changeth often in ſuch lay:
Till he be Red withouten faile,
As good Coroll or Roſe in May.
Then dread he nothing I wis,
Of this Worlds adverſity,
An Emperour of conqueſt then he is,
The *Philoſophers* ſayne worthy to be:
And when thou haſt thus done,
And thereof ſeene the privity,
Thanke God and Chriſt his only Son.
Together with our bleſſed Lady.

TAke of the eger bloud that is ſo Red,
And diſtill that by Lymbick till it be bright,
Therewith diſſolve the Philoſphers lead,
Filtering it till it be cleere in ſight,
Evaporating it if ye do right.
And from the Medicine with ſtrong Fier,
Diſtill our Mercury moſt of myght,
Rede as blood and ſtrong of Eyre,
And there you have your Stone I wyſſe,
Conteyning in them all that you neede,
The Erth thereof true Ferment is.
Of our purpoſe yf you will ſpeede,
In other Bokes whatſoever you Reede,
From this Doctrine you never flitt,
But further with theſe Stones proceede;
Into foure Elements dividing it,
Ayre, Water and Oyle well rectified,
The Earth by boyling make white as Whale bone,
Againe together them neately joyne,
And of them make a precious ſtone;
The matter goeth to the White alone,
This *Ariſtotle* tought *Alexander* his lore,
The Stone thus fixed make fugitive,
Againe with Aer reſerved in Store;
And then againe make fix belyve:
Multiply it in one and more,
With Nature and Oyle reſerved in ſtore,
Both white and red as you did firſt,
This ſecret made me ſtudy full ſore,
Many a night ere I it wyſte;

For

For my Maſter from me it hidd.
Now is one point yet behind,
With this Stone that muſt be done:
Ingendering him of Water, Ayr and Winde,
The Red on Sun the White on Moone,
Molten looke thow caſt full ſoone;
And Multiply in them their Tincture,
And then take of the powder with a ſpoone,
And ſtraine it on Mercury hott and pure;
And a marvelous Batrell thow ſhalt ſe ſoone
Betweene that and the ſaid Mercury,
Either it will turne it Sun or Moone,
And then thou ſhalt theMaſtery unfold,
And thus proceeding Multiply,
In every thing as I have tould;
And thus endeth our *PHILOSOPHY.*

THe World is in a Maze, and wot you why?
Forſooth of late a great rich Man did dye;
And as he lay a dying in his Bed,
Theſe words in ſecret to his Son he ſaid.
My Son quoth he, tis good for thee I dye,
For thou ſhalt much the better be thereby;
And when thou ſeeſt that lyfe hath me bereft,
Take what thou findſt, and where I have it left
Thou doſt not know, nor what my riches be,
All which I will declare, give Eare to me.
An Earth I had all Venome to expell,
And that I caſt into a mighty Well;
A Water eke to clenſe what was amiſſe,
I threw into the Earth and there it is;
My Silver all into the Sea I caſt,

My Gold into the Air, and at the laſt
Into the Fyre for feare it ſhould be found,
I threw a Stone worth forty thouſand pound:
Which Stone was given me by a mighty King,
Who bad me weare it in a fore-fold Ringe:
Quoth he this Stone is by that Ring found out,
If wiſely thou canſt turne this Ring about:
For every Hoope contrary is to other,
Yet all agree and of the Stone is Mother.
And now my Son I will declare a wonder,
That when I dye this Ring muſt breake aſſunder:
The King ſaid ſo, but then he ſaid withall,
Although the Ring be broke in peeces ſmall;
An eaſy Fire ſhall ſoone it cloſe againe;
Who this can doe he neede not worke in vaine.
Tyll this my hidden Treaſure be found out
(When I am dead) my Spirit ſhall walke about;
Make him to bring your Fier from the Grave,
And ſtay with him till you my Riches have;
Theis Words a wordly man did chance to here,
Who daily watcht the Spirit but nere the neere;
And yet it meetes with him and every one,
Yet tells him not where is this hidden *STONE*.

A

Dialogue *betwixt the* FATHER *and the* SONNE, *Concerning the two* Principles *of the* BLESSED STONE.

MY *Sonne* if that *Sulphur* be abſent away, *Father.*
Our worke is reproved what ever they ſay,
And it is Water & Fire as tru as your Creed
Which conſtraineth a Body till it be dead:
Of him ſhalt thou never have your deſire,
Till he be blew as Lead through his owne Fire,
I do liken our *Sulphur* to the Magnet Stone,
That ſtill draweth to her Naturally,
So with our *Sulphur* the firey Woman Mercury,
When ſhe would from her husband flye.
Father I pray you for Charity, *Son.*
Where ſhall I this *Sulphur* finde?
For I never did him ſe with Eye;
Nor never knew him in his kinde.
In our Water my *Sonne* keepe it in your minde, *Father.*
Where he will appeare ſo white as any ſnow,
Grammercy *Father* ye be full kinde, *Son.*
For through your teaching full well I know.
Now teach me the Red ſtone when it is in minde,
How it is made by Natures Law.
The White and Red be both of one kinde, *Father.*
Now haſt thou my *Son* all thy deſire,
Whoſe tincture by growing thou ſhalt it ſo finde,
Through vertue of the Sun and regiment of Fire
His riches there he doth increaſe,
Farre paſſing all that I can name,
If they in Fire ſhall come in preſſe:
Gune is their glory but he the ſame,

For the vertues of the *Planets* seaven
Shall have, and also from the Pole of heven,
Since the VVorld began noe Gemme is found
Equall him till in vertues all,
The Saphir, nor the Diamond,
The Ruby rich behind shall fall,
So shall the Turkie and Carbuncle:
If they in fire togeather shall fight,
All One except shall loose their might,
The fire on him hath power none,
His Elements be so coequall,
An Incombustible Oyle is this our Stone
In power farr passing others all.

Son. In what Element *Father* is our Sulphur bright?
Is it in all, or is it in one?

Father. In all *Sonne* he must need be of right,
For Seperacion of Elements we make none:
And yett in them we can it not see,
For sensuall matter is he none,
But equallitie only intellectuall,
Without which our *Stone* never fixt be shall.
Qualitie *Sonne* also groweth in the fire;
Betwixt the White stone and the Read,
For Colours many to you shall appeare,
Untill the tyme the Woman be dead:
The which things if ye shall not see,
Red shall your *Stone* at noe time bee;
For where the Woman is in presence,
There is much moysture and Accidence:
Watry humors that in her bee
Will drowne and devoure our qualitye,
Remember and thinke of *Noahs* flood,
For too much Water was never good:
And yet as qualitie is hid in quantitie,

So

So muſt in Water our Earth be:
Riches in him thou ſhalt much finde,
After alteracions all due to his kinde;
When Oyle in him is coagulate,
Then is our *Stone* body made liquefact:
When Sulphur Water and Oyle be one,
Indued with riches then is our *Stone*.
I cannot thee tell a richer thing;
Then is our *Stone* when he is fire dureing,
Our Fire maketh her ſo ſtrong.
Father how to make our *Stone*, *Son.*
Fayne would I knowe that have we done;
My Sonne with lent and eaſie heate, *Father.*
The Elements togeather will kindly meate:
Haſte not to faſt whileſt they be rawe,
Keepe well the Fie, beware of the lowe.
Shutt well the Veſſle leaſt out paſſe the Spirit,
So ſhall you all things the better keepe;
For if the Spiritts doe paſſe you from,
Remedy to gett them againe have you none:
And how marveillous it is the Elements to meete
Keepe this as your principall ſecrete,
At your begining give God the prayſe;
And keepe your Matter in heate forty dayes,
But ſo that all things be made cleare,
Or elſe you are never the neare:
And within this tyme itt wil be Black;
And oft chainge colour till it be White,
There you may ceaſe and further proceede,
By mendinge the heate to your meſure indeed;
And there withall now will I end,
And to God onely thee Commend.

JOHN

JOHN GOWER

CONCERNING

The PHILOSOPHERS STONE.

AND also with great diligence,
Thei fonde thilke Experience:
Which cleped is *Alconomie*,
Whereof the Silver multeplie;
Thei made, and eke the Gold also.
And for to telle howe itt is so:
Of bodies seven in Speciall,
With fowre Spirites joynt withall;
Stant the substance of this matere,
The bodies which I speke of here,
Of the Plannets ben begonne,
The *Gold* is titled to the Sonne:
The *Moone* of Silver hath his part,
And Iron that stonde uppon *Mart*:
The Leed after *Saturne* groweth,
And *Jupiter* the Brasse bestoweth;
The Copper sette is to *Venus*:
And to his part *Mercurius*
Hath the Quicksilver, as it falleth,
The which after the Boke it calleth,
Is first of thilke foure named
Of Spirits, which ben proclaymed,
And the Spirite which is seconde,
In *Sal Armoniake* is founde:

The

The third Spirite *Sulphur* is,
The fourth Sewende after this,
Arcennium by name is hotte
With blowyng, and with fires hote:
In these things which I say,
Thei worchen by divers waye.
For as the *Philosopher* tolde,
Of Gold and Sylver thei ben holde,
Two principall extremitees,
To which all other by degrees,
Of the mettalls ben accordant,
And so through kinde resemblant:
That what man couth awaie take,
The rust, of which they waxen blake,
And the savour of the hardnes;
Thei shulden take the likenes;
Of Gold or Silver parfectly,
Bnt for to worche it sykerly;
Betweene the Corps and the Spirite,
Er that the Metall be parfite,
In seven formes itt is sette
Of all, and if one be lette,
The remnant may not avayle,
But otherwise it maie nought fayle;
For thei by whome this Art was founde,
To every poynt a certayne bounde,
Ordeinen that a man may finde,
This Craft is wrought by wey of kinde;
So that there is no fallace in;
But what man that this werke begyn;
He mote awaite at every tyde,
So that nothynge be left asyde.
Fyrst of the Distillacion,
Forth with the Congelacion,

Solucion, Diſſcencion,
And kepe in his entencion,
The poynt of Sublimacion,
And forthwith Calcinacion,
Of very Approbacion,
So that there be Fixacion,
With temperate hetes of the fyer,
Tyll he the perfite Elixer,
Of thilke *Philoſophers Stone*,
Maie gette, of which that many one
Of *Philoſophers* whilome write:
And if thou wolt the names wite,
Of thilke *Stone* with other two,
Which as the Clerkes maden tho;
So as the Bokes itt recorden,
The kinde of hem I ſhall recorden.
Theſe old *Philoſophers* wyſe,
By wey of kynde in ſondry wiſe;
Thre *Stones* made through Clergie,
The fyrſt I ſhall ſpecifie,
Was cleped *Vegetabilis*;
Of which the proper vertue is,
To mans heale for to ſerve,
As for to keepe, and to preſerve,
The body fro ſicknes all,
Till death of kinde upon hym fall.
The ſecond Stone I the behote,
Is *Lapis Animalis* hote:
The whoſe vertue, is proper and couth,
For Eare and Eye, Noſe and Mouth;
Whereof a man may here, and ſee,
And ſmell and taſt, in his degree,
And for to feele and for to goe,
Itt helpeth a man of both two:

The witts five he underſongeth
To keepe, as it to hym belongeth.
The third Stone in ſpeciall
by name is cleped *Minerall*,
Which the Mettalls of every myne,
Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne;
And pureth hem by ſuch a wey,
That all the vice goth awey,
Of Ruſt, of Stynke, and of Hardnes:
And when they ben of ſuch clennes,
This minerall ſo as I fynde,
Transformeth all the fyrſt kynde,
And maketh hem able to conceive,
Through his vertue and receive
Both in ſubſtance and in figure,
Of Gold and Silver the nature.
For thei two ben the extremitees,
To which after the propertees,
Hath every mettall his deſire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this Stone as it is ſaid,
Which to the Sonne and Moone is laide:
For to the Red, and to the White,
This Stone hath power to profite;
It maketh Multiplicacion
Of Gold and the fixacion,
It cauſeth and of this babite,
He doth the werke to be parfite:
Of thilke *Elixer* which men call
Alconomy, as is befalle
To hem, that whilome were wiſe;
But now it ſtant all otherwiſe:
Thei ſpeken faſt of thilke *Stone*,
But how to make it now wote none.

After the ſooth Experience,
And nathles greate diligence,
Thei ſetten up thilke dede,
And ſpillen more then thei ſpede;
For alwey thei fynde a lette,
Which bringeth in povetee and Dette;
To hem that rich were to fore,
The Loſſe is had the Lucre is lore:
To gette a pound thei ſpenden five,
I not how ſuch a Craft ſhall thrive:
In the manner as it is uſed,
It were better be refuſed,
Then for to worchen upon wene,
In thinge which ſtant not as thei wene:
But not for thy who that it knew,
The Science of himſelfe is trew:
Uppon the forme as it was founded,
Whereof the names yett be grounded;
Of hem, that firſt it founden out:
And thus the fame goth all about,
To ſuch as ſoughten beſines,
Of vetue and of worthines,
Of whom if I the names call,
Hermes was one the firſt of all,
To whom this Art is moſt applied,
Geber thereof was magnified,
And *Ortolane* and *Morien*,
Among the which is *Avicen*.
Which founde and wrote and greate partie,
The practicke of Alconomie,
Whoſe bokes plainlie as thei ſtonde,
Uppon this Crafte few underſtonde.
But yet to put hem in aſſay,
There ben full manie now a day,

That

That knowen litle that thei mene,
It is not one to wite and wene,
In forme of words thei it trete;
But yet thei failen of beyet.
For of to much, or of to lite,
There is algate found a wite:
So that thei follow not the line,
Of the perfect Medicine,
Which grounded is upon nature;
But thei that writen the Scripture;
Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
Thei were of such Auctoritee,
That thei firste founden out the wey,
Of all that thou hast herd me sey,
Whereof the Cronicke of her Lore,
Shall stonde in price for evermore.

THE VISION OF *Sr: GEORGE RIPLEY:* CHANON of BRIDLINGTON.

WHen buſie at my booke I was upon a certeine night,
This Viſion here expreſt appear'd unto my dim-(med ſight,
A *Toade* full rudde I ſaw did drinke the juce of grapes ſo faſt,
Till over charged with the broth, his bowells all to braſt;
And after that from poyſoned bulke he caſt his venome fell,
For greif and paine whereof his Members all began to ſwell,
With drops of poyſoned ſweate approaching thus his ſecret Den,
His cave with blaſts of fumous ayre he all be-whyted then;
And from the which in ſpace a golden humour did enſue, (hew:
Whoſe falling drops from high did ſtaine the ſoile with ruddy
And when this Corps the force of vitall breath began to lacke,
This dying *Toade* became forthwith like Coale for colour blacke:
Thus drowned in his proper veynes of poyſoned flood,
For tearme of eightie dayes and fowre he rotting ſtood:
By tryall then this venome to expell I did deſire,
For which I did committ his carkaſe to a gentle fire:
Which done, a wonder to the ſight, but more to be rehear'ſt,
The *Toade* with Colours rare through every ſide was pear'ſt,
And VVhite appeared when all the ſundry hewes were paſt,
Which after being tincted Rudde, for evermore did laſt.
Then of the venome handled thus a medicine I did make;
VVhich venome kills and ſaveth ſuch as venome chance to take.
Glory be to him the graunter of ſuch ſecret wayes,
Dominion, and Honour, both with Worſhip, and with Prayſe.
A M E N.

VERSES

VERSES BELONGING TO AN EMBLEMATICALL SCROVVLE:

Supposed to be invented by GEO: RIPLEY.

I Shall you tell with plaine declaracion,
Where, how, and what is my generacion:
Omogeni is my Father,
And *Magnesia* is my Mother:
And *Azot* truly is my Sister,
And *Kibrick* forsooth is my Brother:
The *Serpent* of *Arabia* is my name,
The which is leader of all this game:
That sometyme was both wood and wild,
And now I am both meeke and mild;
The *Sun* and the *Moone* with their might,
Have chastised me that was so light:
My Wings that me brought,
Hither and thither where I thought
Now with their might they downe me pull,
And bring me where they woll,
The blood of myne heart I wisse,
Now causeth both Joy and blisse:

And

And diſſolveth the very *Stone*,
And knitteth him ere he have done;
Now maketh hard that was lix,
And cauſeth him to be fix.
Of my blood and water I wis,
Plenty in all the World there is.
It runneth in every place;
Who it findeth he hath grace:
In the World it runneth over all,
And goeth round as a ball:
But thou underſtand well this,
Of the worke thou ſhalt miſſ.
Therefore know ere thou begin,
What he is and all his kin,
Many a Name he hath full ſure,
And all is but one Nature:
Thou muſt part him in three,
And then knit him as the Trinity:
And make them all but one,
Loe here is the *Philoſophers Stone*.

THe *Bird* of *Hermes* is my name,
Eating my wings to make me tame.

IN the *Sea* withouten leſſe,
Standeth the *Bird* of *Hermes*:
Eating his Wings variable,
And thereby maketh himſelfe more ſtable;
When all his Fethers be agon,
He ſtandeth ſtill there as a ſtone;
Here is now both White aud Red,
And alſo the Stone to quicken the dead,

All

All and ſume withouten fable,
Both hard, and neſh and malliable
Underſtand now well aright,
And thanke God of this ſight.

TAKE thou *Phœbus* that is ſo bright,
That ſitteth ſo high in Majeſty;
With his beames that ſhineth ſoe light,
In all places where ever that he be,
For he is Father to all living things,
Maynteyner of Lyfe to Crop and Roote,
And cauſeth Nature forth to ſpring;
With his wife being ſoote,
For he is ſalve to every ſore,
To bring about thys precious worke;
Take good heede unto his lore,
I ſay to learned and to Clerk,
And *Omogeny* is my Name:
Which God ſhaped with his owne hand,
And *Magneſia* is my Dame;
Thou ſhalt verily underſtand,
Now heere I ſhall begin,
For to teach thee a ready way:
Or elſe litle ſhalt thou wyn,
Take good heed what I ſay;
Devide thou *Phœbus* in many a parte;
With his beames that byn ſo bright,
And thus with Nature him Coarte,
The which is mirrour of all light:
This *Phœbus* hath full many a Name,
Which that is full hard for to know;
And but thou take the very ſame,
The *Philoſophers Stone* thou ſhalt not know,

Therefore I councell ere thou begin:
Know him well what it be,
And that is thick make it thin;
For then it ſhall full well like the.
Now underſtand well what I meane,
And take good heed thereunto,
The worke ſhall elſe litle be ſeene:
And tourne thee unto mikle woe,
As I have ſaid in this our Lore,
Many a Name I wiſſ it have,
Some behinde, and ſome before;
As *Philoſophers* of yore him gave.

ON the *Ground* there is a *Hill*,
Alſo a *Serpent* within a *Well*:
His Tayle is long with Wings wide,
All ready to fly on every ſide,
Repaire the Well round about,
That the *Serpent* pas not out;
For if that he be there agone,
Thou looſeſt the vertue of the *Stone*,
What is the *Ground* thou mayſt know heere,
And alſo the *Well* that is ſo cleere:
And eke the *Serpent* with his Tayle
Or elſe the worke ſhall litle availe,
The *Well* muſt brenne in Water cleare,
Take good heede for this thy Fyre,
The Fire with Water brent ſhalbe,
And Water with Fire waſh ſhall he;
Then Earth on Fire ſhalbe put,
And Water with Air ſhalbe knit,
Thus ye ſhall go to Putrefaccion,
And bring the *Serpent* to reduction.

Firſt he ſhalbe Black as any Crow,
And downe in his Den ſhall lye full lowe:
I ſwel'd as a Toade that lyeth on ground,
Burſt with bladders ſitting ſo round,
They ſhall to braſt and lye full plaine,
And thus with craft the *Serpent* is ſlaine:
He ſhall ſhew Collours there many a one,
And tourne as White as wilbe the bone,
With the Water that he was in,
Waſh him cleane from his ſin:
And let him drinke a litle and a lite,
And that ſhall make him faire and white,
The which Whitnes is ever abiding,
Lo here is the very full finiſhing:
Of the White *Stone* and the Red,
Loe here is the true deed.



THE MISTERY
OF ALCHYMISTS,
Compoſed by Sir Geo: Ripley
Chanon of *Bridlington.*

WHen ☉ in ♈ and Phœbus ſhines bright, (ing
The Elements reviving the new Year ſpring-
The Son by his vertue gives Nature & Light,
And moyſture refreſheth all things growing:
In the ſeaſon of the Yeare when the Sun waxeth warme,
Freſhly and fragrante the Flowers doe grow,
Of Natures ſubtill working we cannot diſcerne,
Nor yet by our Reaſon we can it not know,
In foure Elements is comprehended things Three,
Animalls, Vegetabills, Mineralls muſt be,
Of this is our Principle that we make our *Stone,*
Quality and Quantity is unknowne to many one.

Son. Quality (*Father*) would I faine know,
Of what nature it is and what it hath in his kinde.

Father. As Colours divers which on the ground do grow,
Keepe well this ſecret (*Son*) and marke it in thy minde.

Son. Without Proportion (*Father*) how ſhould I it know,
This working now is far from my minde.

Father. Nature and kinde (*Son*) together do grow,
Quality by waight (*Son*) ſhalt thow never finde.

Son. To ſeperate Elements (*Father*) I muſt needes know,
Either in Proportion which be more or leſſ.

Out

Out of our Principle foure Elements thou ſhalt draw, *Father.*
Thou ſhalt neede nothing elſe that needefull is;
Our Principle in quality is ſo perfectly mixed,
By vertue of the Son and his quality,
So equaly Joyned, ſo throughly fixed,
As nothing ſo well mixed may be.
This Principle (*Father*) is but one thing, *Son.*
Good (*Father*) tel me where it doth grow. *Father.*
In every place (*Son*) you ſhall him well finde;
By Taſt and by Colour thou ſhalt him well know;
Fowles in the Ayer with it doe fly,
And Fiſhes doe ſwim there with in the Sea,
With Reaſon of Angels you may it diſerne,
Both Man and Woman to governe,
With our fixed Body (*Son*) we muſt thus begin.
Of him make Mercury and Water cleare,
Man and Woman is them within,
Married together by vertue of our Fire,
The Woman in her working is full wild,
Be well aware ſhe goe not out;
Till ſhe have conceived and borne a Chylde,
Then all his Kin on him ſhal lout;
In their workes they be unſtable,
The Elements they be ſo raw;
And in their Colour ſo variable,
As ſometyme like the head of a Crow,
When he is black ye may well like,
Putrefaction muſt go beforne,
After Blacke he wilbe White,
Then thanke ye God the Chyld is borne.
This Child is both King and Emperour,
Through his region both far and neere;
All the World doth him honour,
By the vertue he hath taken of the Fire:

His firſt Veſture is White and pure,
As any Chriſtall ſhining cleere,
Of White tincture then be you ſure;
By verture taken of our Fire,
His firſt Veſture that is ſo White,
Betokeneth his Virginity,
A ſimilitude even thereto like,
And according to the Trinity:
Our Medicen is made of things Three,
Againſt which the *Philoſophers* cannot ſay nay,
The Father, the Son in one degree,
Corpus, Spiritus & Anima.
When Nature is with Nature, thou mayſt fruite finde,
By proportion more or leſſe,
In practiſe hereof many men be blinde,
Becauſe they underſtand not what Nature is;
His ſecond Veſture as Gold is Red,
In his Veſſell bright ſhining,
A Diadem ſet on his head,
Richer then any earthly thing.
His third Veſture is Purple pure,
Like Sun-beames he ſhineth bright and clere,
Of Red tincture then be you ſure:
By the vertue he hath taken of our Fire.
My beloved *Son* I commande thee,
As thou wilt have my love and bleſſing,
That thou to God kneele on thy knee,
Unto him give laude and thankeing;
For theis guifts of grace geven unto thee,
To have trew knowledge of this worthy *Scyence*,
That many men ſeeke by land and ſea,
And cannot finde it for any expence:
I ſhall ſhew thee my *Son* here a hid Secret,
Becauſe thou art vertuous in thy living,

Of me else should'st thou never it weet,
And for thou art wise in thy Councell keeping,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
Not to shew it to any man living,
For it is the first Principle of our blessed *Stone*,
Through which our noble worke is releeved,
Note well that I shew now to thee my *Son*,
If Sulphur be absent our worke is deprived;
Our Sulphur my *Son* is Water and Fire,
Constraining the Body till it be dead,
Of hem thou hast never thy desire,
Till he be bloe as any Lead,
After all this he doth revive,
That in his Vessell before was dead;
I can no better in my reason contrive,
Then to figure him to the greate God head.
For as there dyed no more then One,
Howbeit that there be persons Three,
The Father, the Son by might is one:
The holy Ghost make our full Trinity:
A similitude like unto our *Stone*,
In him ben things three which be concluded all in one,
Our Sulphur is likened to the holy Ghost,
For he is quick, called the Spirit of Slyfe,
In his working of might he is most.
He raiseth our Body from death to lyfe,
Many (my *Son*) with him do rise,
The holy Gospell therein is expert,
The number my reason cannot contrive,
Multum & quantum fructum adfert:
I liken our Sulphur to the Adamant Stone,
That Steele drawes to him naturally,
So doth our Sulphur the woman,
When she from her husband would flye.

Son. I muſe greatly *(Father)* and mervaile in minde,
Whereof this *Stone* is ingendered,
And alſo of what manner of kinde,
For I have traveled many a Country,
In vallies low and on hills high,
And ſpurred therefore of foes and freind,
Yet could I never that Sulphur ſee,
Nor in any place wat I where him to finde.

Father. *Son* he is made of the Elements,
That God hath given both ſoule and lyfe,
From Mettall he may never be abſent,
For he rules both man and wife.

Son. *Father* I pray you for charity,
Where ſhall I this Sulphur finde,
For perfectly I know him not by quality,
Nor yet to fore know him by kinde.

Father. In our Water *Son* keepe this in minde,
For there he will appeare as white as ſnow.

Son. Gramarcy *Father* to me ye be full kinde,
For through your teaching full well I it know,
Now *Father* I pray you for charity,
The while it is in your minde,
To ken the red Sulphur that you will teach me,
And then I truſt your Doctrine to finde.

Father. White and Red Son be both one in kinde,
Now haſt thou all thy deſire,
Keepe well this ſecret and cloſe it in thy minde,
His tincture and growing is by vertue of our Fire,
For in our Fire our *Stone* will grow,
And there his riches he doth encreaſe,
And ſo doth no *Stone* that I do know,
That in the fire will put him in preaſe;
We liken him therefore unto the Sun,
That to all Elements giveth light.

Never sith the World was begun,
Was any but he of so much might,
Were he never of so high degree,
Saphir, Diamond or Emarald Stone,
The Turcas, or the rich Ruby,
Of all vertuous Stones set ower alone,
The greatest Carbuncle that is full of light,
May not with our *Stone* Compaire,
For if they in the Fire should fight,
The Carbuncle of vertue should be full bare,
To destroy our *Stone*, *Son* that will not be,
The Elements in him be so equall;
He is an Oyle incumbustible,
And of all things most imperiall.
In which Elements (*Father*) is our Sulphur in? *Son.*
Is he in all, or in any one?
In all (*Son*) he needes must be, *Father.*
For Seperation of Elements make we none,
Sulphur in Elements *Son* we may not see,
By Nature in them he is so privily mixed,
In Elements he is a quality,
Our *Stone* will never else be perfectly fixed.
Quality (*Son*) growes also in fire,
Betwixt the White Stone and the Redd,
For many Colours there will appere,
While the tyme the Woman be dead.
Father must the Woman needes be dead? *Son.*
Our *Stone* else my *Son* will never be Redd; *Father.*
For whereas a Woman is in presence,
There is much moysture and accidence,
Wetnes and humours in her be,
The which would drown'd our Quality;
Perceive well (*Son*) by *Noahs* flood,
To much moysture was never good.
Like as quality is hid in quantity,

So muſt our Erth in Waters be,
The riches in him thou ſhalt finde,
After alteration of kinde,
His Oyle in him is congelate,
This makes our Body liquefact,
Sulphur and Oyle all of one kinde,
Which makes our *Stone* rich and couloring;
I cannot tell thee *Son* a richer thing,
Then he is in the Fire during,
The Fire to him may do no wrong,
Sulphur of Nature makes him ſo ſtrong.

Son. How to make our *Stone* (*Father*) I would faine know.

Father. In ſoft heates my (*Son*) Elements will meete,
Haſt not to faſt whilſt they be rawe,
In the Veſſell (*Son*) the better thou ſhalt him keepe,
Rule well the Fire and and beware of the Lawe,
Shut well the Veſſell for going forth of the Spirit;
Soe ſhall you all things the better keepe;
For how to get him againe it is ſtrange to know,
It is hard for ſome men to make Elements meete,
Keepe well this Secret *Son* and God daily praiſe,
Put into thy Veſſell Water cleare,
And ſet it in Fire full forty dayes,
And then in the Veſſell blacknes will appeare,
When that he is black he will change tyte,
Many Colers in him then will appeare,
From coulour to colour till it be white,
Then it is tyme *Son* to change the Fire,
And melt the heat to your deſire;
And if you will have him White ſtill,
Then muſt you your Medicine apply,
A dry Fire put him till,
And a moyſt Fire naturally,
Till he be made fixed,
For to take Mercury before his flight,

As

As he is by nature privily mixed,
Of fusion then he shalbe light,
And if you to his proportion take,
Fine Luna then will he make,
So micle of piercing will he be,
Both fluxible with penetrabilitie;
And (*Son*) if thou wilt have thy Medicine Red,
In a dry Fire thou shalt him keepe,
Ever still in one steed,
That never your Vessell come to wet.
So hard, so heavy and so peircing, *Son.*
(*Father*) this a wonderous thing,
So hot, so moyst, so light, so wet,
This greate Secret *Father* will I keepe,
So white, so red, so profitable,
Of all Stones most incomparable.
He may do more then any King, *Father.*
He is so rich *Son* in his working,
Gould and Silver men would faine have,
Poore and rich for it do crave,
They that of it have most aboundance,
Of the people have most obaisance,
To serve them both day and night,
And in the feeld will for it fight,
Therefore *Son* upon my blessing,
Keepe secretly this precious cunning,
Of thy Councell make neither King nor Knight,
If they knew they would set it light;
For when they have what they will,
God's curse wil come they say the untill,
For had I wist and had I wend,
That commeth evermore behinde,
Our Mercury my (*Son*) is white and thin,
In our Vessell shining bright and cleere,
Our Sulphur is in him within,

Burning him more then our dry Fire,
He fixes him more in one yeare,
By his naturall working I underſtand,
Then doth the Sonne by his dry Fire,
In yeares a long thouſand,
In ſhort ſpace we may have done,
When our Medicine thou wilt aſſay,
Thou maiſt make both Sol and Lune.
In leſſe ſpace then in one day.

Son. *Father* is it Water in the well ſpringing,
Or is it Water in the river running?
Other Water(*Father*) can I not finde.

Father. Noe(*Son*) it is of another kinde,
Howbeit it is Water cleere,
Our Sulphur in him is ſoe cleving,
He may not be departed by any fire,
I tell thee the throath in this thing.

Son. By no fire(*Father*) how may that be?

Father. Fire he is ever brenning,
Our Sulphur is made of the Sun and ſuch humi-
That in the Fire he is ever during. (dity

Son. The tyme of our working would I know,
In what ſpace might be made our *Stone*,
By Corne and by Frut (*Son*) thou maiſt it wel
Once in a yeare it is afore thee done; (know.
The Sun in the Zodiack about doth gonne,
Through the twelve Signes once in a yeare,
Soe long it is ere we can make our *Stone*.

Father. Haſte not to faſt but rule well thy Fire,
The vertue of our *Stone* few men can tell,
The Elements in him be ſo mighty,
Aboundance of treaſure in him do dwell;
For in riches all Stones exceeds he.

FINIS.

The

The Preface prefixt to Sir *Geo: Ripley's*
MEDULLA;
Which he wrote Ann. Dom. 1476. *and Dedicated to* Geo: Nevell *then Arch-Bishop of* Yorke.

RIGHT noble Lord, and Prelate Deere,
Vouchsafe of me these Verses take,
Which I present unto you heere,
That mencion of the Stone doth make,
Of wise men meetered for your sake.
For which of you thus much I crave,
Your gentle favour for to have.

2. This Stone divine of which I write,
Is knowne as One, and it is Three;
Which though it have his force and might,
Of Triple nature for to be,
Yet doe they Mettalls judge and try.
And called is of Wise men all,
The mighty Stone that Conquer shall.

3. Disdaine you not nor yet refuse,
To learne the vertues of them now,
By which you may if you them use,
Your selfe preserve and eke know howe,
Old age to hide, and Youth outshewe.
And Brasse by them transmuted is,
And eger Bodyes clensed I wis.

4. Fined also and made full pure,
And Aurified be at the last.
The first of these I you assure,
Right hurtfull is for Man to tast,
For Life it will resolve and wast.
Of Corrosives made corrupting all,
And named is the Minerall.

5. *But* Animall *the second is,*
The third forsooth the Vegitable,
To cure all things their vertue is,
In every cause what soe befall,
Mankinde in health preserve they shall:
Reneweth Youth and keepeth it sound,
As trew by proofe the same is found.

6. *And here I will teach you plaine,*
How for to make their Mixtures pure:
In order faire without disdaine.
I will tell you no Dreame be sure,
Beleeve me while my life may dure.
Looke what with mouth to you I say,
My deedes shall prove it true alway.

7. *Yett shall some Figure my Meeter hide,*
Least the Arte with Wings should fly awry,
And soe as vile abroad to slide,
Whose sence, or Truth cannot decay,
And without fraude I will display
The matter plaine on every side,
And true likewise what soe betide:

8. *Although ere this you have heard say,*
That such as practice doth this Arte,
Their thrift in Ashes seeke alway:
And learne at length with heavy heart,
Not more but lesse to make their part,
Yet be not you dismayed therefore;
Ne feare nor shrinke for it the more.

9. *But trust the words which I you tell,*
For truly I doe flatly say,
I have both seene and known it well,
And wittnesse will the same alway,
This the Marrow *called is I say,*
A truer Text full well I wote,
In all this World finde shall you not.

10. *Then as this Writing of our Wine,*
Whereof I bring you here a taste;
Whose heavenly Water pure and fine,
Doth all things worke withouten waste,
To your desire the bodyes fast
It doth dissolve, make light and open
With other things, not yett of spoken.

11. *Against Nature yet is it not,*
But naturall as may men trow,
Which being cleansed from his spott,
There Phœbus *splendor shall forth shewe,*
And cause it fragrantly to grow;
For how more fragrant it shalbe,
Soe much of Valor more is hee.

12. *For* Phœbus *nature doth surpasse,*
And bodyes pure, and eke the sky,
It doth beshine both Corne and Grasse,
The Sonn reneweth from on hye,
And causeth things to fructifie.
Doth mix, and fix, and natureth,
Drives plagues away and nourisheth.

13. *Abandoneth, draweth, and clenseth the Aire,*
Maketh dews sweete, floods and humors dry,
Maketh softe, hard, sweete and fayre;
And purifieth Natures perfectly,
By his working incessantly;
It maketh all things to grow I say,
And chaseth Ugly things away,

14. *In Laurell Tree, it is full greene,*
In Gold it lodgeth glistringly;
It decketh Stones with brightnes sheene,
The shinening bodyes are made thereby:
But if you will more certeinly,
Of Phœbus *vertue have knowledging,*
Then Saturns *Chyld must yssue bring.*

15. *O* Paſtor *meeke draw Water cleere,*
From buds of Vynes out of a Glaſſe,
As red as blood as Gold it were;
Which Will you give a Gummy Maſſe,
As pretious as ever was.
Thus without fraude made open is by wyſe,
The Arte *Which you ſhall not diſpiſe.*

16. *It multiplyeth and maketh alſo,*
Gold Potable *know this for trewe,*
By it are things increaſed ſoe,
That health thereby you may renewe,
To learne thoſe Secreats dayly ſue,
Which formally prolong well may
Your Life in joy from day to day.

17. *For although many hate this* Arte,
Yet it is precious over all;
Try and diſcerne within your hearte,
By all the Leſſons miſticall;
A Gift it is Cœleſtiall
Which here is taught to you him by
That prov'd it hath Aſſuredly.

18. *This have I written for your ſake,*
Not in vaine ſtile, but order plaine,
This little Booke of him you take,
Which frankly doth beſtowe his paine.
To God committinge you againe,
And all that doth Wiſh Well to thee,
In any place whereſoever they bee.

19. *If you unbroken long Would keepe,*
In perfect health, your Veſſel ſtill;
Then for your Cannon *looke you ſeeke,*
Remembring him that hath good will,
By your aſſiſtance to fulfill:
And in ſuch ſort your Worke diſplay,
As ſound may to your lawd alway.

A SHORT WORKE

That beareth the Name of the aforesaid Author, *Sir G. RIPLEY.*



Take *Heavy*, *Soft*, *Cold*, and *Drye*; (ly:
Clense him, and to Calx grind him subti-
Dissolve him in Water of the Wood;
If thou can do any good
Thereof, take a Tincture
And Earthy Calx good and pure.
Of this maist thou have with thy travaile,
Both Mercury, Water, and Oyle;
Out of the Ayre with Flames great,
Fire into the Earth doth Creepe;
In this Worke if thou wilt winn,
Take heed wherewith thou dost begin,
And in what manner thou dost work,
For loosing thy way in the darke;
And where, with what, and how, thy matter shal
I tell and Councell thee as my Frend: (end;
Make Water of Earth, and Earth of Water;
Then art thou well onward in the matter.

For thou ſhalt find hid in the myre,
Both Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire:
I tell thee my Brother, I will not flatter,
Of our Earth is made our Water:
The which is cleere white as Snow;
And makes our Earth Calcine and growe.
Blackneſſe firſt to thee doth ſhew,
As by thy practiſe thou ſhalt know:
Diſſolve and Calcine oft, and oft; (brought:
With Congelation till the Body to whitnes be
Make the Body fluxible, and flowing;
With the Earth, perfect, and teyning.
Then after Ferment is once done;
Whither thou wilt with Sunne or Moone,
Diſſolve him with the Water of life,
Ycalled Mercury withouten ſtrife:
Put the Soule with the Body, and Spirite
Together in one that they may meete,
In his Dammes belly till he wax great,
With giving Drinke of his owne ſweate:
For the Milke of a Cow to a Child my brother
Is not ſo ſweete as the Milke of his Mother:
This Child that is ſo marveilouſly wrought,
Unto his Heritage muſt be brought:
His livelyhood is ſo worthy a thing,
Of abilitye to ſpend with a King:
He that beareth all this in minde,
And underſtandeth theſe Parables all;
With Seperation he may finde,
Poore and Rich, great and ſmall;
With our Sulphur we make our Antimony, White and
And thereof we make our Mercury quick, & dead. (Red;
This is a Mettall that I ſpeake of one of the ſeaven,
If thou be a Clerk read what I meane.

There

There is no Plannet of six neither great nor small,
But if he be put to them, he will Calcine them all.
Unto red blood he must be brought;
Else of him thou getteſt right nought:
Reach him then with the Wood Water,
Man, and Woman Clothed under one hatter,
In and of them is conceived a Child
Lovely of beauty, meeke and mild;
Out of the Earth with dropps strong,
Nouriſh the Child in his Mothers wombe;
Till he be come to full age;
And then make thou a Mariage,
Betweene the Daughter, and the Sonne,
And then thou haſt the Maſtery wonn.
The beginning of this Worke, if thou wilt crave,
In holly Writ thou ſhalt it have:
Both in Maſſe Booke and in Pſalter
Yea wrighten before the Preeſt at the Alter:
And what is Antimony that thou ſhalt worke,
I have written to thee if thou be a Clerke;
Looke about before if thou canſt finde
Plainely written, which maketh men blind:
Our Werke is bringing againe our Mercury,
And that *Philoſophers* call Solucion;
And if thou looſe not the uncleane body,
Thou werkeſt without diſcretion;
The Inbibition of Water, is not the looſing;
But bringing the Body into water againe turning:
That is to ſay into ſuch water,
That is turning the Body into his firſt Matter:
The ſecond Werke is to bring,
Earth and Water to Congealing;
The cleanſing of the Third is another
Unto Whitenes; my owne Brother;

With this Water of his owne,
That is full marvalous to be knowne:
The fourth werke is diſtilling
Of Water, and Earth upſweating.
And thus haſt thou by one aſſent,
Earth, Ayre, Water, and Fire; the foure Elements:
The Aſhes that are in the bottome of the Veſſell,
Looke thou diſpiſe them not though left,
For I tell thee right well,
There is the Diadem of our Craft.

FINIS.

JOHN LYDGATE
MONKE OF
St. EDMUNDS BURY,

In his Translation of the second Epistle that King Alexander *sent to his Master* ARISTOTLE.

WHan *Alysaundre* as is Rehersyd heer
This *Philosophre* for vertues manyfoold,
Sent unto hym a secret Messengeer,
Without exskus to come to hys housoold,
But he ageyn for he was feeble and old,
And impotent on the tother syde,
And unweldy for to goon or ryde.

But chiefe cause why *Alysaundre* sente,
A purpoos take and a fantasye,
To declare pleynly what it mente;
He wyst in sooth that in *Philosophye*,
Wyth other secrets of *Astronomye*:
He was experte and mooste cowde understonde,
Thys was in cheefe Cause of the Kynges sonde.

Powder of Planetys and mevyng of all Sterrys,
And of every heavenly Intelligence;
Dyspoſicion of Pees and ek of Werrys,
And of ech othyr ſtraunge hyd Scyence,
As the ſevene Goddys by theyr Influence
Dyſpoſe the Orders of Incantacions,
Or of ſevene Metallys the Tranſmutacions.

With othir Craftys which that be ſecre,
Calculacion and Geomancye,
Dyfformacions of *Circes* and *Meed*:
Lokynge of Facys and Pyromancye,
On Lond, and Watir, Craft of Geometrye.
Heyghte and Depneſſe with all Experyence,
Therefore the *Kinge* deſires his preſence.

But for all this within himſelfe a thing
There was a Secre he kept not to diſcloſe;
Nor to publiſhe opynly to the *Kynge*,
Takeyng Example by two things in a Rooſe,
Firſt how the Flower greet ſweetneſſe doth diſpooſe:
Yet in the Thorne men finde great ſharpneſſe,
And thus in Konnyng there may been a lykeneſſe.

In Herbe and Flour, in Writeing, Word and Stoon,
Ech hath his vertue of God and of Nature,
But the knowyng is hyd froo many oon:
And not declaryd to every Creature,
Wherefor he caſt twen Reaſon and Meaſure:
To ſhape aweye both the *Kyng* to pleſe,
Somewhat to uncloſe and ſet his herte at eſe.

There

There is of ryght a greete difference,
Tween a Princes royall Dignite,
And a twen Commons rude In telligence,
To whom nat longeth to meddle in no degre,
Of Konnynges that ſhould be kept ſecre,
For to a Kynges famous magnificence,
And to Clerkys whiche have Experience.

Itt cordeth well to ſearch out Scripture,
Myſteries hid of Fowlys, Beeſte, and Tree,
And of Angellys mooſt ſotyl of Nature;
Of Myneralls, and Fyſſhes in the See,
And of Stonys ſpecially of Three.
Oon *Myneral* another *Vegetatyff*,
Partyd on Foure to lengthe a Mannys lyffe.

Off whych I radde oonys among othir Stonys,
There was oon calyd *Anymal*;
Foure Elements wrought out for the noonys:
Erthe, Watir, and Ayre, and in eſpecyall,
Joyned with Fyre proporcyon maad egal.
I dar ſeyn breefly and not taryc,
Is noon ſwych *Stoone* found in the Lapidaryc.

Irad Oonys of a *Phyloſophre*,
Ageyn ech ſyckeneſſe of valew doth mooſt cure,
All the Treſure and Gould in *Cræſus* Coffre;
Nor all the Stoonys that grow by Nature,
Wrought by Craft or forgyd by Picture.
Lapis & non Lapis, Stoon of greeteſt fame,
Ariſtotiles gaffit the ſame name.

And

And for I have but little rad or ſeyne,
To write or medle of ſo high mateerys,
For preſumcion ſome would have diſdeyn;
To be ſo bold or clymbe in my deſires:
To ſcale the Laddere above the nyne Speerys,
Or medle of Rubyes that yeve ſo cleere a light,
On hooly ſhrines in the dirk night.

I was nevir noon expert Joweleere,
In ſuych mateerys to put my ſylfe in prees,
With *Philoſophres* myn Eyen wer nat cleer,
Nowthir with *Plato* nor with *Socratees*:
Except the Prynce *Ariſtotilees*.
Of Philoſophres to *Aliſaundre* Kyng,
Wrott of this *Stone* the mervaylle in all werking.

In prevy wyſe lych to hys Ententys,
Secretys hyd cloos in *Phyloſophye*,
Fyrſt departyng of the foure Elementys;
And aftyrward as he doth ſpeceffye,
Every ech of hem for to recteffye.
And after thys lyk hys Oppynyon,
Of thys foure to make a Conjunccyon.

In ſuych wyſe performe up thys *Stoon*,
Seene in the joynynge there be noone outrage
But the fals erryng hath founyd many one;
And brought hem aftyr in full greete rerage,
By Expenſys and outragyous Coſtage.
For lak of brayn they wern maad ſoe wood,
Thyng to begynne whych they not underſtood.

For

For he that lyſt putte in Experience,
Forboode ſecrees I hold hym but a foole,
Lyke hym that temptyth of wylfull neglygence,
To ſtonde up ryght on a three foote ſtoole,
Or ſparyth a ſtewe, or fyſheth a bareyn poole.
Whan all is doon, he get noon othir grace,
Men wyl skorne hym and mokke hys foltiſh face.

Itt is no Crafft poore men t'aſſayle,
It cauſeth Coffers and Cheſtys to be bare,
Marryth wytts, and braynes doth affray;
Yit by wryting this booke doth declare,
And be Reſons lyſt not for to ſpare,
Wyth Golden Reſouns in taaſt mooſt lykerous,
Thyng *per Ignotum* prevyd *per Ignocius*.

Title of this Booke *Labor Philoſophorum*,
Namyd alſoe *De Regimine principum*,
Of Philoſophres *Secreta Secretorum*,
Treſour compyled *omnium Virtutum*;
Rewle directory ſet up in a ſom,
As Complexions in helthe and ſekeneſſe,
Dyſpoſe them ſylf to mornyng or to gladneſſe.

The whych booke direct to the Kyng
Alyſaundre both in the werre and pees,
Lyke hys requeſt and royall commanding,
Full accompliſhed by *Ariſtotiles*,
Feble for Age and impotent doubtles,
Hoole of corage and trew in his entent;
T'obeye his byddyng this booke he to hym ſent.

How Aristotle *declareth to King* Alysaundre *of the Stonys.*

TOwching the *Stone of Philosophres Oeld,*
Of which they make mooſt Sovereyn meneyon;
But there is oon as *Aristotle* toold,
Which alle excelleth in Compariſon,
Stoon of Stoonys mooſt Sovereyn of renoune;
Towching the vertue of this rych thyng,
Thus he wrote to the moſt ſovereyn King.

O *Alysaundre* gretteſt of dignite,
Of al this World Monark and Regent,
And of al Nacyons haſt the Sovereynte;
Echoon to obeye and been obedyent,
And to conclude the fyn of our entent,
All worldly Treſure breeſly ſhet in oon,
Is declaryd in vertue of this *Stoon.*

Thou muſt firſt conceiven in ſubſtance,
By a maneer uncouth dyvyſion;
Watir from Eyr by a diſſeverance:
And fyr from Eyr by a departicion,
Echoon preſervyd from all Corruptyon.
As *Philoſophres* a forme have ſpeceffyed,
Which by Reaſon may not be denyed.

Watir from Eyr departyd prudently,
Eyr from Fyr and Fyr from Erthe don,
The Craft conceyved devyded truly,
Withouten Errour or Decepcyon,
Pure every Element in his Complexion.
As it perteyneth pleynly to his parte,
As is remembryd perfyghtly in this Arte.

This *Stone* of Colour is ſometyme Citrynade,
Lyke the Sonne ſtremyd in his kynd,
Gold treſſyd maketh hertes full glade;
With more Treſour then hath the Kyng of *Inde*,
Of pretyous Stoonys wrought in their kynde.
The Cetryn Colour for the Sonne bryght,
Whyte for the Morne that ſhyneth all the nyght.

This *Philoſophre* brought forth in *Paris*,
Which of this Stoonys wroot fully the nature,
All the Dyvyſion ſet by grett advys;
And thereuppon did his beſy cure,
That the perfeccion long ſhould endure,
Lyke the entent of *Ariſtotles* ſonde,
Which none but he cowd well bryng on honde.

For though the mateer opynly nat toold,
Of this Stoonys what *Phyloſophres* mente,
Ariſtotiles that was experte and Oold;
And he of *Paris* that forth this preſent ſent,
And in all hys beheſte feythfull true of Entent:
With Circumſtances of *Araby Inde & Perce*,
Towching the Stoonys that Clerkys can reherſe.

Hermogenes hadde hymſelfe alloone,
With the ſeyd *Phelip* that with him was ſecre,
Knewh the vertue of every prevy Stone;
As they were diſpooſyd of Degree,
From him was hyd noon uncouth prevyte.
This *Hermogenes* and he knewh every thing,
Of alle ſuych vertues as long to a Kyng.

THE *FIRST CHAPTER.*

IN the name of the holy Trinitie,
I will write of this Worke breiflie;
Leaving matters of circumſtance,
And promiſe the truth to advance:
I will not write Figuratively,
But declare the Matter plainely,
And how things muſt be made to accord,
By Natures true worke and the helpe of our Lord:
The World is but one incloſed with heavens round,
Though divers matters and formes be therein found:
The Earth this worlds Center borne up by the Aire,
In kinde hath noe more but being baire,
And neereſt to not being, *Philoſophers* have told,
In kinde of Complexion is full dry and cold;
And now for my Figure of rotundity,
I will ſhew how Elements accord and diſagree:
And though the Elements be ſo contrary,
Yett by heavens Influence they are brought to unite,
And when once togeather a body they binde,
Nought may them looſen without wrecke to the kinde.
Firſt Fire in Nature is hott and dry,
Aire differs from Fire in moiſture only:
Earth only for coldneſſe from Fire diſagrees,
This Concord and diſcord every man ſees:
Aire hot and moiſt of complexion and kinde,
Water differs from Aire but in heate we finde:

Soe

Soe that in moysture we finde them both one;
Naturall heate in Water we finde none;
Water cold and moiste of Complexion is,
Earth differs from Water in drynes I wis:
Earth agrees with Fire in drynes noe doubte,
Thus one in another the Wheele turnes about.
From this round Circle proceeds a quadrant,
Each line unto another an equall distant:
And as the round Figure concludes all in One,
Soe the Quadrant of foure things makes distinction.
From this Quadrant a Fire must proceed,
Which is *Animall*, *Vegitable* and *Minerall* we reede:
And with the Fire I will begin;
Pray God I be not too bold therein.
The whole Composition of this world is fram'd,
Of the Three things which before I have nam'd:
Now to make things of Excellencie,
We must take things neereſt Nobilitie;
And as this greate Masse conteines things Three,
Soe Blood, Flesh and Bone in the least World we see;
Yett lesse World and greate World is all but One;
Thus still we keepe an Unyon:
Whatsoever itt is that is alive,
Without Blood they may not thrive.
Sperme is Generacion of each thing,
Of what kinde soever itt bene;
Blood is Sperme be itt White or Redd,
For without Blood each thing is dead:
Blood conteineth the three things I have told,
And in his Tincture hath Nature of Gold:
Without Gold noe Mettle may shine bright,
Without Blood noe Body hath bene fitt of light:
Thus doth the greate and lesse World still,
Hold the Union according to Gods will:

Now of all things Blood Nobleſt is,
For nothing in the World may itt miſſe,
Blood hath true proporcion of the Elements foure,
And of the three ſpecies I ſpoke of before:
The Blood muſt be the principall matter of each thing,
Which hath any manner of increaſing:
Mercury in Mettalls is the Blood certeine,
Sperme in Animalls getts the like againe;
Vegetable moyſture from heaven ſo good,
Yett all theſe three are but Blood:
Then Blood in procreation is neereſt of kinde,
This Secrett good *Brother* keepe cloſe in thy mynde:
And uppon that Condition,
Which Blood thou ſhalt take I will make repeticion;
The true Blood of Mettalls is hard to have,
And long tyme of gettting itt doth crave:
Blood of Vegetables hath moyſture greate ſtore,
And therefore to have itt requireth much labour:
The true Blood to finde without labour and coſt,
Thou knowſt where to have it ere thy witts be loſt.
Seeke out the nobleſt as I ſaid before,
For now of the Matter I dare ſay noe more.
This Secrett was never reveal'd till this tyme,
By any Mans writings that ere I could finde,
But I which by practice have found itt true,
Knew how things cauſed things to renew:
God grant noe *Alchymiſts* meete with my Booke,
For they would have *Elixir* by hooke or by crooke;
And he would ſpend what his Freinds wan,
And be as neere at the laſt as when he began,
And would promiſe to give men Gold greate ſtore,
But beware thou of Expence, as I ſaid before.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the manner of the Worke.

NOW after the Matter the Manner compute,
How to bring this our Worke aboute:
Firſt take the Matter crude as itt is,
Which will coſt you little or nought I wis:
Scarce it ſoe cleane as it may be,
Untill from filth itt is all free,
Which wilbee done in houres three or foure,
Then will it be cleare from his ill humour:
Then take the Faces which you ſhall finde,
In the ſame which the Matter left behind:
Purge him alſo with the nobleſt Element,
Untill that he to Earth be brent:
Then have you a *Stone* of wonderfull might,
With ſmall Coſt a ſecret right.
Take ye this *Stone* and uſe Millers Craft,
Till it be fine powder and made very ſoft:
Then give him the moiſture which from him ye tooke,
Then uſe him as ye ſhall finde in this booke.
But give him noe other Drinke but of his owne kinde,
For elce you doe not after my mynde.
Let him drinke noe more then will ſuffice,
Beware of Floods I you adviſe:
Then ſearch him twice againe as you did before,
And ſtill put uppon his owne liquor:
Thus their firſt Order to paſſe is brought,
And your fouleſt Worke fully wrought.

CHAP.

Chap. III.
Of the ſecond Order.

NOW the ſecond Manner I will ſhew plaine,
How you ſhall worke it with little paine:
When your three ſearſings be done after my lore,
Then breake the *Stone* as you did before:
Then muſt you have one Veſchell,
Which muſt be made like an Eggſhell,
Into the which Veſſell the Matter you muſt putt,
Then ſee that itt be well cloſed upp:
The Veſſells divided in parts three,
Whereof two ſtill voyde muſt bee:
This Veſſell muſt be ſet in a kinde heate,
That the Matter may kindly ſweate;
The Spiritts muſt not be oppreſt with Fire,
For then thou ſhalt never have thy deſire;
Neither muſt thy Veſſell have cold,
For then itt will ſpoile as *Philoſophers* have told;
But keepe itt in a temperate heate alwayes,
For the ſpace of fortie dayes:
Then Blackeſſe will appeare to ſight,
That Blackneſſe thou muſt bring to be White.
ake out t he Glaſſe at the forty dayes end,
And ſe that from cold thou doe itt defend;
And ſet itt in a Furnace with dry fire,
Till itt be White after thy deſire,
Which wilbe done in Weekes three,
And dryed from his moyſture utterly:

Then

Then with the firſt Water thou firſt didſt imbibe
Againe thou maiſt feede it att this tyde,
But give itt noe more, nor you doe thinke
May ſuffice at once for itt to drinke,
This done putrefy as you did before,
Even in the very ſelfe ſame maner,
And in the ſaid tyme which it ſtoode before,
Itt will becom of blacke Colour,
And in the ſame Order if it congeale White,
Then is your Worke both perfect and right;
Now you muſt goe lerne the Bakers occupacion,
How he Leavens Bread by Fermentacion;
And truly to Ferment take noe plate of Gold,
But parte of that the plates doe hold.
You know that if *Sol* ſhew not a faire Tincture,
Itt will be had but in little honour,
Then Tincture of Gold is a moſt noble thing,
With a grace to noble men of our workeing,
For that true proverbe doth well accord,
Baſe things befitt not a noble Lord.
Now have I told you what Ferment is,
To teach you to Ferment I will not miſſe;
This Chapter is now brought to an end,
And now the third Order to ſhew I intend.

Chap. IV.

Of the third Order of this Worke.

RECIPE *Sol* that is pure and good,
And ſee that from him you take his pure blood,
Your *Stone* you muſt divide in parts three,
And the fourth of the Ferment muſt be.

If you will have for Red, and White too,
To Red after this Order you muſt doe,
And the White after the ſame,
Muſt be ferment with *Lune* by name,
And the matter equally divyde
One for the Red, the other for the White.
Another like Veſſell for the White you muſt looke,
As before is taught you in this Booke.
When your Ferments to your matters be put,
Then your Veſſell cloſe you muſt ſhut;
And ſett it to Putrifye as you did before,
The full tyme as I ſaid of yore:
And uſe itt in every degree,
As in the next Chapter before you may ſee.
But looke that you knowe your two Ferments aſſunder,
Or elce of your folly itt were great wonder:
And when from his Blackneſſe you have brought itt White,
Then have you *Elixir* of wonderfull might:
Your Red to his perfection is not fully brought,
But your White is perfectly wrought.
Your Red with moſt ſtrong heate muſt be fedd
In a cloſe Furnace untill itt be Redd:
When itt is Redd and will melt like waxe,
Then of all that ſhould be nothing laxe.
Now have you a *Stone* of wonderfull might,
Which will take Mercury before his flight,
And command him to ſtay, and cauſe him to bring
All Mettalls unto him, and call him their Kinge,
And make ſuch obedyence without Digreſſion,
That of him they ſhall all take Impreſſion;
Now have you a *Stone* of wonderfull power,
Which conteineth the three Species and the Elements foure:
Fire in Colour, Water by Effuſion,
Earth to ſight without deluſion,

Aire

Aire is in Water all men doe knowe,
And thus the foure Elements accordeth nowe:
As for the three Species I will ſhewe,
How in your *Stone* you may them knowe:
Tincture for Blood perteineth to the Animall,
Moyſture the Vegetable part poſſeſſe ſhall;
All Earth is Minerall without any doubt,
Thus keepe we in one Circle and never goe out.
Now have I my *Figure* perfectly wrought,
Yett of the Center I have ſaid right nought.
A Center is a pricke of whatſoever itt be,
Without any manner of diviſibilitie;
And made as Nature doth well provide,
So as no Accident may itt divide:
Only by hand but in the Quantitie,
But by noe Element ſeperate the Qualitie;
If in greate Fire you ſett it downe,
A true Salamander itt wilbe found;
If in the Water thou throwe I wis,
It will live there as doth a Fiſh;
If in the Aire you caſt it up hye,
There will it live, and never dye:
If in the Earth thou bury itt faſt,
Then will it remaine there, and ever laſt.
Thus can no Element divide without doubt,
The Center which our Wheele turnes about:
Now how to Multiply your Medicine I trow,
Would doe you much good for to knowe;
For unleſſe you know howe to Multiply,
Your Medicine will be ſpent quickly:
Then would itt put thy minde to much paine,
To thinke that thou muſt make itt againe:
Therefore the next Chapter ſhall teach thee right,
To Multiply this *Stone* of wonderfull might.

Chap. V.

How to Multiply.

NOW in this Chapter I meane to ſhewe,
How to Multiply that thou may knowe:
If Iron to the Load-ſtone be not put certeinly,
Itt will decreace wonderfully;
The Species of all things both more and leſſe each one,
Are mainteyned by reaſon of Multiplication;
Then if they be not Multiplyed they decay,
But Multiplication makes them be all away.
All things after Conception receive naturall Food,
To mainteine their kind as Nature ſeeth good:
Soe likewiſe our *Stone* muſt needs Multiply,
Or elce the Species of that *Stone* will dye:
And Multiplication muſt needs be of ſuch thing,
As the thing multiplied takes beſt likeing.
Fire which burneth perpetually,
If Matter want Fire will dye;
But for to feed our *Stone* rightly,
The way I will ſhewe preſently.
Take your Glaſſe and Medicine withall,
And in a warme Fire ſett itt you ſhall;
And when itt begins to liquefy,
Put common Mercury to itt by and by;
And itt wilbe devoured anon
By vertue of heate that is in our *Stone*,
And as much as you putt in quantitie,
Soe much doth your Medicine augment truly:
Yett you muſt have reaſon not for to cloye,
With overmuch cooling, kind heate thereby:

And

And as of a Dragme you will make a Pounde,
You may well do itt, if you keep round;
And when it is Multiplied ſufficiently,
Then from the Fire ſet it by.
A man in this Land once I knewe,
That marred that he made, and ſo may yowe;
Except ye doe as I have taught,
And then neede you to feare nought.
Another I knewe which wanted good direccion,
And at once ſpent all at one projection.
Theſe knew not howe itt ſhould be multiplyed,
Which things I have taught you at this tyde;
But ſee that the Mercury wherewith ye Multiply,
Be made ſoe cleane as itt may be.
Now to make him extend his perfection,
It is needfull to know how to make projeccion:
Whereof in the next Chapter I will treate,
For of Multiplicacion I will noe more ſpeake.

Chap. VI.
Of Projection.

NOw lacke we but onely this Leſſon to take,
Perfectly projection for to make:
Take one parte of the Medicine, and of ☿ ♄ or Tinn,
But ſee that you make them exceeding cleane;
And when your Mettall doth Liquefy,
Then caſt in your parte of Medicine quickly.
Then will it be brought to ſuch a paſſe,
That all will be as brittle a glaſſe;
Take the brittle ſubſtance as it is,
And upon an (100.) to take doe not miſſe.
That 100. uppon 1000. ſoe ſtill increaſe you may,

And project noe more when your Tincture doth decay.
This projection is ſure without any doubt,
Thus is our Wheele turned round about.
In what Veſſell to project I need not to tell,
For a Maiſter of his Arte knoweth it very well;
To project on Mettalls nowe you knowe,
And to project on mans body nowe will I ſhewe.
Firſt the Body muſt be purged well,
And by ſwetting and bathing be made ſuttell.
And when you are cleane according to your minde,
Take a dragme of your Medicine with the Quinteſſence of (Wine;
Such a ſuddeine alteration itt will ſhowe,
As you need not to feare Corruption noe moe:
Nowe of his Vertues I need not to declare,
They are fully ſhewne by others elce-where.
Now to the holy Trinitie I thee commend,
Thanking him my Worke is at an end:
Chargeing thee this Secret from bad men to keepe,
Though with greate Importance of thee they itt ſeeke;
And beware itt goe not from thy hand,
Except to a perfect honeſt man.
By Bookes the true Worke I could never finde,
Therefore left I this Booke behinde,
That to whoſe ſhare ſoever itt might fall,
By itt they might know our Secretts all.
God grant noe *Multiplyer* meete with my Booke,
Nor noe ſiniſter Clerkes thereon to looke;
Then will they pay their debts ſurely,
And build Churches, and Steeples very hye;
Keepe itt from theſe folkes I thee pray,
As thou wilt anſwere before God att laſt day:
For whatſoever hath bin ſaid to our worke doth accord,
Therefore give honour, prayſe, and thankes to our Lord;
Holy and Reverend be his Name,
Which to me vile Synner hath revealed the ſame.

THE

THE HERMET'S TALE.

IN Pilgrimage one onely thing I found
Of worth in *Lemnes* nere to *Vulcan*'s ſhopp,
A Chriſtall founteine running under ground,
Between a Vally and a Mounteines topp.
Pleas'd with this ſight, I bid a *Hermite* tell
The ſtory of the place, who there did dwell.

Within this Vale a hallowe dusky Cave
There is (quoth he) of greate Antiquity,
Where plumes of *Mars* blew greene and red you have:
Torne from his creſt for his Iniquity.
The Troope of Smiths, as he for *Venus* lay,
Surpris'd and tooke him, yett he gett away.

For as the *Cyclops* him in tryumph brought,
To halting *Vulcan* to receive his doome,
They lifted up his beaver, and found nought
But vacant place and Armour in the roome.
Of th'armour then they thought they had good prize,
But working it they found itt ſcyndarize.

The Smiths amaz'd finding themſelves deluded,
Satt all in Counſaile in their Maſters Denne,
Deliberating well, at length concluded,
There is no equall War twixt Godds and men,
Lett's finde the Angry God and pardon crave,
Lett's give him *Venus* our poore ſelves to ſave.

They

They ſought in Heaven *Mars* knew his fact ſo bad,
He came out there, then one began to tell,
Saturne turn'd from his Throne, a Place had
Not far from thence, hard by this Chriſtall Well.
Thither they wen, and found two Gods alone,
Sitting within a darke, but glittering throne.

Downe fell old *Vulcan* on his crooked knee,
And ſaid forgive, O mighty God of Warr,
My ſervants and my ſelfe (once God as yee)
Then uſe thy will with *Venus* my faire ſtarr.
Saturne (quoth *Mars*) and I muſt not yet part,
Though ſhee for whom th'art pard'ned hath my heart.

With this the Cuckold with his ſweaty Troope
Went to his Forge and ſeem'd to make a legg,
Att every ſteppe, where halting made him ſtoope,
In thankes to *Mars*, granting what he did begg;
In whoſe remembrance you ſhall ever have
Syndars, and fetters in that hollow Cave.

But lett me tell you all that then befell,
Iove ſeeing this, meaning the Smith to right,
Sent downe a winged God, he truſted well,
Diſguiſ'd in habitt of a ſhineing light,
Which to the Vally from the Hill's high topp,
Affrighted all the ſmiths in *Vulcans* ſhopp.

A voyce was heard from *Ioves* Embaſſadour,
To ſummon *Mars* t'appeare before the Gods:
With *Saturne* forth came *Venus* Paramour:
Thinkeing with might to gett of right the odds:
Downward came he 9. myles, they upward fower,
All mett in miſt, he fledd, they nere went lower.

Vulcan

Vulcan came hobling up to se what's done,
He findes nor light, nor Gods, but other shape;
To witnesse of this fact he calls the *Sonne*,
Who streght cryes Murther, and made hast to scape:
Some dyeing Soule groan'd forth, *Apollo* stay,
Helpe wise *Apollo* ere thou goest away.

With this *Apollo* lookeing round about,
Espies this fountaine knowes the voice was here,
And boweing downe to finde the party out,
Himselfe unto himselfe doth streyght appeare.
There gaz'd he till a sturdy showre of rayne
Tooke wise *Apollo* from himselfe againe.

Farewell *Apollo* then *Apollo* sayd,
To morrow when this storme is fully past,
Ile turne and bring some comfortable ayd,
By which Ile free thee ere the latter cast.
Then did itt cry as if the voyce were spent,
Come sweete *Apollo*, soe itt downwards went.

Vulcan went to his Forge, the *Sonne* to bed,
But both were up betimes to meete againe;
Next morne after the storme a pale soule dead
Was found att bottome of this faire Fountaine.
Smith (said *Apollo*) helpe to lade this spring,
That I may raise to life yonder dead thing.

Then *Vulcan* held *Apollo* by the heele,
While he lades out the Waters of the Well;
Boweing and straining made *Apollo* feele
Blood from his nose, that in the fountaine fell.
Vulcan (quoth he) this Accident of blood
Is that or nought must doe this Creature good.

He ſpake the word, and *Vulcan* ſawe itt done,
Looke *Sol* (ſaid he) I ſee itt changeth hue,
Fewe Gods have vertue like to thee *ô Sonne*,
From pale itt is become a ruddy blue;
Vulcan (quoth *Phœbus*) take itt to thy forge,
Warme it, rubb it, lett itt caſte the Gorge.

Thus *Vulcan* did, itt ſpued the Waters out,
And then itt ſpake and cry'de itt was a cold;
Then *Vulcan* ſtuft and cloath'd it round about,
And made the *Stone* as hott as ere itt would.
Thus fourteene dayes itt ſickly did indure,
The *Sonne* came every day to ſe the cure.

As itt grewe well the Colours went and came,
Blew, Blacke, White, Redd, as by the warmth & heate,
The humours moved were within the ſame,
Then *Phœbus* bid him put it in a ſweate;
Which *Vulcan* plyde ſoe well, it grue all Red,
Then was itt ſound, and cald for drinke and bread.

Stay (quoth *Apollo*) though itt call for meate,
Diſgeſtion yett is weake, 'twill breede relapſe,
By ſurfett, therefore ere you lett itt eate,
Some little exerciſe were good perhapps,
Yett had itt broath alowde the ſtrength to keepe,
But when 'twas on his leggs it would ſcarce creepe.

Sol ſawe ſome reliques left of th'ould diſeaſe,
A ſolutine (quoth he) were good to clenſe,
With which the ſickneſſe he did ſo appeaſe,
Health made the Patyent ſeeke to make amenſe;
Who went away three weekes, then brought a *Stone*,
That in projection yeelded ten for one.

This

This did he lay downe att *Apollo*'s feete,
And ſaid by cureing one th'haſt ſaved three:
Which three in this one preſent joyntly meete,
Offring themſelves which are thine owne to thee.
Be our Phyſitian, and as we growe old,
Wee'le bring enough to make new worlds of Gold.

With that this *Hermite* tooke me by the hand.
And ledd me to his *Cell*; Loe here (quoth he)
Could'ſt thou but ſtay, and truly underſtand
What thou now ſeeſt, thou knowſt this Myſtery.
I ſtayd, I ſaw, I tryde, and underſtood,
A Heav'n on Earth, an everlaſting good.

A DISCRIPTION of the STONE.

THough *Daphne* fly from *Phœbus* bright,
Yet ſhall they both be one,
And if you underſtand this right,
You have our hidden *Stone*.
For *Daphne* ſhe is faire and white:
But Volatile is ſhe;
Phœbus a fixed God of might,
And red as blood is he.
Daphne is a Water Nymph,
And hath of Moyſture ſtore,
Which *Phœbus* doth conſume with heate,
And dryes her very ſore.
They being dryed into one,
Of chriſtall flood muſt drinke,
Till they be brought to a white Stone:
Which waſh with Virgins milke,
So longe untill they flow as wax,
And no fume you can ſee,
Then have you all you neede to aske,
Praiſe God and thankfull be.

THE

The ſtanding of the Glaſſe for the tyme of the Putrifaction, *&* Congelation *of the* MEDICINE.

THe *Glaſſe* with the Medicine muſt ſtand in the fyre
Forty dayes till it be Blacke in ſight; (deſire,
Forty dayes in the Blackneſſe to ſtand he will
And then forty dayes more, till itt be White,
And thirty in the drying if thou liſt to doe right;
And then is the Sulphur perfectly Calcinate,
To drinke up his moyſture for him, being preparate.

In this tyme the *Glaſſe* neither open nor ſhutt,
But ſtill let him ſtand all the aforeſaid dayes,
Not once from the Furnace that ye take him upp:
For by Cooling the Matter the Medicine decayes,
Therefore you muſt Fire continue alwayes,
In one meaſure and temperatenes of heate,
Untill all be White, and the Sulphur compleate.

This heate ſufficeth for this principle one,
Which is the cheife ground of our Secretts all,
Without which Knowledg thou muſt not make the *Stone*,
If thou labour thy lyfe tyme, not proſper thou ſhall,
Therefore merry beware thou doe not fall.
But firſt truly learne, before thou beginne,
And ſo to true workeing thou ſhalt the better wynne.

Follow this Booke, and wander not aſide
Out of the way, to the left hand, nor the right,
But ſtreight betweene both directly you guide
Thy Worke, ſoe as I to thee doe write,
For in this Booke I will thee plainely excite,
How thou ſhalt make the Philoſophers Lead,
That is *Elixir* to the White and the Redd.

And then the Golden Oyle called *Aurum potabile*,
A Medicine moſt mervelous to preſerve Mans health,
And of Tranſmutation the greateſt that can bee,
For in the ſame Oyle is nothing but wealth;
Then glorious he is in the power of himſelfe:
For noe ſickneſſe can ſtand where he is in place,
Nor povertie dwell in the pleaſures of his Face.

Ænigma

Ænigma Philoſophicum.

THere is no light, but what lives in the *Sunne*;
There is no *Sunne*, but which is twice begott;
Nature and *Arte* the Parents firſt begonne:
By *Nature* 'twas, but *Nature* perfects not.
Arte then what *Nature* left in hand doth take,
And out of *One* a *Twofold* worke doth make.

A *Twofold* worke doth make, but ſuch a worke
As doth admitt *Diviſion* none at all
(See here wherein the *Secret* moſt doth lurke)
Unleſſe it be a *Mathematicall*.
It muſt be *Two*, yet make it *One* and *One*,
And you do take the way to make it *None*.

Lo here the *Primar Secret* of this *Arte*,
Contemne it not but underſtand it right,
Who faileth to attaine this formoſt part,
Shall never know *Artes force* nor *Natures might*.
Nor yet have power of *One* and *One* ſo mixt,
To make by *One fixt*, *One unfixid fixt*.

D. D. W. Bedman.

FRAGMENTS
COPPIED
From THOMAS CHARNOCK'S *owne hand writing.*

WHen an hundreth & fourſcore had run their (race
Then ſone after in ſhort time & ſpace, (in fyght
Blacknes began to ſhew his Face,
But when a C. and L. had overcumde hym
He made him waſh his Face white & bright
Which unto me was a joyfull ſyght.
Yet xx. at laſt came in with greate boſt,
And made both Black and White to fly the Coſt.

Written by T. Charnock *at the end of* Scotus de Bufone.

HEre in Gods name take thy reſt,
Quietly in thy warme neſt,
For ſo *Charnocke* thinks it beſt,
Tyll the *Sune* hathe runne Weſt,
Seaven tymes 600. and 16. juſt,
Then this *Chyld* awake thou muſt.

Written

Written at the end of RIPLYE'S *Cantalena.*

ABowte 653. I dare be bold,
This *Chyld* ſhall put on a Crowne of Gold;
Or at 656. at the moſte,
This Chyld ſhall rule the roſte.

OTher *Fragments ſcattered in the waſt places of an Old Manuſcript, written with* T. Charnock's *own Hand.*

WE worke this Worke of wonder,
By Wayght, Meaſure and Number.
Quoth THOMAS CHARNOCK.

WHen he is full Black then take ſome payne,
To waſh him 7. tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

CHARNOCK.

FRo the tyme that he be Black and Ded,
Waſh him 7 tymes, or he be perfect Red.

AND when he is full Black then take ſome payne,
To waſh hym 7. tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

AND when you ſee hym perfect Redd,
Then take a ſtone and knock him on the hedd.

Id eſt.

AND when this Woman is brought a bed,
Take the *Chyld* and knock hym on the hedd.

CHARNOCKE, 1573.

PErfect Whyte will not be accompliſhed,
Untill it hath byne twelve tymes circulated,

Id eſt.

Six tymes Black, and vi. tymes Whyte.

BEtwixt true Black, and true Whyte;
Wyll appeare many Collers to ſyght. } T. C.

BEtwixt Purgatory and Paradyſe,
The Raigne-bows Collers will ariſe. } T. C.

BEtwixt Black and Whyte ſartayne,
The Pekokes fethers wyll appeare plaine. } T. C.

LOoke you conceive my words aright,
And marke well this which I have ſede;
For Black is Ferment unto the Whyte,
And Whyte ſhalbe Ferment unto the Rede:
Which I never ſaw till I had whyte heres upon my head.

T. C. 1574.
The 50 yeare of my age.

In some Coppies I have found these Verses placed before Pearce the Black Monk, *upon the* ELIXIR.



AN and Woman God hath wrought,
And full mykle fruite forth they brought,
So multiplyeth the workes of our heaven
And yet come they but of one thing. (King
Now quod *Marlin* what may that be?
The slithe of the Yearth so say we:
Yearth it was, some Men would say nay,
And yet was it nether cleane yearth sand ne clay,
But the feces of yearth it was of Colour grey,
Which then turned to yearth as it on yearth lay.
The Water turned to blude to make man stronge,
The Ayre and Fire was medled theare amonge.
How be Ayre and Fire quod *Marlin*?
Through the workes of our Lord quod *Martin*.
For the brightnes of the holy Ghost is the Aire,
And the lightnes that gase lyfe is Fyre.
Wheare hast thowe goe too Scolle to learne all this?
For that thou sayest is right true I wisse;
And I suppose it in thie thought,
That with iiii. Spirits it must be wrought.
Nay your Spirits are too wilde quoth *Marlin* againe,
Therefore I will not medle with them certaine:
I will have a Spirit made by kinde naturally,
That will abide with every body kindly;
Such a Spirit could I macke quod *Marlin*,
And yet men would hold yt but in veyne.

And yet of all workes it is the beſt,
Leſt of Coſt and moſt ſureſt:
For if it ſhould faile then were we done all,
And therefore for the moſt parfiteſt worke we it call;
It is ſo rich when it is wrought,
Though all the world were turned to nought:
As mennye rich bodyes agayn make would he,
As ever were or ever ſhould be.
Take Earth of Earth, Earths Brother, &c.

I have ſeene an old Coppy of the ſaid work of Pearce the Black Monk, *to the end of which theſe following Verſes were joyned.*

NOW of this *Matter* derke and nothing clere,
An Expoſicion I doe mack here;
Wherein I charge you ſecre to be,
That frend ne foe doe yt ſe;
Erth hyd within the bodies center is moſt fine,
Water of Wood Eſſell of Wine,
For by the moyſter of the Grape,
This centrall Earth who can it take;
It and *Sercion* do our Maiſtry make,
For it ſhall become Mercuriall,
And after that Eſſentiall.
But now beware that you not faile,
For then you looſe your greate travaile,
Whan you have drawne owte of the Gum,
All the *Mercury* that wyll come,
Underſtand that Lycowres three
In that *Mercury* conteyned be;

The

The firſt is the Watur of lyfe Ardent,
By Bath departed that is moſt lent;
It burneth as Aquavite by live,
And is called our *Mercury* attractive,
Wherewith is made Earth Chriſtalline,
Out of all Collours Metallyne:
I ſpeke no more thereof as yet,
For in this worke we neede not it.
Then runneth a Water after thilke,
Litle in quantity white as mylke;
Whych ys ſperme or nature of our *Stone*,
That is earneſtly ſought of many one:
For of Man, Beſte, and every thynge,
Sperme is there begynyng,
Therefore we our *Mercury* do it call.
Whych ys found here and there and over all,
For wythout yt ys nothyng lyvyng,
Wherefore yt ys in every thyng:
As well in thyngs moſt precioufe,
As in thyngs moſt vyle and odious;
Of yt they have there firſt nature,
Thys moyſter to you as now is clere,
Thys ys the *Mercury* that we call
Vigetable, Minerall and Animall:
Our Quickſilver and our *lac Virginis*,
Our Water permanent forſooth yt ys;
Wyth thys Water Mercuriall,
We waſch the fylth Originall
Of our Erth tyll yt be whyte,
Lyke a Gumm that floweth lyte,
By dry fyre after that ſchale cume
Oyle wherewyth we make red Gumm:
Wych ys our Tincture and our Sulfur vive,
The ſoule of *Saturne* the Golde of life.

Our Tincture and our airy Gould,
Wych before was never ſo plainely tould;
God graunt that I do no diſpleaſure
To hym in fulfillyng your deſire.
Now Elements be divided every one,
Wyth thys Oyle make red your *Stone*;
Owre Gumms two then have ſchall ye,
Wythout the wych no *Elixir* may be.
They go the Body and the Spirits betwixt,
Wythowte the wych our *Ston* cannot be fixt,
And makyth of hym in a lytle ſpace,
Two *Elixirs* by Gods Grace:
Whereby are trewly alterate,
All Metalline Bodies into a better ſtate,
Wyth *Sol* and *Luna* equall to be,
To helpe us in our neceſſitie.
Now thanked be God moſt gracious,
Wych hath this Secret lent to us,
Hys grace therewyth to us he leave,
To our Soules helth us for to meve.

THIS

This following Fragment *in some copies I have found placed at the end of the aforegoing Exposition of* Pearce the Black Monke. *In others, immediately before* ——With *Hic* and with *Hæc*, &c. *and bearing this Tytle,*

A CONCLUSION.

TAke Wynde and Water, white and greene,
And thereof draw a *lac Virgine*;
Where some it call a water cleere,
The which water hath no Peere;
And then make your Fier stronger,
When the white fume doth appeare;
Chaunge your Receiver and continue longer:
And then shall you see come a Fire,
Red as blood and full of Yre.
Quod dicitur menstruum fœtens, & sol philosophorum,
In quo fit nostra dissolutio, & congelatio.
Sublimatio, attractio, & etiam fixatio,
Et Sulphuris nostri, sive foliati creatio.

With

WIth *hic* and with *hæc* thus may ye do,
As Husband and Wife togeather them wed;
Put them in a chamber both two,
And ſhet faſt the dore when they be a bed.
The woman is both wanton and wilde,
With her husband ſhe cannot reſt,
Till ſhe have conceived a Child;
Of all his kin he ſhall be beſt.
He is a Childe of the Elements
Both by Father and by Mother,
None ſo worthy in preſence,
Not perfect *Sol* his owne Brother.
Sol and *Luna* owe unto him obedience,
And all that him needes they to him bring,
Saturne doth to him obeſance,
Howbeit he is next of his kinne:
There is neither Emperour or Kinge,
But of his preſence they would be glad,
If he from them were one yeare wanting;
In their hearts they would be full ſad.
In riches he exceedeth all other,
The Elements in him are ſo even,
Luna is his Siſter, and *Sol* is his Brother,
His Father dwelleth among the planets ſeaven.
Nulla virtus mineralibus where ſhall we him ſeeke,
Sit tibi principium principale Councell we muſt it keepe;
Reperitur ubiq; localis by way in every ſtreete.

An other Conclusion.

FIrſt Calcine and after Putrefie,
Diſſolve, diſtill, ſublime, diſcend and fix
With *Aquavitæ* oftymes waſh and dry;
And make a marriage of Body & Soul the Spirit betwixt.
Which thus together naturally if ye cannot mix,
Then ſhall the Body utterly dye in the flix.
Bleeding and changing Collours as ye ſhall ſee,
In *bus* and *nubi* he ſhall upriſe and deſcend;
Firſt up to the Moone and after up to the Sun,
Onely ſhipped within a litle glaſen Tunne.
When he commeth thether, then is all the Maiſtry wonne,
About which Journey great goods ye ſhall not ſpend,
And ye ſhall be Glad that ever it was begun;
Patiently if ye liſt, to your worke to attend.
Who ſo ſhall our Pearle and our Ruby make,
Our Principle let him not forſake.
For at the beginning if his Principle be trew,
And that he can by craft ſo him bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke ſhall him not rew.

The whole Scyence.

THere is a bodi of a Bodi,
And a Soule and a Spryte,
Wyth two Bodyes muſt be knete.

There ben two Erthys as I the telle,
And two Waters wyth hem do dwelle;
The ton ys Whyte the tother is Red,
To quick the Bodies that ben ded.

And oon Fyre in Nature y hydd,
And oon Ayre with hem that doth the dede.
And all hyt commeth out of onn kynde,
Marke thys well Man and beare yt yn mynde.

TAke *Mercury* from *Mercury* which is his wyfe,
For *Mercury* wife to *Mercury* maketh greate ſtryfe:
But *Mercurys* wyfes Wyfe,
To *Mercury* maketh no ſtryfe.

AND thou wed *Mercury* to *Mercury* with her wyfe,
Then ſhall *Mercury* and *Mercury* be merry without ſtryfe:
For *Mercuries* Wyfe to *Mercury* maketh greate ſtryfe,
But *Mercuries* wyfe's wyfe to *Mercury* maketh no ſtryf.

A Ridle to you I will propoſe,
Of a Comon thing which moſt men knowes,
Which now in the Earth very reefe doth grow,
But is of ſmall Price as all men know;
And that without roote, ſtalke or ſeede,
Wherewith of his kinde another to breede:
Yet of that nature, that it cannot ceaſe,
If you plant it by peeces it ſelfe to increaſe,
Right heavy by kinde, yet forced to fly,
Starke nought in the purſe, yet good in the Eye,
This ſomething is nothing which ſeemeth full ſtrange,
Having taſted the fire which maketh the change:
And hath many Collours yet ſheweth but one,
This is the materiall of our *STONE.*

I Asked Philoſophy how I ſhould
Have of her the thing I would,
She anſwered me when I was able,
To make the Water malliable,
Or elſe the way if I could finde,
To meſure out a yard of Winde:
Then ſhalt thou have thyne owne deſire,
When thou canſt weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unleſſe that thou canſt doe theſe three,
Content thy ſelfe, thou get'ſt not me.

LEt the old man drinke wine till he piſſe:
The meanes to the *bleſt Stone* is:
And in that menſtrous water drowne,
The radiant brightnes of the Moone,
Then caſt the Sun into her lapp,
That both may periſh at a clapp.
Soe ſhall you have your full deſire,
When you revive them both by Fire.

IF ye wolle to hys Medycyn aplye,
Make furſt hevy, hard, hotte and drye:
Neſſhe, lyght, cold and wete,
Put ham togeder and make ham mete,
Thus may ye ſpend mor thann the King,
Yf ye have connyng of ſuche a thynge.

IF thou the Fixid can diſſolve,
And that Diſſolv'd doeſt cauſe to fly,
That Flying then to Fixing bring,
Then maiſt thou live moſt happily.

R. B.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS AND DISCOURSES, UPON *Some part of the preceding* VVorke.

Pag. 6. lin. 1. TO the honor of God——

FRom the *first word* of this *Proeme*, and the *Initiall letters* of the *six* following *Chapters* (discovered by *Acromonosyllabiques* and *Sillabique Acrostiques*) we may collect the *Authors* Name and place of Residence: For those *letters*, (together with the *first line* of the seventh *Chapter*) speak thus,

Tomas Norton of Briseto,
A parfet Master ye maie him trowe.

Such like *Fancies* were the results of the *wisdome* and *humility* of the Auncient *Philosophers*, (who when they intended not an absolute concealement of *Persons*, *Names*, *Misteries*, &c.) were wont to hide them by *Transpositions*, *Acrosliques*, *Isogrammatiques*, *Symphoniaques*, and the lyke, (which the searching *Sons* of *Arte* might possibly unridle, but) with designe to continue them to *others*, as concealed things; And that upon the Question no other Answer should be returned, then the like of the (*a*) *Angell's* to *Manoah*. [*His name was Peli*, to wit, *admirable* and *secret*.] (a) *Iudg.* 13. 18.

In imitation of whome, tis probable our *Author* (not so much affecting the *vanity* of a *Name* as to *assist* the lovers of *Wisdome*) thus *modestly* and *ingenuously* unvailes himselfe; Although to the generality of the world he meant to passe *unknowne*, as appeares by his owne words:

(*b*) If for that I desire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers unknowne shall be my name. (*b*) *Nort. Ordinall.* pag. 6.

(*c*) *Iohn Pitts* from *Iohn Bale*, and (*d*) he from *Robert Record*, relates, that this *Thomas Norton*, was *Alchymista suo tempore peritissimus*, and much more curious in the Studies of *Philosophy* then others, yet they passe some undecent and abusive *Censures* upon him, with reference to this *vaine and frivolous* (c) *De Illustr. Angl. Script.* pag. 666. (d) *De Script. Br. Cent.* 11. f. 67

Science, as they are pleas'd to tearme it, (and a better opinion I find not they had even of the *Hermetick learning* it selfe.) Indeed, every one that is educated a *Scholler*, is not borne to affect or be happy in every *Art*, some love one, some another, but few *All*. And this ariseth from the various *Influences* of the *Starrs*, which beget sundry *Inclinations* and *Affections* in Men, according to the different *Constitutions* and *Temperatures* of their *Bodies*; so that commonly what either a man does not *affect*, or *know*, he *despises* or *condemnes*, yet seldome with any shew of *Reason*. But it is no good *Conclusion* for *Blinde men* to affirme the *Sun* has no *light*, because they were never so happy as to see it. For though thy selfe (saith *Conwrath*) art ignorant of a *Matter*, 'tis not denied to others to know the same. However, our *Author* was so happy as to become a *Master* of this *Science* very early: which he learned in (*e*) *forty dayes*, and when he was

e) *Ord.* p. 35.

f) *Ordin.* p. 88.

(*f*) Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,

He earnestly moved his *Master* (who is generally thought to be *Ripley*) to communicate the *Red Medicine* to him, which after some tyme (finding him capable of it) he accordingly did.

Much more might be said in *Honour* of this *Author*, but I refer the *Reader* to the *Ordinall* it selfe, which will abundantly satisfie.

Besides this worke (which is called both by *Pitts* and *Bale*, *Epitomen Alchymiæ*, but by himselfe

g) *Ordinall.* pag. 9.

(g) Named of Alkimy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Stant ard perpetuall)

He wrote another Booke *De transmutatione Metallorum*; and to these (*h*) *Pitts* adds a third *De Lapide Philosophico*.

h) Pag. 666.

In the time of *Hen* 8. there flourished Nyne Brothers of the family of the *Nortons* and all *Knights*, one of them (viz.) *Sir Sampson Norton*, *Master* of the *Ordnance* to the said *King* (an *Office* of greate *Honour*, and not usually conferr'd but upon Men very *eminent*) lyes buried in (*i*) *Fulham Church* nere *London*, whose *Tombe* was adorned with severall *Hermeticke*, *Hierogliphicall* paintings, which have lately perisht by the *Ignorant* zeale of those that understood them not.

i) *Wever's fun. Mon.* fo. 526.

The *Epitaph* this.

Of yowr cherite pray for the Soule of Sir Sampson Norton Knight, late Master of the Ordinance of warre, with King Henry the 8th and for the Soule of Dame Elizabyth hys wyff. Whych Sir Sampson decessyd the eyghth day of February one thouland five hundred and seventeen.

Pag. 11. l. 7. That no Man, for better ne for worse,
Chaunge my writting for drede of Godscurse.

Doubtlesse *Norton* was truly sensible of the high injuries done to *learned men* through the *Erronious Transcriptions* of their *Bookes*, and had shared in the unimaginable *misfortune* which thereby befell the then *Students* in *Philosophy*, for he lived in those tymes that could not afford him the use of any other

Bookes

Bookes save onely *Manuscripts* (*Printing* having not served an Apprentiship to *England*(k)) when he wrote this *Oridinall*) & in that regard he layes this weighty charge upon unfaithfull *Scribes* who *negligently* or *wilfully* alter their *Copy*, whereby the wariest *Students* are encombred with *doubts*, and misled, or plunged into unhappy *Errors*.

k) The first *Printing-Presse* was set up in *Westmin. Abbey* by *Symon Islip*.

How ordinary a fault this was amongst the *Transcribers* of former times and may appeare by *Chaucer*, who (I am confident) tooke as greate care as any man to be served with the best and heedefullest *Scribes*, and yet we finde him complayning against *Adam* his *Scrivener* for the very same:

An. 1471 *William Caxton* the first that practised it there.

(l) So ofte a daye I mote thy worke renewe,
It to Correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.

See *Stowes Surv.* 525.

l) *Chaucer to his Scrivener.*

But as in other *Artes* and *Sciences* the fault is scarce pardonable, so cheifly in *Hermetique learning*, where the Injury may prove *irreparable*.

(m) And changing of some one Sillable,
May make this Boke unprofitable.

m) *Ord.* p. 11.

Pag. 33. l. 13. If I shulde write I shulde my fealty breake
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needes speake.

THis is part of the *Letter* which *Norton*'s Master wrote when he invited him to come and receive the *Secret* by *word of Mouth*, for without *breach* of his *Oath* he durst not commit it to *writing*, lest he might *cast the Childrens Bread to Doggs*.

In like manner *Aristotle* refused to communicate to *Alexander* by *Letter*, things apperteyning to this *Mistery*, untill a *personall meeting* might allow him to do it *viva voce*: for thus writes *Lydgate* out of *Aristotles Secreta secretorum*.

There be Secrees of Materis hih and lowe,
Hyd in Nature conceiyd and seeree,
Which Alysandre desired for to knowe;
By Aristotles a certyn previtee,
Nat specified cloos in hym sylff kept he,
Which was delayed of grete providence,
Tyll he hymsylff came to his presence.

And this was for fear his *Writings* should come to the view of such whose *Eyes* were not worthy the perusall of so *sublime Secrets*, and thereby suffer under the contempt of the prophane *Vulgar*, or by *wicked men* be abused to *wicked uses*. (For a *Secret discovered* will not faile of doing *Injury* to one party or an other) which (if by his meanes it should happen) might render him *Criminall* before *God*, and a *presumptuous violator* of the *Caelestiall Scales*. Cap. 2.

However the auncient *Philosophers* have used *writings*, and they as well *obscure as obvious*, *whereby the* Ignorant *might be more Ignorant*, *but the* Wise *understand and profitt*, *the* one *be deceived*, *the* other *allured*: And like *Aristotle* who (publishing his *Acromatica*ll *Discipline* and) being therefore taxed by *Alexander* (because he alone had learned them of him) answered *Se scripsisse*, *& non* G. br.

non scripsisse; edidisse quidem sed legentibus non intelligentibus. They have taken much paines by *Ænigmaticall* and *Paraboliall* discoveries (according to their affected *Ideoms*) to point out the *Philosophers Mercury*, and (with an *univocall* consent) asserted the wonderous operations of an *Agent* and *Patient* united but *we must not looke for the Name of that in plaine words which hitherto never, any man durst name*: For that they have lockt up *in scrinio pectoris*, and purposely deprived of *light*.

Anonymi.

Their chiefest study was to wrap up their *Secrets* in *Fables*, and spin out their *Fancies* in *Vailes* and *shadows*, whose *Radii* seems to extend every way, yet so, that they all meete in a *Common Center*, and point onely at One thing.

o) *Chauc. Prol.* to his owne *Tale.*

o) And thus ye wote that every Evangelist,
That telleth us the paine of Jesu Christ.
He sayth not all thing as his fellow dothe,
But nay the lesse her Sentence is all soth.
And all accorden in her Sentence,
All be therein her telling difference.
For some of hem saine more and some lesse,
After thei his piteous passion expresse.
I meane of Mark Mathew Luke and John,
But doubtlesse her Sentence is all one.

p) *De chim. Mir. secunda pars* Pag. 28.

And to this effect is that of *Count Trevisan.* (p) *He that well understands the* Philosophers *shall finde they agree in all things, but such as are not the* Sonns *of* Art *will think they clash most foully.*

Pag. 33. l. 15. —— My true Heire unto this Art
I will you make ——

THere has ever beene a continued *Succession* of *Philosophers* in all *Ages*, although the *heedlesse world* hath seldome taken notice of them; For the *Auncients* usually (before they dyed) *Adopted* one or other for their *Sonns*, whom they knew well fitted with such like *qualities*, as are sett downe in the *letter* that *Norton's Master* wrote to him when he sent to make him his *Heire* unto this *Science*. And otherwise then for pure *vertues* sake, let no man expect to attaine it, or as in the case of *Tonsile*.

q) *Ordin.* Pag. 41.

q) —— For Almes I will make no store,
Plainly to disclose it, that was never done before.

r) *ibid* pag. 35.

Rewards nor *Terrors* (be they never so *Munificent* or *Dreadfull*) can wrest this *secret* out of the *bosome* of a *Philosopher*: amongst others, witnesse (r) *Thomas Dalton.*

Now under what *Tyes* and *Ingagements* this *Secret* is usually delivered, (when bestowed by *word of mouth*) may appeare in the weighty *Obligations* of that *Oath* which *Charnock* tooke before he obtained it, for thus spake his *Master* to him:

still

q) Will you with mee to Morrow be content
Faithfully to receive the blessed Sacrament
Upon this Oath that I shall here you give,
For ne Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you beare towards your Kinne,
Nor yet to no great Man preferment to winne,
That you disclose the Secret that I shall you teach,
Neither by Writing, nor by no swyft Speeche;
But onely to him which you be sure,
Hath ever searched after the Secrets of Nature,
To him you may reveale the Secrets of this Arte,
Under the Covering of Philosophie before this World yee (depart.

q) *Brev. of Philos.* cap. 5.

And this *Oath* he charged him to keepe *Faithfully* and without *Violation.*

r) As he thought to be saved from the pitt of Hell.

r) Chap. ibid.

And if it so fell out, that they met not with any, whome they conceived in all respects worthy of their *Adoption*, (*) they then resigned it into the hands of God, who best knew where to bestow it. However, they seldome left the *World* before they left some *written Legacy* behind them, which (being the *issue* of their *Braine*) stood in roome and place of *Children*, and becomes to us both *Parent* and *Schoolmaster*, throughout which they were so universally *kinde*, as to call all *Students* by the deare and affectionate Tytle of *Sons* (t) (*Hermes* giving the first President) wishing all were such, that take the paines to tread their Fathers stepps, and industriously follow the Rules and Dictates they made over to posterity, and wherein they faithfully discovered the whole *Mystery*;

s) *Ord.* pag. 37.

t) *in Pimand.*

u) As lawfully as by their fealty thei may,
By lycence of the dreadfull Judge at domes day.

u) *Ordin.* pa. 10.

In these *Legitimate Children* they lived longer then in their *Adopted Sons*, for though these certainly perished in an *Age*, yet their *Writings* (as if when they dyed their *Souls* had been *Transmigrated* into them) seemed as *Immortall*, enough at least to perpetuate their *Memories*, till *Time* should be no more. And to be the *Father* of such *Sons*, is (in my Opinion) a most noble happinesse.

w) *Let Clownes get Heires, and Wealth; when I am gone,*
And the greate Bugbeare grisly death
Shall snatch this Idle breath,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

w) *Rand. Poems* pag. 63.

Pag 34. li. 33. I made also the Elixir of lyfe,
Which me bereft a Marchaunt's Wyfe.

THe *Conjecture* has much of probability in it which speakes this the *Wife* of *Will. Cannings*, who was 5. tymes *Major* of *Bristoll*, contemporary with *Norton*, and whose *wealth* was farr beyond the best of those tymes, as appeares

" by that notable Worke of his in building *Saint Mary* of *Radcliff* without the " *Walls* of *Briſtoll*, into which *Church* there is a Stately aſcent upon many " *Staires*, ſo large withall, ſo finely and curiouſly wrought, with an arched " *Roofe* over head of ſtone, artificially Imbowed; a *Steeple* alſo of an exceeding " height, that all the pariſh *Churches* in *England* which hitherto I have ſeene " (ſaith judicious (a) *Camden*) in my judgement it ſurpaſſeth many degrees. The ſaid *William Cunnings* alſo (b) *Inſtituted*, (*Iſaacſon* ſaith very much (c) *augmented*) the *Colledge* of *Weſtbury* neere *Briſtoll* (not long before (d) founded by *John Carpenter*, *Biſhop* of *Worceſter*) and in his old age tooke upon him the *Sacerdotall function* and became *Deane* thereof.

a) *Brit.* fo. 237.
b) *Camb. Brit.* fo. 238.
c) *Chron.* fo. 467.
d) *Godw.* pag. 367.

Pag. 38. li. 4. **And Delvis at Teuxbury loſt his head**

e) 4. *May* 1471. f) *Stow.* Ann. fo. 424.

WIthin two dayes after the (e) *Victory* which *Edw. the fourth* obteyned over *Queene Margaret* and *Prince Edw.* (the *Wife* and *Son* of *Henry the ſixt*) at *Teuxbury*; This (f) *Delvis* (the *Sonne* of Sir *John Delvis* then ſlaine) was *beheaded*: Notwithſtanding a *Pardon* granted unto him and others by the *King* at the earneſt ſolicitation of a *Prieſt* who withſtood his entrance into a *Church*, whither *Hee* and many more were fled for *Sanctuary*, till the ſaid Pardon was obteyned. A juſt puniſhment for betraying ſo honeſt a *Philoſopher* as *Dalton* into the hands of ſo imminent danger, as the *Story* at the latter end of the *ſecond Chapter* mentions.

Pag. 39. li. 1. **Tonſile was a Labourer in the Fire.**

THe great *Letter T.* ſet in *pa. 6.* wherein the *Gryphon* is cut, ſhould have been placed the firſt *Letter of the Line*: But this miſtake was comitted in my abſence from the *Preſſe*, for which the *Printer* beggs pardon, as alſo the *Engraver*, for giving the *Gryphons* hinder *Feete*, thoſe *cloven ones* of a *Hogg*, inſtead of the *ungued pawes* of a *Lyon*.

What was contained within the lower compaſſe of the ſaid *T.* which in the *Originall Manuſcript* was like a *Capitall Secretary* **T.** ſeemes (in my judgement) a *Coate* of *Armes*, for although it was not drawne in the forme of a *ſhield* or *Scucheon*, yet within the compaſſe of the *Letter* (which I take to be the *field*) was *Azure*, a *Gryphon Rampant*, with *Wings diſplayed*, *Argent*. But to what *Family* it belongs I cannot yet learne.

Pa. 52. l. 1. **Briſe whoſe Surname when the change of Coyne was had.**

g) *An.* 1465. h) *Stow Annal.* 418, *Surv.* 46.

THis alteration of our *Engliſh Coyne* was in the (g) 5th. of *Edward* the 4th. the value of Money at one riſe was never ſo great before or ſince; for he made of an (h) *old Noble* of *Gold* a *Ryall*, and from the value of 6 s. 8 d. with adding 8. d. in *alloy* raiſed it to 10 s. (and ſo other *Coynes* in like *proportion*) and yet that *Noble* was by *H.* 4. made 4 d. in value leſſe then the *Roſe Noble*

of

of *Edw.* 3. coyned Anno 1351, the (*i*) Gold whereof as is affirmed (by an unwritten-verity) was made by *Projection* or *Multiplication Alchimicall* of *Raimund Lully*, in the *Tower* of *London*, and besides the *Tradition*, the *Inscription* "is some proofe, for as upon the one side there is the *Kings Image* upon a *ship*, "to notifie that he was *Lord* of the *Seas*, with this title set upon the *reverse*, a "*Crosse floury* with *Lioneux*, inscribed, *Iesus autem transiens per medium eorum* "*ibat*, that is, as Jesus passed invisible and in most secret manner by the midst "of *Pharises*, so that *Gold* was made by *invisible* and *secret Art amidst* the *Ignorant*. *Mayerus* confirmes this, and saith (*k*) *Raymond* made most pure *Gold* in the *Tower* which is yet called *Raymonds noble, obrizi summæq; indicaturæ*, some of which himself had seen. Tis also worth observing that (*l*) there was no *Gold* coyned in *England* before the said *Edward the third*'s *Reigne Au.* 1443. & *Raymond Lully* was long in *England* before that, for (*m*) *An.* 1332. he wrote his *Testamentum Novissimum* in St. *Katherins Church* neere the *Tower* of *London*, and *Dedicated* it (with other of his *Workes*) to *Edward the third*, and it may be presumed he was some while there before he wrote the same: For, that he was brought over by *Cremer Abbot* of *Westminster*, afterwards made knowne to the *King*, and did furnish him with much *Gold*, as shall appeare hereafter in the *Annotations* upon **Hermes Bird.**

i) *Camb. Rem.* pag. 172.

k) *Simb. aur.* pag. 418.

l) *Camb. Rem.* pag. 172.

m) See the Father end of his *Test. Nov.*

Pa. 61 li. 7. **But the cheife Mistris among Sciences all**
For the helpe of this Arte, is Magick naturall,

Iudiciall Astrologie is the *Key* of *Naturall Magick*, and *Naturall Magick* the *Doore* that leads to this *Blessed Stone*.

Howbeit, the *Ignorance* and *Malice* of some times, and the common *Custome* of ours has most falsly and abusively called *Necromancy* (and what other *Arts* are raised from the Doctrine of *Divels*,) *Magick*; without affording that just and due distinction which ought to be made betweene them: and what greater Injury to learning then without Distinction to confound *Laudable knowledge*, with what is *Impious* and *Deviliſh*? For, if there be any thing in (what we call) *Magick*, other then *a searching into those hidden vertues which God has been pleas'd to bestow upon created things* (though closely lockt up by the generall Curse) *whereby we may aptly and naturally apply* Agents to Patients, I say, if in it there be any thing else, they are only subtill *falsehoods* that shelter and shroud themselvs under that *Tytle*, and which would gladly be esteemed *Leaves* of that *Plant*, from whose *Root* they never sprung. And therefore is it not lesse absurd, then strange, to see how some Men (who would have the World account them learned, and whome I beleive to be so learned, as to have read and found what Latitude is due to the word *Magus*, how it is accepted by the *Judicious*, and what a vast difference there is, betweene the *Doctrine* of a *Magician*, and the abuse of the *Word*) will not forbeare to ranke *True Magicians* with *Conjurers*, *Necromancers* and *Witches* (those geand *Impostors*) who (*n*) violently intrude themselves into *Magick*, *as if Swine should enter into a faire and delicate Garden*, and (being in *league* with the *Devill*) make use of his Assistance in their *workes*, to counterfeit and corrupt the admirall *wisdome* of the *Magi*, betweene whom there is as large a difference as betweene *Angels* and *Devils*

n) *Paracel. de occult Phil.* cap. 11.

The *Magick* here intended, and which I strive to Vindicate, is, *Divine, True,* of the *Wisdom* of *Nature*, & indeed comprehēdeth the whole *Philosophy* of *Nature*, being (o) a *Perfect Knowledge of the works of God, and their Effects.* It is that, which (p) *reduces all* naturall Philosophy *from variety of* Speculations *to the* magnitude of workes, and (q) *whose* Misteries *are far greater then the* naturall Philosophy *now in use and reputation will reach unto.* For by the bare application of *Actives* to *Passives* it is able to exercise a kind of *Empire* over *Nature*, and worke *wonders*: and 'tis from the ignorance of such marvelous *Operations* that the *Ignorant*, (*viz.* the most *learned* in other things (as well as the *Illiterate*) if they be not learned in this,) either by an unwarrantable *adoration* esteeme them as *Miracles*, which onely are the *workes* of *Naturall* or *Mathematicall Philosophy*: or else (which is an *Errour* as wide on the left hand) forthwith censure and slander those truly *Naturall* as *Diabolicall*, because wonderfull *strange* and beyond the *randome* of their *Apprehensions.* The latter of which might as well say (r) *Jacobs* practising to make his *Lambs* of a *Py'd Colour* was performed by the assistance or ministry of the *Devill*, and as well condemne the use of *Phisick*, because the *Devill* has taught *Witches* divers harmfull and uncharitable uses of *Herbs, Mineralls, Excrements*, &c.

o) *Gaff. Curios.* pag. 66.
p) *Bac. adv.* fo. 33.
q) Dr. *Gells Serm.* 1650.
r) *Gen.* 31. 37.

And as in some *dull ages*, and among some *Grosse Spirits* it has proved dangerous to be *Learned*, Witnesse our Renowned *Roger Bachon*, whom (Together with *Artephius, Arnold, de villa nova*, who were *Philosophers* of known reputation & credit) (s) *Wierus* reckons among the *Deplorati ingenii homines* (t) *all whose Workes fairely written and well bound, were by Religious pretending Sciolists dam'd as Devilish, with long Nailes through them fastned to desks in the Franciscan Library at Oxford*, and there *with Dust and Moths consumed*: Even so our other famous Country-man [*Profound Ripley*] was also abused, (u) *who after his death is said to have been branded with the name of a* Necromancer. *Pope Silvester* the *second* past for a *Magician* (in the worst sence) because he understood *Geometry*; and about 150. yeares agoe (so blind an age was it,) that to know *Greeke* and *Necromancy* were one and the same thing, in opinion of the *Illiterate*. However, let the *Ignorant* scoffe and attribute that to *Deceipt* and *Illusion* which is the proper worke of *Nature* produced by exquisite knowledge, I am confident the ingenously learned will approve and admire it.

s) *De Prestigiis Dæm.* li. 2. ca. 4. pag. 140.
t) *Selden pref.* to *Hopt. Concord*
u) *Bale Cent.* 8. fol. 633.

But to teare off that ugly *vizard* which *Envy* has placed before the *Face* of so *Divine* a *Beauty*, and to make way for the meaning of our *Author*, I thinke it necessary (in the first place) that I touch upon the *Word*, that gives a name to the *Professors*;

And that is *Magus* (primitively a *Persian* word) which onely signifies or imports a *Contemplator of* Heavenly *and Divine Sciences, a studious Observer, an expounder of Divine things, a name* (saith (w) Marcellus Ficinus) *gratious in the Gospell, not signifying a Witch or a Conjurer, but a wise man and a Priest.* And in truth a true *Magician*, acknowledges *God*, to be the true *Cause* and *Giver of life* and *vertue* to *Nature*, and all *Naturall* things, of the *Causes* of which things (*as also of* (x) *Divine*) is the whole scope and effect of all their *Writings* and *Discourses*:

w) *Par: prim.* fo. 573.
x) *Magia præcipua est pars Theologiæ.*

In the Next place, that I give the *Definition* of *Magick* (because as (y) *Myrandula* sayes) *it is an Art which few understand and many reprehend*, and therefore of necessity to be clearly evinced:) Receive it from a learned hand: youle finde it worth your observance.

y) *Pic. Mir.* fo. 81.

Ma-

Magick, is, the Connexion of naturall Agents and Patients, answerable each to other, wrought by a wise Man to the bringing forth of such effects as are wonderfull to those that know not their causes. Thus Hee. *Paracelsus* called it (z) *a most secret and hidden Scyence of supernaturall things in the Earth, that whatsoever is impossible to be found out by mans Reason may by this Art.* And shortly after to cleere it from *imputations* adds, *that tis in it selfe most pure and not defiled with Cerimonies nor Conjurations as Necromancy is.*

z) *De Occult. Phil.* cap. 11.

Agreeable to both (but more copiously delivered) is that of *Corn: Agrippa*, who affirmes, (a) *Magick to containe the profoundest Contemplation of most secret things, together with the nature, power, quality, substance, and vertues thereof, as also the knowledge of whole nature:* That *instructs us concerning the difference and agreement, of things amongst themselves, whence it produceth its wonderfull effects, by uniting the vertues of things through the application of them one to the other, and to their inferiour* Subjects, *joyning and knitting them together throughly by the powers and vertues of superiour Bodies.* This briefly is an account of that *Learning*, whose *Operations* and *Effects* (being full of *Misteries*) was by the Ancients esteemed as the highest and sacred *Phylosophie*, the *fountaine* of all *good doctrine: Animadverto* (saith *Pliny*) *summum Literarum claritatem, gloria nque, ex hac scientiâ antiquitus, & penes semper petitam.*

a) *De Occult. Phil.* lib. 1. ca. 2.

What hath been hitherto said, will not (I presume) offend the *Eares* of the most *Pious*, for here is no *Incantations*, no *Words*, no *Circles*, no *Charmes*, no other fragments of invented *Fopperies*; nor needs there any: *Nature* (with whom true *Magicians* only deale) can worke without them, she findes *Matter*, and they *Art*, to helpe and assist Her, and here's *All.*

To instance the *Generation* of *Froggs*, *Lyce*, *Wormes*, *Insects*, &c. The worke of a *Philosopher* is there in onely to (*b*) strengthen the *Seeds* of *Nature*, (for she alone Workes) and so to quicken them that they hasten the worke of *Generation* (and by such meanes *Tho. Aquinas* supposes *Pharo's Magitians*, produced *Froggs*) insomuch as it seems to the *Ignorant* not to be the *Worke* of *Nature*, (that usually operates more leasurely,) rather the *Power* of the *Devill.* But they who are learned in those *Arts*, marvell not at such working, but Glorifie the *Creator.* To whose *Honour* alone these Operations must chiefly tend, *for* (c) *he is best praised in his workes*, and we knowing him in and by these visible things, may through such knowledge understand his more *Secret* and *Invisible* things, and thereby be better inabled to *Glorifie* him, then men otherwise can.

b) *Guli. Par. de. leg.* cap. 24.

c) Dr. *Gells Serm.* 1650.

Now I deny that any measure of understanding, in *naturall Magick*, how large soever, or the utmost and farthest search we can possibly make into that pure and primitive knowledge of *Nature*, to be a prying into those *Hidden Secrets*, which *God* would have concealed and ranked among the number and nature of those things he has prohibited us to search into, (as I know there are that will tell you it is, and they such as weare the *Coat*, and would be loath to want the reputation of *Schollars*) And this is fully manifested from *Adam*, who (*d*) before his *Fall* was so absolute a *Philosopher*, that he fully understood the true and pure knowledge of *Nature* (which is no other then what we call *Naturall Magick*) in the highest degree of Perfection, insomuch, that by the light thereof, upon the present view of the *Creatures* he perfectly knew their *Natures*, and was as able to bestow names sutable to their *Qualities* and *Properties*,

d) Gen. 2. v. 19. 20.

For, This was a larger and cleerer *Ray* of the *Light* of *Nature*, then all the industry of man (since the *Fall*) was able to hope for or attaine unto, and (to atteſt the allowance) beſtowed upon him by *God* himſelfe: Nor was it this *Naturall* knowledg that introduced his Fall, or can be any *Offence* or *Sin* in us (were it poſſible) to arrive at his *Perfection*. No certainly; *Adams* tranſgreſſion (for which he fell) was of a higher *Nature*, [even *that* proud inquiry into the *(e) knowlede of good and evill, with no leſſe intent then to make a totall defection from God, and depend wholly upon himſelfe and his free will.*]

e) Bac. advancement; *fol.* 5. and 43.

Beſides, tis worthy Obſervation, that *God* in conſtituting *Moſes* to be a *Governor* over his owne people, ſeemed as willing to make choyce of ſuch a one for that high *Office*, as was *(f)* learned in all the *Sciences*, then in requeſt with the *Egyptians*, among whom *Magick* was the chiefe. And we find that upon *Salomon's* Prayer to *God* for *Wiſdome* he granted him *a Heart as large as the Sea*, and therein lodged ſo greate knowledge of *Humane* things, that he penetrated whatſoever the underſtanding of *Man* might comprehend: and (to manifeſt the inoffenſiveneſſe of *Naturall Magick*,) never reckons it up in all his *Retractations* Though he throughly underſtood it, and in his *practiſe* attempted the higheſt Experiments, which had it been *unlawfull*, certainly he would not have omitted.

Thus much for a *Preparative*. And now that I may come cloſer to what *Norton* intends, and bring *Magick* neerer to our purpoſe; We muſt underſtand that the *Order* and *Symmitry* of the *Univerſe* is ſo ſetled by the *Lawes* of *Creation*, that the loweſt things [the *Subceleſtiall* or *Elementary Region*] ſhould be immediately ſubſervient to the *Midle*; the *Midle* [or *Caleſtiall*] to thoſe above; and theſe [the *Superceleſtiall* or *Intelligible*] to the *Supreame Rulers* becke. With this it is further to be knowne that theſe *(g) Superiours* and *Inferiours* have an *Analogicall* likeneſſe, and by a ſecret *Bond* have likewiſe a faſt "*coherence* between themſelvs through inſenſible *Mediums*, freely combiening "in *Obedience* to the ſame ſupreme *Ruler*, and (alſo to the) benefit of *Nature*: Inſomuch, that if we take the ſaid *Harmony* in the *Reverſe*, we ſhall finde that things *h Superceleſtiall* may be drawne down by *Celeſtiall*, and *Supernaturall*, by *Naturall*. For this is the *Maxim* of old *Hermes*, (*i*) *Quod eſt ſuperius, eſt ſicut id quod eſt inferius.*

f) Act. 7. v. 22. Ench. Phiſ. Reſt. Can. 11.
g) Canon. 3.
h) Cor. Agr. de oc. Phil. l. 1. cap. 38.
i) Tab. Smaragd.

And upon this ground (*k*) *Wiſemen* conceive it no way *Irrationall* that it ſhould be poſſible for us to aſcend by the ſame degrees through *each world*, to the very *Originall world* it ſelfe, the Maker of all things and firſt *Cauſe*.

k) Cor. Agr. de Occult. Philoſ. lib. 1. cap. 1.

But how to conjoyne the *Inferiours* with the *vertue* of the *Superiours* (which is marrying *Elmes* to *Vines*) or how to call out of the hidden places into open light, the diſperſed and ſeminated *Vertues*, (i e. *Virtutes in centro centri latentes*,) is, the work of the *Magi*, or *Hermetick Philoſophers* onely; and depends upon the aforeſaid *Harmony*. For,

They know that the *Production* of things is *Naturall*, but the bringing forth of the *vertue* is not *Naturall*: becauſe the things are *Create*, but the *Vertues Inereate*.

Hence it is that the *Power* and *Vertue* is not in *Plants*, *Stones*, *Mineralls*, &c. (though we ſenſibly perceive the *Effects* from them) but tis that *Univerſall* and *All-piereing Spirit*, that *One operative Vertue* and *immortall Seede* of *worldly things*, that *God* in the beginning infuſed into the *Chaos*, which is every

where

where *Active* and ſtill flowes through the *world* in all kindes of things by *Univerſall extenſion*, and manifeſts it ſelfe by the aforeſaid *Productions*. Which *Spirit* a true *Artiſt* knowes how-ſo to handle (though its *activity* be as it were *dul'd* and ſtrcightly *bound up*, in the cloſe *Priſon* of *Groſſe* and *Earthie bodies*) as to take it from *Corporiety*, free it from *Captivity*, and let it *looſe* that it may freely *worke* as it doth in the *Ætheriall Bodies*.

But the *meanes* whereby it is to be done (which is the *firſt Preparation*) all *Philoſophers* have hitherto *concealed*. For,

l) To (m) Create Magneſia they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare.
But how to Order it after its Creation,
They left poore Men without Conſolation.

l) Hunt. Green Lyon.
m) i.e. To tell what it is, though Ænigmatically.

And unleſſe *God* pleaſe to *reveale* it, (like the *Iewiſh Fire*) it muſt be kept *hidden*, and till he doth there is no *humane induſtry* can forcibly *wreſt* the *knowledge* thereof out of the *Almightie's hands*.

n) *Si te fata vocant, aliter non.*

n) Augurel.

Looke not then for it at the *hand* of *Man*, for tis the *Gift* of *God* onely.

o) A ſingular gift and grace of th' Almighty.

o) Ordin. *p.* 13.

Nil dat quod non habet, Man has it not, (*that is*,) he has it not to beſtow where he will.

p) The Philoſophers were y ſworne eche one,
That they ſhulde diſcover it unto none,
Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,
For unto Chriſt it is ſo leefe and deare:
That he wol not that it diſcovered be,
But where it liketh to his deite:
Man to inſpire and eke for to defend,
Whan that him liketh: lo this is his end.

p) Chan. Yeom Tale.

In fine, if any man be ſo bleſt as to diſcover and unvaile our *Diana*, he ſhall finde and confeſſe that he was beholding to *Naturall Magick* for directions at the *Beginning*, *Midle*, and *End*; and when it is wrought up to his *higheſt degree of Perfection*, he ſhall ſee things not fit to be written; for (may I aver it with awfull Reverence) *Angelicall wiſdome* is to be obteyned by it.

Pag. 72. li. 25. **Taſted our White Stone a parte.**

UNleſſe the *Medicine* be qualified as it ought, tis *death* to taſt the leaſt *Atome* of it, becauſe its *Nature* is ſo highly Vigorous and ſtrong above that of *Mans*; For if its leaſt parts are able to ſtrike ſo fiercely and throughly into the *Body* of a baſe and corrupt *Mettall*, as to *Tinge* and *Convert* it into ſo high a degree as perfect *Gold*, how leſſe able is the Body of *Man* to reſiſt ſuch a force

force, when *its* greateſt ſtrength is far inferiour to the weakeſt Mettall? I doe believe (and am confirm'd by ſeverall *Authors*) that many *Philoſophers* (having a deſire to enjoy perfect *Health*,) have deſtroyed themſelves by adventuring to take the *Medicine* inwardly, ere they knew the true uſe thereof, or how to qualifie it to be received by the *Nature* of *Man* without *deſtruction*.

Pa. 88. li. 15. —— **The Red Stone is preſerbative,**
Moſt precious thing to length my lyfe.

THis *is the Stone which ſome builders* up of life *have refuſed*, when in truth it was the *cheife Stone in the Corner*; It being produced from that undefiled *vertue* which is yet left with the *Creature* (as a ſmall remainder of the *Firſt Bleſſing*) and able to make a (*q*) perfect *union* betweene the *Body*, *Soule* and *Spirit*, whilſt our lively *Fire*, (that *Medium* between the *Body* and *Spirit*) by receiving this *Ætheriall Medicine* conſiſting of heavenly *vertues* (that conſume the *Impurities* and *Superfluities* of the *Body*) is delivered from all *Impediments*, and the Body forced to agree with that incomparable *Nature* into which it is changing by ſo ſweete and powerfull *Compulſions*, and conſequently life Prorogued.

q) R. Boſt. Phiſ. *cap.* 3.

As touching the *Prolongation* of *life*, wee meete with ſome *Preſidents* in *Hiſtories*, and they not *Fables*, where by the *Application* of things inward or outward, the *Spirit* hath beene renewed, the *Body* ſtrengthned the *Vitall* and *Animall* faculty quickned, *decrepid* and *withered Age* renewed, & *Life* inlarged. Beſides theſe *Relations*, we perceive *Nature* is ſo curteous to ſome kind of *Creatures*, as the *Hart*, *Eagle*, and *Serpent*, that ſhe affords them meanes to obteine the benefit of *Renovation* (here Nature teaches them *Naturall Magick*, for tis no other) and why then may it not be granted to Man if ſought after? Nay the (*r*) conſideration of this *Favourable Bleſſing* afforded to *Animalls* has been the principall ground whence many *Philoſophers* have addicted themſelves to the ſearch "*of this* Miſtery, hoping that might not be denyed to Man, upon his ſearch, "which is beſtowed gratis upon the Creature.

r) R. Bach. Ep. De Secret. Natur. *cap.* 6.

It is apparent that our (*s*) *Diſeaſes proceed chiefly from Tranſplantation* (though I deny not but ſome *Hereditary Corruption* is *intail'd* upon *Poſterity*, from the decaying, mouldering, and rotten *Natures* of our *Anceſtors*) for, by what we *Eate* or *Drinke* as *Nouriſhment*; the corrupt and harmfull, nay deathfull qualities, which the (*t*) *Divine malediction* lodged in created things, is removed from them into our *Bodyes*, and there grow up and multiply till (having heightned the *Sal*, *Sulphur* and *Mercury*, into an irreconcileable *Conteſtation*, through the impurities wherewith they are loaded and burthened) they introduce a miſerable *decay*, which conſequently become a *Death*: and this is the ſooner haſtned if thereunto we adde the heavy *loade* of *Luxurioufneſſe* and *Glutony*. Yet is not this *Death Naturall* but *Accidentall*, and (as may appeare by what has been ſaid) a (*u*) *Death ariſing out of the fruits of the greate World* which *growes up by Tranſplantation*, the *Rebellious Diſobedience* of man provoking *God* to *plant* a *Death* in every thing that he had made, by the *Curſe* wherewith he had *curſed the Earth*. And to this the Doctrine which the (*w*) *Angell* taught *Eſdras* is agreeable.

s) Severin. Idea Med. Philoſ. *cap.* 12.

t) *Sir* W. Raw. Hiſt. *fol.* 65.

u) J. W. Epiſt.

w) 2 Eſd. cap. 7. v. 11. 12. 13.

And though it is appointed *all muſt dye*, againſt which *Decree* no *Elixir* has power

power to resist, yet this *Medicine* is a remedy for the particular *corruption* of *Man*, to keep back those *greifes* and *diseases* which usually accompany & molest *Old Age*; insomuch, that that *Death* which man eates in his *Bread* may be brought to a *Seperation*, and consequently (in the comfort of an *Uninterrupted Health*) spin out his *thread* of *life* to the longest end of that *Nature* fallen from *Originall Justice*. For tis a certaine truth that what we receive into our *Bodies*, of that, *Nature* findes two *Substances*, the (one with a Gladsome appetite,) she retaines to feede *Vitality*, the other (with an abhor'd dislike) she expells, as not onely useless but *Putrefactive* and *Dangerous*: and if thereupon we throughly advise with our selves we must needes confesse *Her* way is best to be imitated, in seperating the *Pure* from the *Impure*, (which are joyned together in every thing) before we make use of them, and where *she* does manifestly *Substract* and *Divide*, let us not there *add* and *multiplie*; for doubtlesse the *Faeces* (y) profit nothing, nay in sick persons they plainely *oppresse* the penetrating vertue of the *Spirit* it selfe, and commit that *seperating Art* to the diseased *Body*, which through *weakenesse* is not able to performe the *Taske*.

y) *Rothm. Coment.*

The *Brevity* of *Life* came in with the *Fall* of *Adam*, and though some of the *Antients* before the *Flood* lived almost a thousand yeares, yet certainely their lives were *prorogued* by the use of this *Medicine*, with which they well knew how to *seperate* and *correct* the obnoxious *Qualities* of all things, and *I* much question whether the *generality* of Persons then lived *so long*, or onely *those* who were the (z) *true Ancestors* of *Abraham*, they not being alwaies the *eldest* and *first begotten* of the *Patriarks*, but such as *God* chose out of the *Family* to continue the *line*, and had (by the permission of *God*, as a singular and peculiar *blessing*) this *Secret Traditionally* committed to them.

x) Sir *W. Raw. Hist.* fo. 64.

Pa. 89. li. 27. ——— I never made assay
Of the Red worke before this day.

HEnce some affirme that *Norton* neither had nor knew how to make the *Red Medicine*, but that's not so, for to the time of publishing his *Ordinall*, 'tis true, he had not a *second time* gon about to make it, and why?

(a) The cause appeareth in this Boke before,
When Hee was robbed then Hee would no more.

a) *Ord.* pag. 89.

Yet that he was *formerly* at *worke*, *made* it, and was *robb'd* thereof appeares also (*b*) before, where he saith the (*c*) *Merchants Wife* stole it from him, and that the misfortune thereof deterr'd him from making further progresse therein. Besides, he avers his *Master* taught it him, and that he fully knew how to make it, for so himself witnesseth.

b) *Ord.* pag. 34.
c) See Anota. upon pag. 34.

d) *Ord.* pag. 89.

(d) I had with Grace the true Doctrine
Of Confection of the Red Medicine.

And lastly, in the latter end of the 5. *Chap.* of the aforesaid *Ordinall*, *Norton* truly and cleerely declares how it is made; unto which *I* refer the *Reader*.

Pag. 99. li. 31. **Wherefore they being in warke of Generation, Have most obedience to Constellation.**

Here our *Author* refers to the *Rules* of *Astrologie* for *Electing* a time wherein to begin the *Philosophicall* worke, and that plainly appeares by the following lines, in which he chalkes out an *Election* fitly relating to the Businesse.

In the *operative* part of this *Science* the *Rules* of *Astronomie* and *Astrologie* (as elsewhere I have said) are to be consulted with.

c) Pat. Sapient. (e) **For in Astronomie thou must have right good feeling, Or else in this Boke thow schalt have simple believing.**

So that *Elections*, (whose *Calculatory part* belongs to *Astronomie*, but the *Judiciary* to *Astrologie*) are very necessary to begin this worke with; and the paines that *Norton* hath taken manifests no lesse, most Authors hinting the same, although we take but little notice thereof. For

f) Ord *pag.* 60. (f) **Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought, Must craftily be guided till the end be sought. All which reason they have more obedience, Above formed Natures to sterrs Influence.**

Generally in all *Elections* the *Efficacy* of the *Starrs* are used as it were, by a certaine *application* made thereof to those unformed *Natures* that are to be wrought upon; whereby to further the working thereof, and make them more g) Mar. Ficinus. available to our purpose. (g) *For since both inferiour and superiour Causes concur to every effect, it followeth that if the one be not considered as well as the other, this Negligence will beget Error.* And by such *Elections* as good use may be made of the *Celestiall influences*, as a *Physitian* doth of the variety of *Herbes*. Agreeable to which is that of *Ptolomy Aphor.* 8. *A Judicious man helpes forward the Celestiall operation, even as a discreet Husbandman assists Nature in his plowing and preparing the Ground.* But *Nativities* are the Radices of *Elections*, and therefore we ought chiefly to looke backe upon them as the principall *Root* and *Foundation* of all *Operations*, and next to them the *quality* of the Thing we intend to fit, must be respected: so that by an apt position of *Heaven*, and *fortifying* the *Planets* and *Houses* in the Nativity of the Operator, and making them agree with the thing signified; the *Impression* made by that *Influence*, will abundantly augment the Operation.

h) Sir *Chr.* Heyd. Def. of Astrol. *pag.* 363 And this is upheld by very evident reason of Nature, (*h*) *for* (saith *a learned Gent.* whose *Defence of Judiciall Astrologie* (so long since published) stands hitherto firme & unconfuted, notwithstanding all the whifling Assaults of any *Adversary*) *the Celestiall Influences never cease to flow into us, and therefore not unlikely that the like position or Configuration to that under which we are borne, may by like impression and influence increase and strengthen the operation of the former, more then it would if the Nativity were considered alone.* And upon these grounds *Norton* advises to make *Elections* like those he layes downe.

i) Unlesse

i) Unleſſe then your Nativity pretend infection,
In contrariety to this Election.

i) Ordin. p. 100

Which is the ſame in effect with that of (k) *Ptolomy*, where he ſaith to this purpoſe, *viz.* "Though an *Election* of a *Day* or *houre* be well made, yet "will it prove of little *advantage* unleſſe ſutably *conſtituted* to the *ſcheame* "of the *Nativity*, becauſe elſe it cannot divert that *evill* which in the *Nativity* "the *Planets* threatned: and hence it comes that *Actions Thrive* or *Miſcarry* (though begun at one and the ſame time,) according as the poſition of *Heaven* then agrees with the *Nativity* of the *Perſons* that manage them.

k) Aphor. 6.

As touching the *Neceſſity* of *Elections*, to be uſed in *Dyet*, *Building*, *Dwelling*, *Apparell*, and the ſeverall *Actions* of our *Life*, let any that would be ſatisfied, read *Marcellus*, *Ficinus*, *Heſiode*, *Cato*, *Virgil*, *Varro*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, who (and generally all *Philoſophers*) ordered their affaires of planting, ſowing, lopping, &c. by them.

For in thoſe things (here below) which have no ſence (as well as thoſe that have) the *Heavenly Influences* alwaies make *Impreſſion* according to the meaſure and Capacity of the *Subject*, and doe evidently manifeſt their *Dominion* in them, (l) for *nothing is more powerful then their Influences*, when Impreſſiō is once made. Witneſſe their power in *Plants*, *Herbes*, *Corne*, and what is *Vegitable*, whoſe *Seeds* diverſly proſper, or decay, according to the ſtate of the ☽ with the ☉ at the time of their *ſowing*. This the *Husband-mans Experience* can tell the world, and the *Sun's Annuall Acceſſe* and *Receſſe* makes manifeſt to the ſence.

l) Gaff. Curioſ. pag. 219.

And great Reaſon there is in *Nature* why the *Moons* condition ought chiefly to be obſerved, for ſhe is the *Planet* neereſt the *Earth*, and appointed as it were the *Vehiculum* of all other heavenly *Influences* unto what is *Sublunary*, and in that regard ſhe is properly called (m) *An Inſtrument of the Armies from above*: according to whoſe preſent *Condition* things are ſteered; for if ſhe be *Fortunate* by good *Aſpects*, *happy* by *Poſition*, *ſwift* of *Courſe*, and increaſing in *Light*, things *thrive* apace and *flouriſh*; But the contrary if ſhe ſuffer *Impediments*. We may ordinarily obſerve how *poorely* and *ſlowly* the Seeds of *Plants* grow up, nay many times *languiſh* and *degenerate* into an unkindly *Quality* and *Taſt*, if ſowne in the *Waine* of the Moone, and the Reaſon is becauſe the *Moyſture* and *Sapp* that ſhould feed them is exceedingly diminiſhed; yet it is the fitteſt tyme for cutting downe *Timber*, or what elſe we would preſerve from decaying.

m) Eccl. 43. 8.

(n) *Thurneiſſerus* (among many other admirable and uſefull *Obſervations*) gives us the *Poſition* of *Heaven* under which ſeverall *Plants* are *Impregnated* with the greateſt *vertue*, the gathering of which at ſuch times, for *Phiſicall* uſes, deſerves to be taken notice of; for the notable difference that evidently appeares betwixt their *virtues* and the vertues of ſuch as are gathered without that Conſideration. In a word, by *Elections* we may *Governe*, *Order* and *Produce* things as we pleaſe: *Faber quiſq; Fortunæ propriæ.*

n) Hiſt. Plant.

Pag. 100. li. 1. **Is a direct and fixe Ascendant.**

IN this and the first *Ten* following *lines*, are laid downe the *Authors Rules* for framing an *Election* by, agreeable to which he erects you *Scheames* (about the *Latitude* of 51. degrees) that are placed before the sixth Chap. which I have caused to be exactly *Copied* from the *Originall*, though some *Planets*, I must acknowledg, are not placed in that exact order (for *houses* and *signes*) as *Astronomicall Rules* direct, and the *Doctrine* of *Astrologie* requireth. For Example, In the first *House* of the first *Figure* you have ☿ in 7. *degr.* of ♐, the *Ascendent* in 2. *degr.* of ♐, and then the ☉ in the 18. *Degr.* of the same *signe*; whereas the 2. *degr* of ♐ being fewer *degrees* of that *Signe* then 7. (wherein ☿ is placed) should Antecede it. Againe in the second *Figure* you have both ☿ and the ☽ in the 11th *House* thereof, who should of Right be posited in the 10th. because the 20th *degree* of ♒ is the Cuspe of the 11th, and therefore all *Planets* in lesser *degrees* of that *Signe* are falling into the 10th. Besides you have ♀ placed in every *Figure* so remote from the ☉, that *Astronomers* must count it absurd, since she is never above 48. *degr.* *Elongated* from him; and yet in the third *Figure* she comes not within the compasse of a ✶ *Aspect*, nay in the second she is almost in ☌ to him.

For their *Position*; I could have placed them in Houses according to *Art*, but I rather let them stand as I found them in the *Originall*, being well assured they were thus Posited by *Designe*, and not through *Ignorance* or *Mistake*; for our *Author* manifests himselfe a learned *Astrologian*, and too wary a *Pen-man* to be guilty of either. And though it may seem contrary to *Art* for the Position of ☿ to be so far distant from the ☉, yet tis agreeable to his *Rule* of *Election* that she is so often placed in the 4th *House* (especially seeing the *Signe* falls out to be there in which she is exalted) because he appoints the *Lord* thereof to be fortunate,

(o) *Ord.* pag. 100. (o) **For this is Thesaurum absconditum of old Clerks.**

Withall, the *Planets* as they stand here placed in *Signes* and *Houses* are not so as that these *Figures* were the *Elected* times for the *Authors* owne *Operations* (or any others in that *Faculty*) but are rather *fained* and invented, onely to bring them within the compasse of his *Rules*. And to satisfie my selfe herein, I have taken some paines to *Calculate* the places of the *Planets* for severall years about the *Authors* time, but cannot finde the three *Superiors* and place of the ☉ to be in those Signes wherein he has posited them.

It is also worthy of our Observation to see how the *Author* continues his *Vailes* and *Shadows*, as in other parts of the *Mistery*, so likewise in the very *Figures* of some of the *Planets*, for he does not exhibite them under the Characters commonly now (or then) used, but Hierogliphically in Figures agreeable to their Natures, yet (p) diversitie of *Names* (or *Figures*) makes no diversitie in the things they signifie: For ♄ is pointed out by a *Spade*, ♃ by a *Miter*, ♂ by an *Arrow*, ♀ by a beautifull *Face*, ☿ by the figure (in those daies) usually stamped upon the Reverse of our *English Coyne*: Onely the ☉ and ☽ are left us in that fashion the *Ancients* bestowed upon them.

(p) *Aristotle.*

Pag.

Pag. 100. li. 32. **Trust not to all Astrologers, I saie whie:**
For that Art is as secret as Alkimie.

Astrologie is a profound *Science*: The depth this *Art* lyes obscur'd in, is not to be reach't by every vulgar *Plumet* that attempts to sound it. Never was any *Age* so pester'd with a multitude of *Pretenders*, who would be accounted (and stick not to style themselves) *Masters*, yet are not worthy to weare the Badge of illustrious *Urania*. And (oh to be lamented!) the *swarme* is likely to increase, untill through their Ignorance they become the ridiculous object of the *Enemies* to *Astrologie*; (would that were all,) and *Eclipse* the *glory* of that *light*, which if Judiciously *dispeus'd* to the *World* would cause *admiration*; but *unskilfully expos'd*, become the scorne and contempt of the *Vulgar*.

He that understands no more of *Astrologie* (nor will make a further use of it) then to quack with a few *Tearmes* in an *Horary Question*; is no more worthy to be esteemed an *Astrologian* then Hee who hath onely learnt *Hebrew* may be accounted a *Caballisticall Rabbi*. Tis true, he may be so fraught with *words*, as to amuse the unlearned, with the *Canting* noyse thereof, but what is that if compared to the full and intire knowledge of the *Language*? Yet of this sort at present are start up divers Illiterate *Professors* (and *Women* are of the Number) who even make *Astrologie* the Bawd & Pander to all manner of Iniquity, prostituting Chast *Urania* to be abus'd by every adulterate *Interest*. And what will be the issue (I wish it may prove no *Prophesie*) ere long *Astrologie* shall be cried down as an *Impostor*, because it is made use of as a *Stale* to all bad *Practises*, and a *laudable Faculty* to bolster up the *legerdimane* of a *Cheate*. And besides having now growne famous by the true *Predictions* of some of her able and honest *Sons*, shall grow into as much disgrace and infamy, by the unskilfull *Prognosticks* of ignorant Illegitimate *Bastards*: who rather then they will accuse themselves when they faile of truth in their *Judgments*, will not stick to condemne *Astrologie* it selfe as defective and lame, in what their slothfull negligence or ignorant blindnesse was not able to finde out. And therefore *Norton* here speaks truly, that *Astrologie* (take it with all its Comprehensions) is as *Secret* or *Misterious* as *Alchimy*, and as difficult to be throughly and perfectly understood.

There are in *Astrologie* (I confesse) shallow *Brookes*, through which young *Tyroes* may *wade*; but withall, there are deepe *Foards*, over which even the *Gyants* themselves must *swim*. Such is the Doctrine of *Nativities*, *Directions*, *Annuall Revolutions* and what else depends thereupon, belonging to *Man*, the *little World*: and beyond these, those of *Comets*, *Eclipses*, *Great Conjunctions* and *Revolutions*, that refer to the greate *World*. These are subjects of *Eminency*, and being judiciously handled Magnifie the *Art*. But,

q) **Many men weene which doth them reade,**
That they doe understande them when they do not indeede. q) *Ordin. cap. 5. pag. 60.*

I know some few *Artists* have satisfactorily manifested what *excellency* of *Skill* there is in Judging an *Horary Question*, and how much of *truth* may be

 drawne

drawne from that branch of *Art*; But they are those that are throughly read in all other parts of *Astrologie*; for such only are able to give a true *Resolution* to the *Querent*, and from the events of their considerate *Predictions*, bring *Honour* to the *Art*, and gaine *Reputation* to *Themselves*.

Pag. 104. li. 20. **Draine therefore to fetch breath from your Foote.**

IN regard of the *violent Nature* of the *Medicine* which is *deadly* indeed, because its *Nature* is so infinitely *strong* above *Mans*, that it overcomes his *Spirits* and *poysons* him; *Norton* therefore lets fall a hinte, what Parts an *Operator* ought to Arme, and whence to fetch *Breath*: Meaning thereby, that those *Orifices* of the *Body* be closely stopt (through which there is so open a passage, that a *Strong vapour* would fly as speedily as *lightning* into the *inmost parts*) while the *Vessell* is opening. But how to *breathe* the while is the *Difficulty*. We have *Practisers* something neere it, as of those who attempt to lye long under *Water*, &c.

And therefore let this be a *Caution* sufficient to young *Practisers* in this *Science*, that when they worke upon a *Matter*, and bring it (as they suppose) to some *perfection*, if they can indure the *opening* of their *Vessell* without being Armed, they may rest satisfied that nothing is more certaine then that their *Matter* is not the *Philosophers Mercury*, and their *Practise* erronious.

Pag. 105. li. 17. **Now have I taught you every thing by Name.**

r) *Hor.* ——— r) *Hoc tibi dictum*
Tolle memor:

THis Verse ought to be heedfully observed by the Student in this *Science*, for he speaks a reall truth, *Nihil prætermissum quod à quovis dici possit*. Nothing being *wanting*, nor nothing *left out* that is *needfull* to be knowne to compleate this greate *Worke*: which many have not the happinesse to *apprehend*, though it should be more *plainely* discovered unto them. Much alike unfortunate as those that *Sandivogius* speaks of, *(s)* to whom he had intimated the *Art* from *word to word*, but they could by no meanes understand him, yet would be accounted *Philosophers*.

s) Præf. in Æ-nig. Philos.

Seeing then a *Man* may be in the true *Path* and not know it to be so, it behoves the serious *Student* earnestly to desire of *God* to (*t*) "remove from his
t) *Wisd.* 1.5.
u) 1 *Thes.* 5.5. "Mind al thoughts without understanding, to make him a (*u*) Child of the light
w) *Prov.* 4.25. "as of the Day, that his (*w*) Eyes may behold the right, and his Eye-lids direct his wayes. That his Dayes be not spent in vanity, nor his Yeares waste
y) *Psa.* 19.2. "doing nothing: but that (*y*) one Day may teach another, and one Night "add knowledge to another, And then he shall find that though this *Author* has opened his *Mouth* in a *Parable*, yet he hath declared [or made plain] hard *Sentences* of Old.

z) *Ord.* pa. 106. z) For in this Ordinall (he sets you out of doubt,)
Is nothing set wrong, nor no points left out.

Pag.

Pag.106.li.21. **In the yeare of Christ MCCCCLXXVIJ. This Worke was begun ——**

IN the *search* I have made after *Authentique Manuscripts* to compleate this *Worke*, a private *Gentleman* lent me a very faire one of *Norton's Ordinall*, which I chiefly followed; yet not admitting to compare it with fourteen other *Copies*. It was written in *Velame* and in an auntient *sett Hand*, very exact and exceeding neate. The *Figures* (whence I caused these herewith printed to be *Graved*) being also most neatly & exquisitely *lym'd*, and better work then that which was *Henry the seaventh's* own *Booke*, (as I am informed by those that have seene both.) It had placed in the midle and bottome of the *Compartiments* of *Flowers*, *Birds* and *Beasts*, the *Nevell's* Coate of *Armes*, with others which that *Family* quartered. This induced me to believe it to be the *Originall* (or one exactly *Copied* from it) presented by the *Author* to *George Nevell* then *Arch-Bishop of Yorke*, who was a most wealthy and *Magnificent Bishop*; as appeares not onely by the rich (*a*) *Iewell* he offered at *Becketts Tombe*, but for the greate and stately *Entertainment* he provided at *More* in *Hartfordshire* for *Edward the* 4th: to make which more Magnificent he brought forth a (*b*) vast *Treasure* of *Plate*, that he had hid during the distractions of former *yeares*, all which the *King* seised upon with his *Money* and *Goods* then valued at 20000 l. (a farre more considerable sum of *Money* in those *dayes*, then *now*;) and made of the *Arch-Bishops Mitre* (set with precious *Stones*) a *Crowne* for himself.

(*a*) Isaac. Chr. *fo.*468.

(*b*) Stow. Ann. *fo.*416.

I have beene informed that there was greate *Correspondency* betweene this *Arch-Bishop* and the *Hermetique Philosophers* of his time, and this is partly confirmed to me from *Ripley's* (*c*) *Dedication* of his *Medulla* to him, *Ann.*1476. as also the presentation of this of *Norton's Ordinall*; for though I finde the said *Arch-Bishop* dyed the same yeare this *Ordinall* was begun to be written, yet the certaine time of that yeare I cannot yet learne, But it was towards the latter end thereof, when his Successor (*Lawrence Booth*) was *Consecrate*, viz. (*d*) 25. *Sept.* Besides, in all probability he lay not long *sick*, because he dyed (at *Blithlow*) upon a (*e*) *Iourney* from *Yorke*: So that the *Booke* might be finished and *presented*, (or if not presented, yet *intended*) before he dyed, though begun but the same yeere.

(*c*) See the Preface.

(*d*) Godw. Succ. *p.* 482.

(*e*) Godw. *pag. ibidem.*

Pag.107. **The Compounde of Alchymie, &c.**

THis *Worke* (which is also called the *Twelve Gates*) was pen'd by Sir *George Ripley*, and formerly (*f*) set forth in print by *Ralph Rabbards*; I have compared it with severall other *Manuscript Copies*, amongst which I happily met with one written neere about the time that *Ripley* lived, (and in these Streames of *Learning* the more cleerest and without the least of *Mixture* is to be found neerest the *Spring-head*,) the which I most relyed upon. Yet where they differ, the *Reader* (if this *Copy* please not) may make use of the former.

(*f*) An. 1591.

It appeares at the end of this (*g*) *Worke*, that it was written in the yeare 1471. which I the rather take notice of, because I have met with a kind of *Retractation* of *Ripley's* beginning,

(*g*) Pag. 193.

Felix

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Wherein he beſeeches all men, whereſoever they ſhall meete with any of his *Experiments* written by *Him*, or that go under his *Name*, (from the yeare 1450. to the yeare 1470.) either to *burne* them or afford them no *Credit*, being written according to his *eſteeme*, not *proofe*; and which (afterwards upon *tryall*) he found *falſe* and *vaine*: for ſoe long was he ſeeking the *Stone*, but in the truth of *practiſe* had not found it, till towards the end of that yeare, and then (ſaith He) *Inveni quem diligit anima mea.*

So that this *Treatiſe* of the 12. *Gates* being wrote the yeare after, is unqueſtionably to be *relyed upon*, becauſe pen'd from a grounded *experimentall Practiſe*, as himſelfe Teſtifies in his *Admonition*,

h) *Ripl.* Admonition.

h) I never ſaw worke truly but one,
Of which in this Treatiſe the truth I have told.

In which (for the Students ſafeguard) he gives an account of his own *Erronious Experiments*, therein following *Chaucer*, *Richardus Anglicus*, *Dionifius*, *Zacharius* the noble *Treviſan*, and divers other honeſt and Conſciencious *Philoſophers*.

i) Anno 1649.
k) *Pref. ad Oper.* G. Rip.

Ludovicus Combachius (who hath (*i*) lately ſet forth divers of *Ripley's Works* in *Latin*) tells us (*k*) that he then had in his hands theſe *Twelve Gates* rendred in moſt pure *Elegiaque verſe*, by one *Nicholas May* upon the Command of the *Emperour Rudolph* the *ſecond*, and that he could willingly have added it to that he *publiſhed*, (which was *tranſlated* out of *Engliſh* into *Latine verſe* by Sir *Edw: Kelley*) for the better underſtanding thereof, but that the *Copy* was none of his owne.

l) *Printed at* Toulouſe.

The learned *Faber*, (1646.) beſtowed much Paines and Coſt in publiſhing to the world (*l*) *Baſilius Currus Triumphalis*, and others, in one *Volume*. In the *Argument* of which *Booke Georgius Riplæus Canonicus Anglus doctiſſimus & mirandus in quo nihil falſi & ſupervacui ad metallorum omnium proprietates, & naturas manifeſtandas*, is thus Ingeniouſly acknowledged. He further aſſuresus that his *Workes* are worthy to keep pace with the beſt *Philoſophers*; and knowes that Policie in *Printing* is ſureſt, and takes well with the *Iudicious*, to begin with a good *Worke*, and end with the beſt; to which place he refers ou *Ripley*. But I muſt needs tell the *Reader* that in *pag.* 338. and ſo to the end, he is by *miſtake* called *Triplanus* inſtead of *Riplæus*. There are other the like notorious faults which the *Printer* (moſt likely) is guilty of, as giving *Iſaac Holland* the name of *Iſacus*. *Cornelius Drebble* he prints *Tornelius*, (and ſometimes *Fornelius*) *Trebellianus*; and beſides theſe, further cauſes of *Exception* to other parts of the *Worke* (too many to be mentioned here) amongſt the reſt where *Faber* ſayes they were all rendred into *Latin* out of *Dutch*, and that this peece of *Ripley's*, which he there calls *Triplanus de lapide Philoſophorum* (but is indeed an *Epitomy* of theſe 12. *Gates*) was by one *Nicholas Barnard* a *Philoſopher* Tranſlated out of *Dutch* into *Latin*, intimating withall that it was *Originally* written in the *Germain Tongue*; which is very *falſe*, injurious to our *Author*, and diſhonourable to our *Nation*.

Thus much for the *Worke*, and now to ſay ſomething touching our *Author*. *Philemon Holland* in his *Tranſlation* of *Cambden's Britania* Printed 1636.

is

is pleased to take the liberty to tell us that the place of his *Nativity* was (m) *Ripley*, a *Village* in the *County* of *Surrey*, and calls him a *Ring-leader of our Alchimists, and a mysticall Impostor.* This Imputation of *Mysticall Impostor* smells more of *Envious dislike* then *faithfull Account*, and therefore I'le passe it by. But as to the place of his *Birth*, I am induced to believe it to be about *Yorkshire*, (not that he was a Foundling at *Ripley* in that *County*, or of so obscure *Parents*, that the name of the place of his *Nativity* must be impos'd upon him in defect of a better) No certainly, his *Name*, *Relation*, and *Kindred* discover him to be the Sonne of a *Gentleman*; and though I cannot exhibite his *Pedigree*, yet it appeares in some ancient *Manuscript Copies* of his (n) *Medulla* (which I have seene) that his Relation of *Kindred* lay in the *Northerne parts*, where (he saith) "he had divers Kindred, Gentlemen of "Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, as *Tevarsall*, *Ripley*, *Medlay*, *Willoughbie*, *Burham*, "*Waterton*, *Flemming* and *Talboyes*, who (as he there complaines to the *Arch-*"*Bishop Nevell*, to whom he dedicated that Worke) were by the Conquering "Sword of *Edward* the *fourth*, (*God* so permitting) lamentably destroyed. 'Tis also considerable that his *Ecclesiasticall Promotion* hapned to be at *Bridlington*, a (o) *Towne* in the *East Riding* of *Yorkshire*.

m) fol. 295.

n) towards the end thereof.

o) Camb. Brit. fo. 714.

——p) According to my Profession,
In Order Chanon Regular of Bridlington.

p) Pref. to his 12. Gates.

And probably such his *Advancement*, might be procured rather in that *Country* where his *Kindred* and *Friends* lived, and himselfe that *Country-man*, then if he had been a *Stranger*.

I determine not whether *Holland* has done the learned *Antiquary* or profound *Philosopher* the greater *Injury*, in what he puts downe concerning the place of his *Birth*; for I must let the *world* know, 'tis not to be found in the *Originall Latin* which *Cambden* publisshed *Anno* 1607. nor can I learne that there was any other *Impression*, to the time of *Translation*, nor in probability could there be when *Holland* (q) fell to worke immediately upon the coming out of the said *Impression* in 1607. and set forth his *Translation* within foure Yeares.

q) Postcript. to Camb. Brit.

So that I cannot but wonder at the Boldnesse of this *Translator*, not onely in *adding* many things of his owne score, but for abusing so learned a *Philosopher* with the Tearme of *Mysticall Impostor*, and putting it upon the Account of an *Author*, who should he thus vilifie one of so cleere a *Reputation*, ingenious *Schollars* might have just cause to question the *Candidnesse* of his Pen in other things. But this kind of liberty I finde *Holland* hath taken in other parts of that worthy *worke*, The effects whereof, hath rendred *Banbury* (amongst others) much beholding to him for an eminent *Flout*: For, where *Cambden* fames it for (r) *Cheese* onely, he addes *Cakes* and *Zeale*: Neither of which are to be found in the *Originall*, though doubtlesse both in the *Towne*, and for better purpose then to be *boasted* of.

r) *Nunc confici endo Caseo notissimum* fo. 266

But to leave this *Digression* & returne to *Ripley*. *Pitts* tells us, "He was a Man s) *Pitts de illu-*
"of a *Quick*, & (more then can be expressed) curious *Wit*, and that *Totam ferè str. Ang. Script.*
"*suâ ætatẽ in perscrutandis verũ Naturaliũ occultis & abstrusis Causis & effectibus* pag. 677.
"*consumpsit*; He wasted almost his whole *Life* in searching out the occult and "abstruse Causes and Effects of *Naturall things*. And that he might more

" copiously and plentifully study *Philosophy*, and accomplish what he conceived " his *mind*, he boldly travailed through *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*, where he " grew into familiarity with severall of the most *Learned men*.

t) *Bale Cent.* 8. fo. 622.

Leland saith truly, that he (t) laid the foundation of his Studies in *Italy*, for there indeed he had the *blessing* first to see *Projection*.

u) *Cantalena* G. Ripley.

(u) *In Romanis partibus nuptiis Mercurii,*
Accidit post studium semel quod interfui.

w) *Pitts* p. 677

'Tis further testified, that *He* alwayes either (w) *Writ*, or *Learnt*, or *Taught* something; He was perfectly *learned* in *all* the liberall *Arts*, and well red in all manner of *Philosophy*; a most famous *Mathematitian*, a *Rhetoritian* and *Poet*, (x) *per eam ætatem, non vulgaris effectus. Combachius* styles him (y) *Author procul dubio dignus, qui ab Amatoribus Chemiæ sedulo evolvatur, cum in sermone apertus sit, rotundus & planus, nec ullis spinis aliorum more obsitus:* A worthy *Author* without exception, who is diligently studyed by the lovers of *Chimestry*, forasmuch as he is *open*, *well compact*, and *plaine of delivery*, and not wrapt in any Thornes, after the custome of others. *Habet insuper* (saith the same *Author*) *cum Lulii scriptis magnam affinitatem, ut unus alterum explicet, &c.* Besides, he hath great Affinity with the Writings of *Lully*, insomuch that the one explaineth the other.

x) *Bale.* fo. 622
y) *Præf. ad oper* C. Rip.

Amongst other parts, abroad, he visited the *Isle* of *Rhodes*, and resided there for some time with the *Knights* of the *Order* of *Saint Iohn of Ieruſalem*. An *Acquaintance* of mine hath in his *custody* certaine private *Observations* of an *English Gentleman* of good quality and credit, who in his *Travells* abroade, *Observes* (amongst other things) that in the *Isle* of *Malta* he saw a *Record*, which declares that this Sir *George Ripley* gave yearely to those *Knights* of *Rhodes* 100000l. towards maintaining the *war* (then on foot) against the *Turks*.

But at length, that he might bid his farewell to the *World*, and wholly consecrate himselfe to *God*, and betake him to his private *Studies*, upon his (z) returne into *England* he obtained an *Indulgence* of *Pope Innocent* the *eighth*, that for the future he might be

z) *Bale Cent.* 8.

a) *Tit. oper.*

a) **Exempt from Claustrall Observance,**

and alwaies discharged and freed from the burthen of the *Ceremonies* and *Observancy* of his *Order*; but in regard the *Chanons* admit such things, he became a (*b*) *Carmelite* in the *Monastery* of Saint *Butolph*, which (saith *Leland*) is a famous (*c*) *Mart Towne* nigh the *Banks* of the *River Lindus*: This *River I* take to be the *River Witham* in *Lincolnshire* (anciently called (d) *Lindis*) which passing from *Lincoln*, runs towards the maine *Sea* by *Boston*, more truly called (*e*) *Butolphs Towne*, (for it carried that name from *Butolph*, a most holy and devote *Saxon*:) And if you observe *Cambdens Map* of *Lincolnshire*, you shall see St. *Butolph* stands neere to *Boston*. So that in all likelyhood this was the *place* of *Ripley*'s *Retirement*, where he continued an *Anchorite* untill his *Death*, and was there *Buried* Anno 1490.

b) An. 1488.
c) *Bale* fo. 622.
d) *Camb. Brit.* fo. 538.
e) *Ibid.* fo. 532.

The probability whereof, may be further confirm'd from his *Medulla*, where it appeares he had *then* (*f*) a great desire to return into *England*, and to that end therein became a *Suter* to the *Archbishop of Yorke*, that by his meanes he might obtaine an *abiding place* in some *Religious house*, within his *Dioces*. Which

f) See the latter end of that worke.

Arch-

Archbiſhop preſently after dying, he could not performe, but not unlike *Ripley* having ſtill an earneſt *longing* thereto, (becauſe it was his *native Countrey*,) might without doubt otherwiſe effect.

And whereas *Bale* ſaith he obteined *Pope Innocents* Indulgence upon his returne into *England*, and thereupon became a *Carmelite*, *An.* 1488. It is manifeſt from the aforeſaid *Medulla*, that at the writeing thereof, which was in 1476. (at leaſt 12. yeares before the time *Bale* makes him to enter into that *Order*) he had this *Diſpenſation*, for ſo he tells the *Archbiſhop*: And if ſo, then it muſt be either (g) *Sixtus* the fourth, or *Paul* the ſecond (his *Predeceſſor*) that muſt grant it unto him.

g) *Iſaac. Chron.* fo. 366.

He wrote divers *Bookes* worthy of peruſing, but amongſt thoſe which *Bale* Regiſters, I ſhall onely cull out theſe, *viz.*

1. *Compendium Alchimiæ, ſeu Caſtellum Duodecim Portarum.*
2. *Concordantias Guidonis & Raymundi.*
3. *Secreta Philoſophorum.*
4. *Alcumiſtarum Miſteria.*
5. *Artem brevem vel Clangorem.*
6. *Practicam Ceremonialem.*
7. *Dictata Ægri.*
8. *De Magia Naturali.*
9. *De lapide Philoſophico, latinè Tractatum rythimicum.*

All which *Pitts* recites, and to them adds the following *workes*.

10. *Medullam Philoſophiæ.*
11. *Pupillam Alchimiæ.*
12. *Terram Terrarum.*
13. *Experimenta Philoſophica.*
14. *De rerum temperaturis.*

What followes *Ludov: Combachius* has lately printed, and added to ſome of the aforementioned Peeces.

15. *De Mercurio & lapide Philoſophorũ.*
16. *Philorcium Alchimiſtarum.*
17. *Clavis Auræ Portæ.*
18. *Viaticum ſeu Varia Practica.*
19. *Accurtationes & practicæ Raymundinæ.*
20. *Cantalena.*

And *laſtly* take into the *Number* the ſmall Peeces publiſhed in this *Theatrum. viz.* His

21. *Epiſtle to* Edw. *the fourth*, pag. 109.
22. *Viſion.* pag. 374.
23. *Verſes belonging to his Scrowle*—— } Pag. 375.
24. *Preface to his* Medulla, 389.
25. *A ſhort worke ſuppoſed to be his*, Pag. 393.

Pag. 177. lin. ult. **A Quinteſſence this Water we call,**
In Man, which helpeth Diſeaſes all.

PHyſick is a *divine Science*, even *Gods Theologie*; for the *Almighty* wrote his *Scripture* in that language, before he made *Adam* to reade it. The *Ten Fathers* before the *Flood*, and thoſe that followed, together with *Moſes* and *Salomon*, were the great *Phyſitians* in former *Ages*, who bequeathed their heavenly

knowledges of *naturall* helpes to those they judged as well *worthy* in honesty and industry, as capable thereof: and from their piercing *Beames* all *Nations* enlightned their *Tapers*. *Abraham* brought it out of *Chaldea*, and bestowed much thereof upon *Egypt*, and thence a refulgent *Beame* glanced into *Greece*. The *Coäcks* and *Æsculapian Family*, &c. *God* greatly incouraged to serve that *Age*. *Democritus* and *Hypocrates* supported *Ruinous Mankinde*, with their *Phisicall* administrations, and *Schollers* successively supplyed their places for at least 400. yeares, untill *Galen* undertooke by his strong *Abilities* and incessant Paines to vivifie the then dying *Genius* of *Phisick*: which hath since most nobly beene Augmented, by the stupendious paines of *Arabians* and *Europeans*.

And in the *Progresse* this *Science* has made into severall parts of the *World*, we may finde, that *God* hath evermore been pleas'd to call upon the *stage* thereof in sundry Ages, some choyce and eminent *Men*, whom (by the *Illumination* of his *blessed Spirit*) he hath furnished with ability to reade the *Characters* of his bleised will, writ in that ample and sacred *Volume* of the *Creation*, and the severall *Pages* of individuall *Natures*. And further, to testifie his care of his *Creatures*, hath also given them *Balme* in their hands to stoppe the over-spreading contagiousnesse of bainefull *Diseases*. But to contract the Rayes of my Prospective to our owne *homes*, the *Phisitians Colledge* of *London* doth at this day nourish most noble and able Sons of *Art*, no way wanting in the choycest of Learning; And though we doe not, yet the World abroad has taken notice of sundry learned *Fellowes* of that *Societie*, as *Linacres*, *Gilbert*, *Ridley*, *Dee*, *Flood*, &c. and at present *Doctor Harvey*, who deserves for his many and eminent *Discoveries*, to have a *Statue* erected rather of *Gold* then of *Marble*.

Nevertheless, it has beene observed in other *parts* that we *English* will soener abuse and detract from the worth of any of our owne *Nation* (though never so well deserving) then render them what they justly merit by a worthy *Applause*: And rather cry up a Frie of *Illiterate Quacks* (for every *Galen* hath his Plague, [a mounting ignorant *Thessalus*] that cheate the *poore* and *simple* of their Money, and (I wish they did not) often in Conclusion murder their over-credulous *Patients*;) then give the learned *Phisitian* the due (*b*) *Honour* *God* has appointed us to pay him.

b) *Eccles.* 38.

Now as *God* hath formerly shed most eminent *Beames* of the *first light* upon a few particular *Men* (as it were to gratifie the deserving Labourers at all times of his days;) So I am confident there are yet most noble *seeds* of that *light* of *Nature* appointed to spring up for the Benefit of *Posterity*. The *Glory* whereof we see hath shin'd in other *Horizons*, shortly it will draw neere to *ours*; and that which with incessant *Toyle* cannot yet be *Discovered*, shall in those dayes be freely *Revealed* to some that little dreame of it. I am more then Confident *Succession* will meete with many *advantages* and *helpes*, which this corrupt and ingratefull *Age* deserves not, nor shall have; becaus we deride, what *Posterity* will adore with a lasting admiration: The *Circuit* of that great and *Sabbathicall* Conjunction of the two *Superiour Planets* which began An. 1603. in the *Fiery Triplicity*, will *Illustrate*, *Enlarge*, and *Refine* Arts like the tryed *Gold*, It shall produce more pregnant and famous *Philosophers* by *Fire*, (I meane such as is *Etheriall*) then yet the *world* ere saw; and so purifie some

inge-

ingenious *Inquisitors*, as to make them fit *Mettall* for *Angells* to Project on. This *Fiery Trigon* shall not passe, before that *God* make *manifest* what he commanded former *Ages* to keepe *Secret*, Where old *Hermes* his *Ætheriall Phisick* (*viz.* this **Quintessentiall Water** which *Ripley* here speakes of, and which is

(i) **Such as auncient Phisick taught,** i) Sir E.K. to G.S.

shall be *Restored*; whose *perfect* and *incorruptible Qualities* of *Heate*, *Cold*, *Moisture* and *Drinesse* are able not onely to *Nourish*, *Fortifie*, and *Encrease* the *Vitall Spirits*, but *Digest*, *Correct* and *Consume* all *Impediments* and *Corruptions*, those hurtfull and Impure *Seeds* which crept in with the *Curse*, (and joyning themselves with the *Good*,) have ever since (like a growing *Tyde*) encroached so far upon the *Body* of *Man*, till he is almost *overwhelm'd* and ready to *Perish*.

But it is to be acknowledged that those *Chemists* deserve a considerable share of *Honour*, who, for want of this *Ætheriall* and *Universall Medicine* (which *God* hath hitherto granted to few) zealously apply themselves to finde out a *Particular* one, (that *sedulous Industry* may afford to more) and to raise up a *Body* of *Phisick*, from those (*k*) *Three Principles* which are to be found in every *Body*, because compounded of them; (though strongly lockt up) namely *Sal*, *Sulphur*, and *Mercury*: (to which *De Clave* of late adds two more, *viz.* *Earth* and *Phleagme*) and so comfortably relieve decaying *Mortality*, and heale *Diseases* by the meanes they are Cured. k) *Bost. Phis.* cap. 4.

In the painefull and curious *search* of which *Experiments*, where there is more of *Nature* that still lyes hid, (yea she is as Infinite in her *Productions*, as the *Minde* of *Man* can be *Unsatiable*, in the *search*) let the satisfaction the Ingenious *Artist* findes in one *Truth*, leade him cheerfully on to make *Inquisition* after a further, perhaps the *Event* of his *Labours* may discover a *Perfection* in the *knowledge* he hunts after, and *Providence* may be as kinde to so diligent an *Inquisitor*, as *Nature* is to the *Ant*, who bestows *Wings* on her in her *declining Age*, as a reward for her former *Labours*.

And albeit I magnifie *Chemicall Phisique*, yet I do not lessen the due commendations that belong to *Galenicall*: nor dare I, when so great an *Hermetick Philosopher* as *Arnoldus de villa Nova* has taken so much paines to Joyne them together. And besides him, it has been the worke of *Maierus*, *Faber*, and many other consciencious *Philosophers*, to reconcile them. Who laying aside (indeede abhorring) all thought of *Faction*, conceive nothing to come neerer the *Divinity* of *Nature*, or be any way more gratefull to *God* and *Good men*, then to help the *Afflicted*, and relieve the *Sick*; nor greater *Charity* then to bestow *health*, and support *dejected Nature*. Nor is *Galenicall Phisick* hard to come by, it being at all times easy to be met with, the *Superficies* of the *Earth* never denying us some thing or other for *Medicine*, and they, *Milde*, *Gentle*, and *Safe* for weake and tender *Natures*. Moreover, it is observed by *Nollius* and others, that where *God* strikes with any *Disease*, in those parts he also sends forth a *Plant* that he endowes with vertue to cure it. And truly I cannot but admire at those snarling *humours*, who make it their *Taske* to disparage what they affect not, (nay oftentimes what is beyond their owne worth) and rent those noble

parts of *Art* asunder, which *Nature* has conjoyned in an harmonious *Agreement*, and whose wide breaches, honest hearted *Philosophers* endeavour to make up by a friendly Reconciliation, it being not to be denyed, but that each hath their peculiar *Eminencies* for which they deserve both *Praise* & *Honour*. For my owne part, I am none of the *Detractors* from *Learning*, but beare an Universall affection to *Arts*, and am in freindship with each of their particular *Branches*; Nay even in those I understand not, for I am perswaded by the satisfaction I have received in things which before time I knew not, that there may be something deserving of my faire Opinion, in what I am yet to know.

l) *Bac. adv.* pag. 37. It has proved a great (l) *Errour* in some *Practitioners*, who (tumbling up and downe their owne *Speculations*) seeke out for *Truth* in the *Little world*, and withdrawing themselves too much from the *Contemplation* of *Experimentall Naturall Obsevations*, neglect to looke for it in the *greate* and *common World*: When certainly such may far sooner arrive at that *Truth* they seeke for in *Man*, if they would but observe the Beginnings, Change, declination, and death of all things, in and upon this inferiour *Globe*, and compare their vertues with our owne internall *Natures*, for they are certainly (m) united by a Noble, excellent, and secret Harmony and Relation.

m) See Davison's Curic. Chemic.

n) De occult. Phil. *cap.* 3. And having found the true *Originall* and *Cause* of *Diseases*, then further to search after a proper remedy; for all *Diseases* are not cured by one sort of *Physick* (save that which is *Ætheriall* and *Incorporeall*) And therefore according to the Doctrine of (n) *Paracelsus*, such as are bred from so light a cause as the impure *Seeds* of *Vegitables*, viz. *Meate*, *Drinke*, *Fruiss*, *Herbes*, and the like *Elementary* things, may be very easily cured with the *Secrets* of *Hearbes*, *Roots*, and such like mild and tender *Medicines*, of which sort *Galenicall Physick* is more plentifully furnished then any of the rest. Those that are produced from the more rude and knotteer *Qualities* of *Mineralls*, and what is cast within the Compasse of that *Tribe*, the *Chemicall Phisitian* must expell by the power and force of his *Metalline Sulphurs*, &c. *Vegitables* being (in this Case) too weake to *Master* and *Dissolve* their tenacious and coagulated *Spirits*: Those which are derived from the *Influences* of *Heaven*, must be removed by *Plants*, &c. *Magically* gathered and prepared, or by *Sigills*, &c. framed or made under surable *Positions* and *Aspects* of the *Planets*, and impregnated with the rayes of *Celestiall Vertues*, for without opening the *Bodyes*, Infusing superiour *Influences*, and (by an additionall Artifice) *fixing* them to the said *Bodies*; their own ordinary *vertue* (be *Elections* never so propitious) hath not strength enough to conquer *Diseases* of that *Nature*: and severall of these choice *Secrets* (of *Nature* and *Art united*) I my selfe have *prepared*, *made* and Experimentally *verified*. Finally, where *Diseases* happen by *Supernaturall* meanes, as by *Inchantments*, &c. none of the other three are able to remedy the same, save onely *Magicall* and *Superceleстiall* meanes, by and through the Vertues of particular *Intelligences*, Or the *Red Medicine* wrought up to the higheſt degree of *Perfection*. And in such cases the *Hermetique Philosopher* must apppeare, who

o) *Anonymi.*

o) ——In his Reason hath contrived
A Perfect Medicine, for Bodies that be sick
Of all infirmities to be relieved,
This heleth Nature, and prolongeth lyfe eche.

Therefore

Therefore let all men ceaſe to wonder why ſo many *Diſeaſes* ſeeme *incurable*; when many times being *Supernaturall* we judge them *Naturall*, and the true *Cauſes* unknowne, no ſutable *Medicamen* is adminiſtred.

And whereas I have toucht upon *Sigills*, I thinke it will not be remote from this *diſcourſe*, if I give a little ſatisfaction to my *Reader* therein; Though perhaps it may be eſteemed as a thing of too daring a *Nature* for my *Pen* Nor am I ignorant how ſome, moſt learned Men, have extremly ſuffered under the heavy and ſharp *Load* of unworthy and raſh *Calumny*, for manifeſting or defending this *Doctrine*; but it hath only beene (ſuch is their *Glory*) by thoſe that could never ſufficiently *Anſwer* their *Arguments*. p) *See R Moſes, his Ductor dubiorum.*

The framing of *Sigills*, *Lamels*, *Taleſmes* (for all depend upon one *Radix*) is a piece of *Learning* as (*p*) Ancient as the *Babilonians* and *Caldean Magi*, (who firſt found out the Secret power of *Figures*) a chiefe part of their *Magick*, And practiſed by the greateſt *Philoſophers* in the *Eaſterne World*; Where remaine to this day, (as evident Teſtimonies of their firſt *Invention*) very many and ancient *Taleſmes*, the miraculous effects whereof were admired and approved throughout all *Ægipt* and *Perſia*: although (I confeſſe) their *Name* and *Uſe* be yet ſcarce knowne in theſe parts of the *World*; Or if, onely to ſuch whoſe *Wiſdome* thinkes fit to conceale and preſerve the *knowledg* thereof, from the hands of the ſenſleſſe and profane.

Among all other *Philoſophers* (famous for this kinde of knowledg) *Apolonevs Tyaneus* was the (*q*) mightieſt, and his *Workes* (in my Opinion) moſt *Stupendious*: Who though the Envious and Ungratefull *World*, has throwne ſome dirt upon him, to blemiſh the Innocency of his *Operations*, yet he never deſerved other then well; all He did being for the (*r*) *good* thereof, and not for *hurt*; He was no leſſe a *Pious* then *Illuſtrious Philoſopher*, His whole *Life* being ſtrict and vertuous, and his *Death* not blaſted with any ſcandalous *Exit*. And for a juſtification of his *Praxis*, take this Teſtimony of *Juſtinus*, who, ſaith (*s*) that he was a Man skillfull in the "*Diſſent* and *Conſent* of all *naturall Po-* "*wers*; and who wrought wonderfull things by the meanes of this *Science*; "(which were only *Naturall* and not *Miraculous:*) For which purpoſe, he "made choyce of ſuch fit *Subjects*, as might conduce to the perfection of "what he intended to Effect: And indeed *God* did not withſtand thoſe "*Workes* of his, in regard they were done by the knowledg of *Naturall things*, "for the uſe and benefit of *Man*.

q) *Greg. Obſerv.* pag. 36.

r) *Mayerus Sym. Aur. Menſ.* pag. 127.

s) *In queſt. ad Orthod: quæſt.*

What I have further to ſay, ſhall onely be to ſhew what *Naturall powers*, *Sigills*, &c. *Graved* or *Impreſt* with proper *Characters* and *Figures*, and made under certaine peculiar *Conſtellations* may have. *Albumazar*, *Zahel*, *Haly*, *Albategnus*, and divers other *Arabians*, give us ſeverall examples of ſuch as have been cured of the biting of *Serpents*, *Scorpions*, *Mad dogs*, &c. by *Taliſmaticall Figures*: And in other *Authors* we meete with a world of (*t*) *Stories* which tell what Admirable effects they have *wrought* being rightly prepared, (which ſhould I here mention, would ſwell beyond the limits of my *Diſcourſe*) But this peece of *Art* is of extreme difficulty, and not to be performed by every one that takes it in hand.

t) *See Greg. Obſerv. Gaff. Curoſ.*

As for the uſe of ſuch *Characters*, *Letters*, *Words*, *Figures*, &c. Formed or Inſculped upon any *Matter* we make uſe of, we are led to it by the preſident of *Nature*, who *Stampes* moſt notable and marvelous *Figures* upon (*u*) *Plants*, *Rootes*

u) *See Crolius de ſignat. inter. rerum.*

Rootes, Seeds, Fruits, nay even upon rude *Stones, Flints,* and other inferiour *Bodies.*

Nor are theſe remarkable *Signatures* made and deſcribed by Chaunce, (for there is a certaine *Providence* which leades on all things to their end, and which makes nothing but to ſome purpoſe,) but are the *Characters* and *Figures* of thoſe *Starrs,* by whom they are principally governed, and with theſe particular *Stamps,* have alſo peculiar and different *vertues* beſtowed upon them. What *Artiſts* therefore doe in point of *Character,* is onely to purſue the Track, that is beaten out by *Nature*; And by how much the more the *Matter* whereupon ſuch *Impreſſions* are made, is ſutable to the *Qualities* of thoſe *Starrs* whoſe *Characters* it is ſigned with: By ſo much more apt and inclineable it will be to receive thoſe *vertues* that ſhall impower it to produce an *Effect,* in things whereunto it's applyed.

Nevertheleſſe, this is not all, for this *Body* muſt have as it were a *Soule* infuſed, and be *Impregnated* with a *Celeſtiall vitality,* or elſe it remaines *Ineffectuall* and *Dead.* In which reſpect other meanes muſt be found out before we can obtaine that Effect. And therefore we are to Conſider, that the *Soule* of the *World* is not confined, nor the *Celeſtiall Influences* limited, but doe indifferently emit and communicate their *Vertues* alike, as well to things *Artificially made,* as to thoſe that are *Naturally generated,* though ſometimes they are more, at othertimes leſſe vigorous and powerfull, according to the different *Aſpects* under which they are wrought: In which regard a fit *Election* muſt be built up from the foundation of *Aſtrologie,* ſutable to the *Nature* of the *Operation* propoſed, which being effected, and the *Starrs* finding a *figure* aptly diſpoſed for receiving them, they forthwith *Impreſſe* their *vertue,* which they retaining doe afterwards *operate* in that they finde to be *ſemblable.* And this is not ſtrange if we reflect upon the Vulgar experiments of the *Loadeſtone,* who communicating its vertue to a peece of *Iron* (a thing made fit by *Nature* to attract and reteine) that *Piece* thereby becomes of ſtrength to communicate this vertue to a *third.* But if we ſhould conſider the *Operations* of this *Magnet* throughly (which proceeds onely from a *Naturall Principle*) there is no other *Myſtery, Celeſtiall, Elementall,* or *Earthly,* which can be too hard, for our *Beliefe.*

Moreover, theſe *Celeſtiall vertues* and *peculiar Gifts* are not infuſed into *Individuall* and *particular things,* by the *Idea,* and by meanes of the *Soule* of the *World* alone, But alſo are invited thither, through the *Obedientiality* of their *Matter,* and a certaine aptitude and likeneſſe that theſe *Inferiours* beare to their *Superiours*; which being once taken in, they thereupon contract and reteine (beſides ſuch as they receive from their owne *Species*) thoſe naturall *Vertues* and Roots of the *Starrs,* wherewith they ſuſcitate and ſtir up the *Influences* of the Celeſtiall *Bodies*; who are (as it were by compact when *United*) Obliged to *Operate* in and for that purpoſe, which the *Artiſt* appoints them. And more eſpecially if the *Minde* of the *Operator* be vehemently inclined towards the ſame. For *that* through the ſtrength and Efficacy of the *Imagination* and *Paſſion,* (being ſeriouſly intent upon any *Operation*) is joyned with the *Minde* of the *Starrs* and *Intelligences,* and as ſodainly fitted with *Vertues,* as if it were the proper Receptacle of their *Influences,* and conſequently helpes more effectually to infuſe their *Vertues* into our *Workes*: And the reaſon is; *becauſe there is an apprehenſion and power of all things in the Minde:* Whereupon all things having

having a naturall *Obedience* to it, have also of necessity an *Efficacy*; and more to that which desires them, with a strong and intent Desire.

Notwithstanding, all these *Wonders* are not wrought but by the Cooperation of *second Causes* disposing of the *Corporall Matter*, *God* (the first cause of all things) having variously distributed these *vertues* to every one as he pleaseth, who by his Command and appointment are necessitated to produce their *Effects*.) Which *Matter* (by reason of its *Purity* or *Inequality* may cause the *Celestiall vertues* to erre in their *Actings*, (for certainly *Influences* may be hindred, and prove ineffectuall through the indisposition or insufficiency of the *Matter*.) And therefore it is no ordinary *Speculation* to awaken the *sleeping Spirit* which lyes bound up in the straight Prison of the *Body*; to invite and allure that propitious *Spirit* to descend from *Heaven*, and unite it selfe with that which is *Internall*; and there withall to convey a *Vinculum* thereinto, that is of power to hold fast and fix the *Celestiall Influences*, from recoyling back into their *united Centers*.

This is the *Series* and *Order* of *Nature* conjoyn'd with *Art*: and this, and all this must be effected, before one true *Magicall Operation* can be performed.

Pag. 194. **Liber patris Sapientiæ.**

THough I cannot yet satisfie the *Reader* who was the *Authour* hereof, and therefore must *Register* it, (together with **Experience and Philosophy**, the **Hermets Tale**) amongst the *Anonymi*: yet I can assure him *He* gives exceeding good advice to the *Student* in this *Science*, where he bids him be *Secret* in the Carriage on of his *Studies* and *Operations*, and not to let any one know of his *Undertakings*, but his good *Angel* and *Himselfe*: and such a close and retyred *Brest* had *Norton's Master*, who

w) **When Men disputed of Colours of the Rose,**
He would not speake but keepe himselfe full close. w) *Ordin.* p. 32

Privacy will (questionlesse) prove an unimaginable benefit to him, whereas on the contrary *Apertnesse* exposeth a true *Philosopher* to a multitude of Misfortunes. Witnesse Sir *Ed. Kelley*, whose immoderate *Ambition* of spreading his *Name*, lifted him up even to a *Madnesse* of *publique Carriage*; which not correcting in Time, he most miserably *fell*, through the fatall *Virtego* of imprudent *Glory*. To such therefore I shall only adde *Chaucers* Councell which may prove of no litle advantage if they remember it.

x) **Make spriby to your dealing as few as you maie,**
For three may keepe Councell if twaine be awaie. x) *Ten Commandm. of Love.*

THe *Figure* cut in *Brasse* and placed in *Page* 210. is an Hierogliphicall device of *Cremer* somtime *Abbot* of *Westminster*, and *Scholler* (in this *Science*) to *Raymond Lully*, which he caused to be painted upon an *Arched Wall*

in *Westminster Abbey*, where now the *Statues* of our *Kings* and *Queenes* are set in their respective *Habits*.

I met with it *Limned* in a very *Ancient Manuscript*, before the old *Verses* that (y) follow, which there seemed to serve as a *Preface* to that *Worke* which beares the Tytle of **Hermes Bird**. In it is conteyn'd the Grand *Misteries* of the *Philosophers Stone*, and not more *Popish* or *Superstitious* then *Flamell's Hieroglyphicks* portraid upon an *Arch* in St. *Innocents* Church-yard in *Paris*; Notwithstanding it has pleased some, to wash the *Originall* over with a *Plasterer's* whited *Brush*. As also (of late) to breake in Pieces the *Glasse Window* behinde the *Pulpit* in St. *Margarets* Church at *Westminster*, wherein was fairely *Painted* (but unhappily mistaken for a *Popish Story*) the whole *Processe* of the *Worke*, in this manner.

y) *See* pag. 211.

The *Window* is divided into three *Parts*: In the Outermost whereof upon the right hand was drawne a *Man* holding a *Boy* in his hand, and a *Woman* with a *Girle* in hers, all standing in *upright*, *naked postures*, upon a *greene foliate earth*: The *Man* and *Woman* had *Fetters*, wherewith their *Feet* seemed to be *chained* to the *ground*, which *Fetters* were presented as falling from off their *Legs*. Over the *heads* of these *persons* were the *Sun* and *Moone* placed, and painted of a sad darke red *Colour*.

Within the *Left* side of the *Window* was a Beautifull *Young man*, clad in a Garment of *various Colours*, bearing a *Yellow Croße* upon his *Shoulders*, his *Body Encircled* with a *Bright Glory*, which sent forth *Beames* of divers Colours, He stood upon an *Earth* intimating *Oculus Piscium*.

At the *Foote* of the Midle Part of the *Window* was a faire large Red *Rose* full spread, which issued *Rayes* upward, and in the Middle an exceeding bright *Yellow Glory*. Above the *Rose* was the *Figure* of a *Man* rising with *Beames* of *Light* spread about his *Head* (somwhat like the Posture used to expresse *Christ's* rising from his *Sepulchre*) He had a *Garment* of a *Reddish Colour*, deepned with *Red* and heightned with *Yellow*; In his left *Hand*, a *White Stone*, which he held towards the Persons arising in that part of the *Window* on the *Right Hand*; and in his *Right Hand* he held forth a Red *Stone* towards Him, whose *Garments* was of *various Colours*.

In the uppermost part of this *Window* over the *Figures* was *Transversely* written as followeth:

In the *first* part of the *Left Hand*,

Omnes gentes adepti plaudite quia dominus frater vester.

In the *Middle* Part.

S .... at mittens spiritum suum, ecce nova facio omnia celum & (z) t ...

In the *Third* on the *Right Hand*.

Factus quasi unus ex ..... ta .... angelis tibi ———

z) In this place 'tis probable the word to be supplyed is *terram*.

Under these *Figures* in the *Left side* of the *Window* were the *Stawels* and the *Martyns* Coates of *Armes* quartered; And at the bottome of the *Right side* thereof, was this *Coate* of *Arms* placed, (*viz.*) *Argent, a Chevoron* * *Embattelled, Gules, & Vert*; which for the rareneße of *Bearing* I thought fit to *Blazon*, and withall (becauße upon very diligent search among the *Records* of *English Coats* of *Armes* it is not to be found) in hope it may come to the view of such, who (if not at home) may from abroad produce the *Bearer*, and consequently bring

* Elements of Armor. p. 95.

to

to light the *Person* that design'd these *Hieroglyphicks*, and caused them thus to be *Painted*.

Pag. 213. **Hermes Bird.**

WHich *Piece* (as 'tis thought) was written *Originally* by *Raymund Lully* (or at least made *English* by the afore mentioned *Cremer*) and that upon this Occasion.

Cremer travelling into *Italy* fell into the acquaintance of *Lully*, and so exceedingly wrought upon him by his perswasions that he (*a*) brought him over into *England*, where within *two yeares* (but after *thirty yeares* erronious *Experiments*) he obteyned the *Secret* from him. And afterwards bringing *Lully* to the sight and knowledge of *Edward* the *third*, upon some deepe *Ingagements* and *Promises* that the *King* entred into *to prosecute a VVarre against the Turkes in person, to bestow somwhat on the House of God, but nothing in Pride or VVarring against Christians,)* he was content *permissione Divina Regem sua Arte divitem facere.* Which when the *King* had obtained, he brake his *Promise*, turned his *Designe* against *France* (the first *Expedition* being (*b*) Anno 1337.) and finding that *Lully* (after he had seene him violate his faith in destroying *Christians* in stead of *Mahumetans)* refused to further his Ambition with new *supply* of *Gold*, He clapt him up in the *Tower*, where he lay a long time, and seeing no possibility of *Release*, begun to study his *Freedom*, and to that end made himselfe a *Leaper*, by which meanes he gained more Liberty, and at length an Advantage of escaping into *France*, where in all probability he pen'd this *Piece*.

a) Vide Testament. Cremeri.

b) Stow. Ann. fo. 234.

The whole *Work* is *Parabolicall*, and *Allusive*; yet truly *Philosophicall*: and the *Bird* (that intitles it) the *Mercury* of the *Philosophers*, (whose *vertues* and *properties* are therein largely described,) By the word *Chorle*, is meant the Covetous and Ignorant *Artist*, the *Garden* is the *Vessell* or *Glasse*, and the *Hedge* the Furnace.

Pag. 233. **The Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman.**

ONe Reason why I selected out of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, that of the *Chanon's Yeoman* was, to let the *VVorld* see what notorious *Cheating* there has beene ever used, under pretence of this true (though Injur'd) *Science*; Another is, to shew that *Chaucer* himselfe was a *Master* therein.

For, in this *Tale Chaucer* sets forth the deceipts in *Alchimy* to the life, and notably declaimes against all such villanous *Pretenders*, who being wholly ignorant of *Art*, have notwithstanding learnt the *Cunning*, to abuse the World; And this paines he tooke (as himselfe professeth) meerly

c) To the intent that men maie beware thereby,
And for no other cause truly.

c) *Chan. Yeom. Tale.*

Herein following the *President* of all sincere and conscientious *Philosophers*, then whom, the *Injur'd world* cannot more condemne the abuses of these *Im-*

postors that disgrace the *Art*, in that they are continually *advising* to shun them as spreading *Infection*; and setting out *Lights* and *Directions*, that may serve as so many *Land marks*, (if we will but take notice of them) to make us avoyd the *Rocks* of their *Fraud* and *Deceipt*, which will otherwise split us.

The famous *Art* of *Physick* is not more abused, with *Quacking Mountebanks*; nor that other of *Astrology* more injur'd by some nibling *Sciolists* and ignorant *Iuglers*: then this *Divine Science* hath suffered by the *Legerdemaine* of some *Pretenders*. What though some Moderne *Chemists* rove beyond the *Latitude* of their *Profession*, (being hurried on by a Covetous thirst, to obteyne this *Arcanum Dei*, this *Thesaurus incomparabilis*;) and by operating in strange *Matters*, & torturing of various *Bodies*, bring *Disparagement* upon this worthy *Science*; yet we ought not therefore to confound praise-worthy *Arts*, with the *Abuses* which *Impostors* shuffle into them; or for the falseneſſe or corruption of the bad, condemne the pure and good: If so, *Religion* it selfe (as well as other *Learning*, and *Professions*) would scarce be exempt from the like blemishes, and wounds, if not destroyed and buried in scornfull *Ignorance*.

This is the *Misery*, (and tis not *ultra Caduceum* for me to speake it) that there are a Generation of *People* that rush headlong into the acquaintance of such *Men*, there's nor staviug them off, much like the doting *Idiots* which so eagerly courted *Chaucer's Chanon*, after whom

d) Chan. Yeom. Tale.

d) Men riden and gone full many a Myle
Him for to seeke and have acquaintance,
Not knowing of his false governance.

Let *Philosophers* say what they can, and *wise men* give never so good Counsell, no warning will serve, they must be Couzened, nay they have a greedy appetite thereunto; but it has beene ever so, and we are told of old, that

e) Ordin. *pag.* 7

e) Many Artificers have byne over swift,
With hasty Credence to fume away their thrift,

so strong and powerfull a misleader is *Covetousnesse*.

f) Ord. *pag.* 17.

f) *Norton* describes these *Cheats* exactly, and give as ful an account of their *Subtilties* as he dare, for feare of incouraging such as bend their *Witts* that way. (g) *Ripley* dissects them to the *Bone*, and scourgeth them naked to the view of *all*; the like doth many other *Philosophers*: *Bloomefield* gives us a *Catalogue* of the cheife of this *Tribe* in his time, and I may safely tell the *Reader* he shall gaine much benefit by this *Worke*, if he pick but out what is said concerning them, and study that *First*.

g) Chap. of Pretefac.

In some darke *Passages* tis as greate a Curtesie to be taught to know *Blocks*, as to be directed which way to avoyd and get beyond them, and being soe thanke *Ripley* for this his following Cautionary advice.

h) Chap. of Pretefac.

h) Beware therefore for Jhesus sake,
And medyll with nothing of greate Cost,
For and thou doe, yt is but lost.

as

As also *Norton*,

i) Cease Laymen cease, be not in lewdnesse ever,
Lewdnesse to leave is better late then never. i) Ord. p. 126.

I wish I could say this *Age*, this *Nation*, the *World*, were not alured and infected with the *Cyrene* notes of some grand, and notable *Impostors*, or that the too too *Credulous* had not met with the same misfortune which *Story* tells us others have undergone, even to *Ruine*. Yet to those that have been Decoy'd into the *snare*, and would gladly for the future pursue a more hopefull *Course*, let them heare *Richard Carpenter*.

k) Thyse the well ere thow begin,
Or else ytel schalt thow wynne. k) See Carpent. worke.

And with him *Chaucer*,

l) If that your Eyne cannot seene right,
Loketh that your Mindelack not his sight. l) Chan Yeom. Tale.

And againe,

Let no man buse him this Arte to seche,
But he that the entention and Speeche
Of the Philosophers understand can,
And if he doe he is a lewde man.
For this Scyence and Conning quod (m) he,
Is of the Secre of Secreas parde. m) Arnold. de villa nova.

Let me tell them they may become *happier* and expect a *Blessing* in what they seeke; If with *Job* they can thus throughly purge themselves and say, *If I have made Gold my Hope, or fine Gold my Confidence*, &c. that is, if they can study this *Science* and not pursue it for Transmutation of Metals sake onely,

n) For Covetous men that findeth never
Though they seke it once and ever, n) Pearce Black Monke.

and certainly the lucre of that will fix a *Curse* upon their *Endeavours*, and plunge them headlong into an unfathom'd depth of *Misfortune*.

If what hath been delivered be not of force to make men watch over their *undertakings*, and heedfully avoid the *Springs* and *Ginns* that are ordinarily laid to intrap them into *Ruine*; but that on the contrary they carelesly slide into a *Venture* upon any *Tearms*, Ile leave them with this incouragement,

o) Who soe that lysteth to utter his folly,
Let him come forth and learne to Multiplie;
And every man that hath ought in his Coter,
Let him appeare and wexe a Philosopher. n) Chan. Yeom. Tale.

Now as Concerning *Chaucer* (the *Author* of this *Tale*) he is ranked amongst the *Hermetick Philosophers*, and his *Master* in this *Science* was Sir *John Gower*, whose familiar and neere acquaintance began at the *Inner Temple* upon *Chaucer's* returne into *England*, for the Troubles of the *Times* towards the latter end of *Rich: the second's Raign* had caused him to retire out of their *Danger* into *Holland*, *Zeland*, and *France*.

He is cited by *Norton* for an *Authentique Author*, in these words;

p) Ord pag. 42. p) And Chaucer rehearseth how Tytans is the same.

Besides he that Reads the latter part of the *Chanon's Yeoman's Tale*, will easily perceive him to be a *Iudicious Philosopher*, and one that fully knew the *Mistery*.

Master *Speght* (in that commendable Account he gives of *Chaucer's* life,) is perswaded he was borne in *London*, from something intimated in his *Testament of love*. But *Bale* saith, He was (*q*) *Nobili loco natus*, and that neere unto *Oxford*, for (saith he) *Leland* had *Arguments* which made him believe he was borne either in *Oxford-shire* or *Bark-shire*. But what those *Arguments* were we now know not, yet may believe them to be of considerable *weight*, because they were doubtlesse such as he gathered in his *6. yeares* laborious search into the *Libraries* of our *English Monasteries* and *Colleges*, being furthered by the liberall *Encouragement* and *Commission* of *Hen.* 8. And had it not been for his indefatigable *paines*, *All* that was notable in this *Nation* (r) *had in all likelyhood beene perpetually obscured, or at best, but lightly remembred, as uncertaine shaddowes.* Nevertheless the *fruits* of this famous *Antiquaries* labours, are no where now intirely to be seene, unless dispersed through the *workes* of some other men, who have most arrogantly and unworthily made them their owne: amongst the rest I perceive *Polid. Virgil* stole much *Tymber* from this worthy *Structure*, with part whereof he built up his *Worke*; the rest be enviously burnt, for thus I finde *Lelands Ghost* Complaining.

q) Bale Cent. 7. fol. 525.

r) See his Newyeares gift to *H.* 8.

s) Lelands Ghost.

s) Am I deceiv'd? or doth not Lelands Spirit,
Complaine with Ghosts of English Notaries;
Whom Polidore Virgil robb'd of merit,
Bereft of Name, and sackt of Histories,
While (wretch) he ravisht English Libraries.
Ah wicked Booke-theefe whosoever didst:
Should one burne all, to gett one single Creditt.

Am I deceiv'd? or doth not Lelands Spirit
Make Hue and Cry, for some Booke Treasure stelth;
Rifling his Workes, and razing Name and Merit;
Whereby are smothered a Prince-given Wealth,
A learned Writers Travaile, Wits, and Health:
All these he spent to doe his Country pleasure,
Oh save his Name, the World may know his Treasure.

But

But begging *Pardon* for this *Digreßion*, (being on the behalf of ſo deſerving a *Schollar*) I return to *Chaucer*. *Pitts* Poſitively ſaies he was born in *Woodſtock*, of *noble Parents*, and that *Patrē habuit Equeſtris Ordinis Virū*, his *Father* was a *Knight*. And this may not be unlikely if we Conſider, that not onely the *Name* is as *Auncient* as (t) *William* the *Conqueror*'s time, but that ſome of the *Family* have beene both of large *fortunes* and good *quality*. For we finde (u) that *Edw the* 1. heard the *Complaint* of *Iohn Chaucer* in the *Damage* of 1000 l. And alſo, that there was in the *Raigne* of *H.* 3. and *Ed.* 1. one *Elias Chaucer*, of whom (w) ——*Edwardus dei gratia, &c. liberate de Theſauro noſtro Eliæ Chauſecir' decem Solid*: With which (x) (*Characters* our *Geffrey Chaucer* is written in the *Records* of *Ed.*3. and *Rich.the ſecond*.

But whereſoever he was *Borne*, his *Education* was chiefly in the *Univerſity* of *Oxford* in *Canterbury*-*Colledge*, (y) (ſuppreſſed by *H.* 8. and now joyned to *Chriſtchurch*) though for ſome time he ſtudied at *Cambridge*.

t) Roll.of Battell Abby.
u) Record *in* Tur. Lond.
w) Record *in* Scacc:
x) Speght in vit.Chaucer.
y) Stow. An. *fol.*957.
z) Court of Law.Chaſe.

z) Of Cambridge Clarke. ——

He quickly became a Witty *Logitian*, a ſweet *Rhetoritian*, a pleaſant *Poet*, a grave *Philoſopher*, a holy *Divine*, a skilful *Mathematitian*, his Tutors therein were **Frere John Son, and Frere M. Lenne**, (a) (Friers *Carmelites* of *Lynne* remembred with honour in his *Treatiſe* of the *Aſtrolabe*) and moreover (I may ſafely adde) an able *Aſtrologian*, for almoſt in every Worke he inter-weaves moſt ſound and perfect *Aſtrologie*. In Brief, he was *Univerſally learned*, and ſo affirmes his Scholar *Tho.Occleve*,

a) Bale *f.* 525.

b) O Univerſall Fadze of Science.

Pitts ſtiles him (c) *Vir Belli Paciſq; Artibus mirè Florens*. A Man that excelled in *Arts* both of *Warre* and *Peace*, and a little after, '*Nam jam antequam virilem ætatem attigiſſet, erat Poeta Elegans, Et qui Poeſim Anglicam ita illuſtravit, ut Anglicus Homerus merito haberetur*: For ere he came to *Mans Eſtate*, he was an *Elegant Poet*, and one, who illuſtrated *Engliſh Poeſy*, that he might have beene deſervedly accounted the **Engliſh Homer**. *Lidgate* the *Monke* of *Bury* calls him the (d) *Load ſtar* of our *Language*, and tells us that it was he, that

b) Prolog.to *H.* 5. while Prince.
c) Pag. 472.
d) Pref to Bochas.
e) Jo.Lidgate de Nativ.Mar.

e) Made firſt to diſtill and Raine
The Gold dew dzopps of Speech and Eloquence,
Into our Tongue through his Excellence.
And found the Floures firſt of Rhetoricke,
Our rude ſpeeche o: e'y to inlumine,
That in our Tonge was neber non him like.

For indeed in his time all good Letters were laid aſleep in moſt parts of the *World*, and in *England* our *Tongue* was exceeding wild and rude, yet (through his *refining* and *poliſhing*) it became more ſweet and pleaſant, in which regard he is ſtiled

f) The firſt finder of our feire language.

f) Occl. de Reg. Princ: cap.de Concill.

He

He spent many of his yeares in *France* and *Flanders*: severall *Preferments* he had at *Court*, for he was (g) *Armiger Regis* to *Ed.* 3. (a place of very good *Reputation*) (h) *Valectus Hospitii*, viz. *Groome* of the *Pallace*, and after in *R.* 2. time (i) *Controuler* of the *Custome-house London*; With these he had severall *Annuall pensions* during his *Life* granted from *R.* 2. and *H.* 4. His Abilities for *Forraigne Imployments* were so farre taken notice of, that he was twice or thrice sent abroad into other *Countries*, and thought fit to be one of the *Embassadors* into *France* to move a *Marriage* betweene *Richard* the second (while *Prince of VVales*) and the *Lady Mary*, *Daughter* to the *French King*. His *Revenue* was 1000*l. per annum.* a very plentifull *Estate*, the times considered.

g) Pat. Rot. first parte of 50. *Ed* 3. *M.* 5.
h) In Pellis Excitus Scacc.
i) Anno 8. R. 2

He dyed at *London* 25. *Octob. Ann.* 1400. as appeares by the *Inscription* upon his *Tombe* at Saint *Peters* in *VVestminster Abby*, in an *Isle* on the *South* side of the *Church*.

Mr. *Nicholas Brigham* built this *Marble Monument* to his *Memory*, the true *Pourtraicture* whereof I have caused to be exactly graved in *Brasse*, and placed in *page* 226. There was formerly round the ledge of the *Tombe* these following *Verses*, but now no remainder of them left.

Si rogites quis eram, forsan te fama docebit:
Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hæc monumenta lege.

The *Picture* of *Chaucer* is now somwhat decay'd, but the *Graver* has recovered it after a *Principall* left to *posterity* by his worthy Schollar *Tho. Occleve*, who hath also these *Verses* upon it.

k) Occleve de Regem. Princ: cap. de Concilio, Upon the figure of *Chaucer*.

k) **And though his life be queinte the resemblaunce**
Of him hath in me so fresshe liknesse,
That to putte other men in remembraunce
Of his persone, I have here the liknesse
Do make, to this ende in sothfastnesse,
That thei that have of hem lost thoute and mynde,
By this Peinture, may ageine him fynde.

Before Mr. *Brigham* built the aforesaid *Monument* it seemes *Chaucer* had a *Stone* layd over his *Grave* upon which was ingraved this following *Epitaph*.

Galfridus Chaucer Vates & fama Poesis,
Materna hac sacra sum tumulatus humo.

Pag 257. **Dastin's Dreame.**

I Am perswaded this *VVorke* called by the Name of *Dastin's Dreame*; has beene turned into *English Verse* by some later *Philosopher*; for in his *dayes* we meete with no such refined *English*, and in *Latin* we have his *Vision* with which (in effect) this agrees.

l) Cent. 10. pag. 49.

The *Time* he liv'd in is not certainely knowne; I finde none that mention it; but tis beleeved it was long since. Our Country-man (*l*) *Bale* speaks of him yet,

yet throwes at him and this *Science* some uncomely abuses: Nevertheless he calls him *Alcumisticæ artis ætate sua primus & in Anglia Magister unicus*; the *Prime Alchymist* of his *Age*, and the only *Master* thereof in *England*; A *Producer* and *Foreteller* of things which (it seemes in his apprehension) he could not attaine to by *Nature*; He made a diligent search into all things that might possibly be found out in *Chemistry*, insomuch that he boldly *wrote* and *published* severall *Experiments*.

And though (*m*) *Pitts* renders him a very *Poore man*, and layes the blame upon his owne *Artifice*; (being so much addicted to *Alchymie*,) yet questionlesse (if he were *Master* of such *learning* as they confesse him to be, and his *Poverty* were not *voluntary*;) he might have advanced himselfe to riches when he pleased. He wrote these following *Bookes*, *m)* Pag. 871.

1. *Super Arte Alcumistica.*
2. *Visiones ad huc alias.*
3. *Secreta Secretorum.*
4. *Speculum Philosophorum.*
5. *Sapientum Aurinum.*

(n) *Maierus* saith he left behind him a considerable *Chemicall Tract*, which *Janus Lacinius* hath put in his *Collections*. Not unlike but this may be in *Lacinius* his *Pretiosa Margarita novella de Thesauro, ac preciosissimo Philosophorũ lapide*; but the *Booke* I have not yet seene, and therefore cannot tell whether what is there published of *Dastin*'s, be any of the before mentioned *Workes*. n) *Symb. Aur. Mens.* pag. 458.

Pag. 269. **Take Erth of Erth, Erths Moder.**

Ludovicus Combachius in his late *Collections* of some of *Ripley*'s *Workes*, put this of *Pearce* the *Black Monk*'s among them under the Title of *Terra Terræ Philosophicæ*; and publishes it as *Ripley*'s: and withall that Tytle [*Terra Terrarum*] which (o) *Pitts* also gives to one of his *Workes* may seeme to insinuate this; But I conceive all are not *Ripley*'s which walk under his *Name*, for questionlesse, many *Pieces* are (of late *Tymes*) fathered on him which he never wrote; *Bale* has not this at all among the *Catalogue* he delivers of what was *Ripley*'s. And I have met with it in so old a *Manuscript* under the tytle of *Pearce* the *Black Monke*, that the *Hand* (as I Judge) speakes it to be antienter then *Ripley*'s Time. o) Pag. 677.

Pag. 275. **Of Titan Magnesia take the cleere light,**
The Red Gumme that is so bright:

Some Ancient Copies have it also thus,

Of Spaine take the cleere light,
The Red Lion that is so bright.

WHo to pitch upon for the *Author*, I was a long time ignorant of, yet at length I happily met with an old *Manuscript* (and it was the anciencteſt *Hand-writing* I ever saw this *Piece* written in) to which was affixt the

Name of *Richard Carpenter*; and thereupon I have *Intitled* it, **Carpenter's Worke.**

p) *Isaac. Chron. fo. 467.* I finde that in *Anno* 1447. *John Carpenter* then *Bishop* of *Worcester* (p) founded the Colledge at *Westbury* neere *Bristoll*, (mentioned (q) before to be Augmented by *William Cannings*: (r) by "pulling downe the old *Colledge*, and in "the new Building inlarged it very much, compassing it about with a strong "*Wall*, Embattaled; adding a faire *Gate*, with divers *Towers*, (more like un-"to a *Castle* then a *Colledge*,) and lastly bestowed much good *Land* for augmenting the *Revenue* thereof. Besides this he built the *Gatehouse* at *Hartlebrough*, a *Castle* neere and (s) belonging to the *Bishop of Worcester*; and did severall other *Workes* of *Piety* and *Charity*.

q) *Pag. 442.*

r) *Godw. p. 367.*

s) *Camb. Brit. fo. 574.*

This *Bishop Carpenter* is supposed to be *Brother*, or neere *Kinsman* to *Richard Carpenter* our *Author*, and accounted an *Hermetique Philosopher*. He was *Contemporary* with *Norton*, and *Cannings*; and for the most part lived neere unto them, at the aforementioned *Westbury*; nay he had so great Affection to that *Place* (not unlike for the *Societies* sake of *Norton* and *Cannings* or for some speciall Blessing he met with there) that (t) he intended to have it honoured with a part of his *Style*; and to have taken upon him the *Name* of *Bishop* of *Worcester* and *Westbury*, which though he could not effect, yet chose it for his *Buriall place* where he lyes *Inter'd*.

t) *Godw. p. 442.*

In another old *parchment Manuscript* (and that a very faire one) I met this *Worke*, *Prefaced* with what followes.

Aske ye of the Clerkes that holden them so wise, what is the Whete that most be sowen in the Erth, and whedere it is nozshed forth hot oz cold. For if it were in heate, it scholde neber rote without cold and moysture. Also sey to hem alle, al that ever was comen of on, but it is dillebered in thze, as Fadere, and Sone, and Holy Ghost, One way there is, and no mo. Also loke which is the Fader and Modere of alle Metalles; For if thou drawe oz take eny other manner thinge than his owne kynde, thou lesest all thy werk: For looke whennys he cometh, and in his owne Moderes bely nozshe him forth, and when he is of age nozsh him forth with his owne Moders mylke, and gif him is owne Moders mylke.

Pag. 278. **The Hunting of the Greene Lyon.**

IN the *Campe of Philosophy*, *Bloomefield* reckons up a *Worke* that beares the *Title* of the *Greene Lyon*, and amongst other *Impostors* (of his Tyme) calls the *Vicar* of *Maldon*, (but in some *Copies Vicar* of *Walden*) the *Author*; and consequently esteemes the *Worke* spurious,

u) Bloomf. Blos. *first part.*

u) **Then brought they in the Vicar of Maldon,**
With his Lyon Greene, that most royall Secret;

But what *Piece* soever that was I know not: I am confident this, that I here present my *Reader* with under that *Title*, is a perfect *Worke*, and truly

Philo-

Philosophicall; besides some Copies owne *Abraham Andrews* for their *Author*, and is so confirm'd to me by the *Testimony* of a credible *Philosopher*.

Pag. 293. l. 20. **God save my Masters life——**

THomas *Charnock* (the *Author* of the *Breviary* of *Naturall Philosophy*) had the happinesse to have *Two Masters* that made him inheritor of this *Secret*; The first was he, whom here he Mentions, and it seemes

w) **Was a Priest in the Close of Salisburie.** w) Enigm. de Alch.

This he further confirmes in his Breviary, thus:

x) **Master J. S. his name is truly,**
Nigh to the Citty of Salisbury his dwelling is,
A Spirituall man forsooth he is. x) Brev. of Phil. *Cap.* 4.

It seemes he had some *acquaintance* with this *Priest*, and in that time bent his *Studies* this way, Insomuch that the *Priest* falling *sick* (whilst his *VVorke* was a going) thought *Charnock* deserving of it; for *He*

——y) **When he thought to dye,**
Gave him his Worke and made him his Heire. y) Chap 3.

This *VVorke* *Charnock* continued going, till unhappily it perisheth by *Fire* upon a *Newyeares* day at *Noone*; probably it might be *An.* 1555. for that fell out in the *first and second of Phil.* and *Mar.* and in those yeares of their *Raigne* (which was parte in the yeare 1554. and parte in 1555.) he (z) received the *Secret* from the aforesaid *Priest*, as himselfe Testifies. At which time he was about 30. or 31. yeares of *Age* (though he intimates he was about 28. yeares old when he first met with the *Prior* of *Bath*) for *Ann.* 1574. he was 50. yeares old, as appeares at the end of his (b) *Fragments*, which I Coppied from his owne *Hand*. z) Chap. ibid. a) Chap. 5. b) See *pag.* 426

Pag. 296 lin. 3. **Only a Monke of whom 'Ile speake anon.**

THis *Monke* was *Charnocks* other *Master*, into whose Company he (c) accidentally happened, his *Name* was *William Bird*, and by his *Function*, *Prior of Bath*, at the Dissolution of that *Abbey*;

This *Bird* (while *Prior*) expended much *Money by* (e) *endeavouring what he might to finish the Abby Church of Bath* (the (f) foundation of which sumptuous *Building* was begun by *Oliver King*, but he dying left it unperfect:) *and had brought it to a perfection, when the Dissolution of the Abbey, had once overthrowne what before was set up.*

It seemes this *Prior* had the *Elixir* upon the *Suppression* of the *Abby*: he hid it in a *VVall*. c) Chap. 5. d) Chap. ibid. e) Godw Succ. *pag.* 308. f) Cambd. Brit. 234.

g) Chap. 5. g) And Ten dayes after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the ſtople of a Cloute.

For it was taken away; It made their Hearts *light* who found it, but his ſo *heavy*, and the loſſe ſo diſcontented and afflicted him,

h) Chap. ibid. h) That many yeare after he had no ſetling place.

and (loſing his *Eyes* ſoone after his *Eccleſiaſticall preferments*) was quite deprived of attempting to make the *Elixir* againe. Whereupon he liv'd *obſcurely*, and grew very *poore*; and not able to give *Charnock* entertainement, but his owne *Purſe* paid for it, both times he was with him.

Pag. 298. lin 25. Charnock is his name, of Tenet that Iſle.

Tenet or *Tainet* is an *Iſle* that lies in the *Eaſt* part of *Kent*, and the *Birth-place* of *Charnock*; however though he might be born there, yet he dwelt about (*i*) *Salisbury*, when he firſt met with his *Maſter Bird*. He cals himſelf the *Unlettered Schollar*, and by ſeverall *Fragments* and *Notes* that I have ſeene of his owne *VVriting*, it does not appeare, that he underſtood much *Latin*, or knew how to write true *Engliſh*; yet though he wanted the *Shell* he obteyned the *Kernell*, and had the good fortune to meete with that in plaine *Engliſh*, which many (who have the aſſiſtance of other *Languages*) goe without; Thus we ſee by him, that *God* hath not excluded all who are *Maſters* of no other then their own *Language*; from the happineſſe of *underſtanding* many Abſtruſe and ſubtill *Secrets*; I could inſtance ſeverall in this *Science*: and this very Conſideration invited that noble *Fraternity* of the *R.C.* to publiſh their *Fame* and *Confeſſion* in Five ſeverall *Languages*, to the end the *unlearned* might not be deprived and defrauded of the *knowledge* thereof. Nor was the Proceſſe (which all Students may take notice of) tedious or long in delivering to *Charnock*. For thus he ſaith,

i) Chap. 5.

k) His Maſter Birde. Within three or foure Woords (*k*) he revealed to me
Of Mineralll Prudence the greate Miſterie.

He lived in the *Ranke* of an *Ordinary man*, elſe I preſume his *Quality* might have priviledged him from being *Preſt* for a *Common Souldier*. And from a *Memorandum* of his owne hand, it may be gathered, that he practiſed *Chirurgery*; for thereby it appeares *He* bargained to have *Five Markes* for healing the *Leg* of one *Richard Deane*, for the payment of which one *Iohn Bodin* and *VVilliam Lawly* became Sureties.

Pag.300.li.23. ——— Remembring my Master tho.
Pag.301.li.5. ——— My Master shall know all this.
li.8. Then would I write to my Master ———
Pag.302. li.1. Then I remembred my good Master againe.

IT is S. J. the *Priest* of *Salisbury* whom *Charnock* means in these severall places, and whose *Christian Name* was *James*: for in another private *Memorandum*, written by *Charnock*, I finde thus much;

> Memorand' that Sir Robart which did confer with my Tutor, Sir James, in King Edwards dayes, dwelleth now in the Savoye in London, and hath it a Working there, as Harry Hamond told me at Saint James Faire.
>
> Anno Domi: 1566.

Page 301. li. ult. Forsooth it was Ripley the Chanon his Boy.

SOme will have this to beare a double *Construction* (either that *Ripley* was *Boy* or *Servant* to a *Chanon*, as being bred up under a *Chanon* while a *Boy*; or that it was one who was *Ripleys Servant*, and brought up with him when *young*; to whom *Ripley* (finding him faithfull) might commit the *Secret*) and so leave it uncertaine whether *Ripley* or his *Scholler* was Master to the aforesaid *William Bird*. But I rather conceive the latter most probable; for, *Ripley* (*l*) dyed about the yeare 1590. and the time that this *Bird* communicated this *Secret* to *Charnock*, was at least 64 years after. So that questionlesse this *Bird* was too young to be acquainted With so weighty a *Mystery* at the time of *Ripley's* death. However *VVilliam Bird* had a *Master*, though Sir James the *Priest* of *Salisbury* had none; but received it from Gods hands by inspiration: for *Charnock* sayes he tould him

l) *Bale Cent* 8. fo. 623. *Pitts*. pag. 678.

> ———m) He did it not attaine,
> Of no maner of Man but of God, he put it into his head
> As he for it was thinking, lying in his bed.

m) Cap. 6.

Pag. 302. lin. 13. Yet the Gentleman did me more spight then the rest,
As when he made me from my Worke to be Prest.

Charnock was much hindred in the Course of his *Practise* by the Malice of this *Gentleman*, who it seems was some ill *Neighbour*, that bore him a *Grudge*, and executed it in as bad a time for the honest *Philosopher* as possible might be; [even then when he was neere finishing his worke,

> ———n) Within a Moneths reckoning.]

causing n) Cap. 4.

causing him to be preſt for a *Sholdier* upon the Deſigne of relieving of *Calis*, (which was the (*o*) beginning of *Ianuary Anno* 1558. and almoſt ſix *Moneths* after he had finiſhed the *Breviary* of *Philoſophy*,) whereupon in a *Diſcontent* he deſtroyed *All*.

(*o*) Stow. An. 1532.

Pag. 303. li. 6. **And if God ſpare me lyfe I will mend this another day.**

THe *Breviary* of *Naturall Philoſophy* was begun to be written within two or three yeares after he was *Maſter* of the *Secret*, and thongh he ſeeme to promiſe ſome other *VVorke*, yet I could never learne that he wrote any thing afterwards, ſave onely His two *Ænigmaes*, (the which I have Marſhald after his *Breviary*) and the *Fragments* incerted, Pag. 424. What time he dyed, is uncertaine, but after the yeare 1577. I meete with nothing under his owne *Hand*, although ſeverall yeares before that, his *Pen* lay not ſtill; for in divers ſpare places of his *Bookes* he inſerted ſundry *Notes*, to the which moſt commonly he affixt a *Date*; ſome whereof I have publiſhed in this *Theatrum*.

Pag. 305. **Bloomefield's Blossomes.**

THe *Author* himſelfe alſo calls this *VVorke* the *Camp of Philoſophy*, and the *Practick* thereof he ſtyles by the *Name* of his *laſt VVill and Teſtament*. It was written by *VVilliam Bloomefield* (ſome Copies have called him Sir *William Bloomefield*) a *Bachellor* of *Phyſick*, admitted by *H.* 8.

I have ſeene a faire *Manuſcript* of *Norton's Ordinall*, wherein (at the toppe of the *Leafe*, that begins every *Chapter* and ſome other Eminent places,) is a *Scrowle*, and in the firſt fold thereof is written [*Myles*] in the midle of it, the Number of the *Chapter*, and in the third fold [*Bloomefield*] which *Myles Bloomfield* I take to be the Owner of the *Booke* (and perhaps ſome *Brother* or *Kinſman* to our *William Bloomefield:*) Nevertheleſſe by at Note in that *Booke* (of an indifferent antient hand) I afterwards found this *Myles* is called the *Author* of

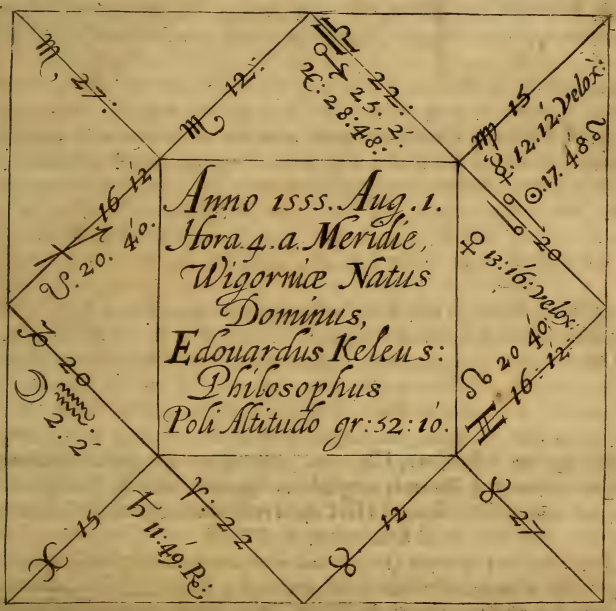
Bloomefields Blossomes.

Pag. 324. **Sir Edward Kelle's Booke.**

I Cannot give my *Reader* an Account of Sir *Edward Kelley*, but I muſt alſo men ion that famous *Artiſt*, Doctor *John Dee*; (whoſe *laſt VVill and Teſtament* followeth Sir *Edw.* Kelle's Worke) He being ſometime his Intimate *Friend*, and long *Companion* in *Philoſophicall Studies*, and *Chemicall Experiments*: Till at length the worthy *Doctor* (leaving him in *Germany*) returned for *England*, and ſo by *Providence*, eſcaped from being his further *Companion*; in that ſtraight *Confinement* which Sir *Edw. Kelley* ſuffered, (by *command* of *Radulph* the 2. *Emperour* of *Germany*) at *Pragne*.

Touching

Touching Sir *Edward Kelley*, he was borne at *Worceſter*, the *Scheame* of whoſe *Nativity* (*Graved* from the *Originall Calculation* of Doctor *Dee*, and under his *Hand*) I here Exhibite.



Which may be gratefull and acceptable unto ſuch that can read the *Language* of the *Heavens*: Inſomuch, that therein they ſhall finde out more concerning him, then *Story* has left us. For, whereas he by ſome is called *Philoſophus Dubius*, ſomewhat a better *Opinion* might be hence *Collected*, and that from the *Poſition* of *Mercury Lord* of the *Ninth*, (the *Houſe* of *Knowledge*, *Wiſdome* and *Science*;) and who is placed upon the *Cuſpe* thereof in *Virgo*, where he is exceeding Strong, and Fortunate, in *Dignities*; *Eſſentiall* and *Accidentall*, [viz. in his owne *Houſe*, and *Exaltation*, *Direct*, and *Swift* of *Courſe*, free from *Combuſtion*, and in the *Tearme*, and *Face* of *Venus*; to whom he applies by a *partile Sextile*.] *Venus* alſo is *Angular*, and beholding the *Cuſpe* of the *Ninth Houſe*, by a *Sextile*; All which (with Conſideration that the *Degree Aſcending* is in the *Tearmes* of *Mercury*,) doe truly render him a *Man* of cleere *Underſtanding*, quick *Apprehenſion*, an excellent *Wit*, and of great propenſity to *Philoſophicall Studies*. And indeede, by all Reports he was very *Ingenious*, and a continuall *Searcher*, in the abſtruſe and difficult *Secrets* of *Philoſophy* and *Chemiſtry*.

Yet for all this, he could not eſcape the hard *Cenſures* and *Scandalls* of thoſe that underſtood not what he did; which the *Dragons Tayle* in the *Aſcendant*,

was

was at all times ready to further and promote, and from whose *Position* the *Nature* of those abusive *Aspersions* may be *(Generally)* gathered: and partly from a *Story* which *VVever* in his *Funerall Monuments inserts*, where, though he make him an *Actor* in the worst part of *Conjuration*, and backs his *Relation* with some *Formall Circumstances*; Yet that nothing was done in the *Nature* he *Relates*, good and sound *Reasons* (too tedious to be touched here) induce me to believe.

As touching *Doctor Dee*, he chiefly bent his *Studies* to the *Mathematicks*; in all parts of which he was an absolute and perfect *Master*. Witnesse his *Mathematicall Preface* to *Euclids Elements*, wherein are enumerated many *Arts* of him wholly invented (by *Name*, *Definition*, *Propriety*, and *Use*) more then either the *Grecian* or *Romane Mathematitians* have left to our knowledge: with divers and many *Annotations*, and *Inventions*, *Mathematicall*, added in sundry places of the said *Booke*: Together with severall *Pieces* of *Navigation*, *Perspective*, and other rare *Mathematicall* works of his in *Manuscript*.

His Epistle prefixed to *Iohn Field's Ephemerides* 1557. *De usu Globi Cœlestis* to *Ed. 6. De Nubium solis lunæ ac reliquorum Planetarum*, &c. *Distantiis*, &c. to *Ed. 6. Astronomicall* and *Logisticall Canons* to *Caculate the Ephemerides* by; *De stella admiranda in Cassiopeæ Asterismo*. An Advise and Discourse about the *Reformation* of the *Vulgar Yeare*, speake him a learned *Astronomer*.

And lastly, that he was a good *Astrologian*, and a studious *Philosopher*, his 300. *Astrological Aphorismes*, His 120. *Aphorismes De præstantioribus quibusdam naturæ virtutibus*. *Monas Hieroglyphicæ*. Speculum *unitatis*, (being an *Apologie* for our famous *Frier Bacon*) His *Cabalæ Hebraicæ compendiosa Tabula*, with many others, afford no small *Evidence* to the *VVorld*.

All which and many more (in severall other kinds of learning) as *History*, *Heraldry*, &c. written by him before the year 1583. Some time He bestowed in *vulgar Chemistry*, and was therein *Master* of divers *Secrets*, amongst others he (*p*) revealed to one *Roger Cooke*, the *Great Secret* of the *Elixir* (as he called it) of the *Salt* of *Metalls*, the *Projection* whereof was *One* upon a *Hundred*.

(*p*) 28. Dec. 1579.

His great *Ability* in *Astrologie*, and the more secret parts of *Learning* (to which he had a strong propensity and unwearyed *Fancy*,) drew from the *Envious* and *Vulgar*, many *rash*, *lewd*, and *lying Scandalls*, upon his most *honest* and *justificable Philosophicall Studies*; and many times forced him out of the *bitternesse* of his *Soule* (which was even *Crucified* with the malice of *Impudent Tongues*) most seriously and fervently to *Apologize*. Nor could he enjoy *Tranquillity* in his *Studies*, but was oftentimes disquieted and vexed with the sower *dispositions* of such as most Injuriously *Scandalized* both *him* and *them*, Insomuch that the (*q*) yeare he went beyond *Sea* his *Library* was seized on, wherein was 4200. *Books*, and 700. of them *Manuscripts* (a Caveat for all *Ingenious* and *eminent Philosophers* to be more *wise* then to keep any dear or *Excellent* Books in their own *Houses*.) And tis most probable that at this *time* his before mentioned *Speculū unitatis*, might fall into those *hands*, that would never since suffer it to see the *Light*, which might occasion the Learned *Selden* to say, this (*r*) *Apologie* was long since *promised* by him; but intimating it was never *VVrit*. *An.* 1592. (*s*) Master *Secretary VValsingham*, and Sir *Tho: George* were sent to his then dwelling house at *Mortclack* by vertue of a *Commission*, to understand

(*q*) An. 1583.

(*r*) Seld. Pref. to Hopt. Concor.

(*s*) Nov. 9.

the

the *Matter* and *Cauſes* for which his *Studies* were *Scandalized*. And for ſome other thing in the like *Nature*, was he neceſſitated to ſend his *(s) Apologeticall letter* to the *Archbiſhop* of *Canterbury*. *s)* Jan. 6. 1595.

Theſe kind of *Perſecutions* were ſtil Multiplyed upon him, and he ſometimes Perſonally agreeved by them: for about the yeare 1594. he was under a kinde of *Reſtraint*, which occaſioned him to (*t*) write to the *Lady Scydmore* to move the *Queene* that either he might declare his *Caſe* to the *Body* of the *Councell*, or elſe under the *Broade-ſeale* have *liberty* to goe freely where he pleaſed. *t)* 28. Oct. 1594.

And thus much concerning theſe two famous men in ſeverall; now ſhall I give the *Reader* an *Account* of their *joynt Actions* abroad, as alſo what relates to *Doctor Dee* after his returne into *England*: which I ſhall doe from an unqueſtionable *Authority*, even *Doctor Dee's Diary*, all written with his owne hand; where I ſhall take the larger Field to walke in, becauſe I move upon ſo certaine ground: ſome of which paſſages may pleaſe (if not concerne) the *Reader*. For I think it not fit to ſuffer ſuch *Eminent lights* longer to lie in *Obſcurity*, without bringing them forth to the view of the *VVorld*.

'Tis generally reported that *Doctor Dee*, and Sir *Edward Kelly* were ſo ſtangely fortunate, as to finde a very large quantity of the *Elixir* in ſome part of the *Ruines* of *Glaſtenbury-Abbey*, which was ſo incredibly *Rich* in *vertue* (being one upon 272330.) that they loſt much in making *Projection*, by way of *Triall*; before they found out the *true height* of the *Medicine*.

And no ſooner were they *Maſters* of this *Treaſure*, then they reſolved to *Travell* into *Forraigne Parts*, where falling into acquaintance with one *Albertus Laſkey* a *Polonian Prince* (which came into *England* the beginning of *May*, *An.* 1583.) on the 21. of *Sept.* following, They, their *VVives*, *Children*, and *Families*, went beyond *Sea* with the ſaid *Prince*.

And whether they found it at *Glaſtenbury* (as is aforeſaid) or howſoever elſe they came by it, 'tis certain they had it: for at *Trebona* in *Bohemia* (whither they were come to (*u*) *dwell*) Sir *Edward Kelley* made (*w*) *Projection* with one ſmall *Graine* thereof (in proportion no bigger then the leaſt graine of Sand) upon one *Ounce* and a Quarter of *Common Mercury*, and it produced almoſt an *Ounce* of moſt pure *Gold*. This was done to gratifie *Maſter Edward Garland* and his Brother *Francis*, and in their preſence; which *Edward* was lately come to *Trebona*, being ſent thither to *Doctor Dee*, from the *Emperour* of *Muſcovia*, according to ſome *Articles* before brought, by one *Thomas Symkinſon*. I alſo finde this *Note* of *Doctor Dee's*, Jan. 5. 1586. *Donum Dei* 2. ounces. E. K. Moreover, for neerer and later *Teſtimony*, I have received it from a credible *Perſon*, that one *Broomfield* and *Alexander Roberts*, told him they had often ſeen *Sir Ed: Kelly* make *Projection*, and in particular upon a piece of *Metall* cut out of a *Warming-pan*, and without *Sir Edwards* touching or handling it, or melting the *Metall* (onely warming it in the *Fire*) the *Elixir* being put thereon, it was *Tranſmuted* into pure *Silver*: The *Warming-pan* and this piece of it, was ſent to *Queen Elizabeth* by her *Embaſſador* who then lay at *Prague*, that by fitting the *Piece* into the place whence it was cut out, it might exactly appeare to be once part of that *VVarming-pan*. The aforeſaid *Perſon* hath likewiſe ſeen in the hands of one *Maſter Frye* and *Scroope*, *Rings* of *Sir Edward Kellyes Gold*, the faſhion of which was onely *Gold wyre*, twiſted thrice about the *Finger*: and of theſe faſhioned *Rings*, he gave away, to the value of 4000l. at the *Marriage* of one of *u)* Sept. 4. 1586 *w)* Dec. 9. 1586

his *Servant Maides*. This was highly *Generous*, but to say truth he was openly *Profuse*, beyond the modest *Limitts* of a *Sober Philosopher*.

During their abode at *Trebona*, they tried many *Chemicall Experiments* (to see whether they could make that *Iewell* they posseſt, (the particular account of their *operations* I neede not here relate) yet I cannot heare that ever they accompliſhed any thing; onely I finde the 27. *of Aprill* noted by *Doctor Dee* with ſeverall expreſſions of *Ioy* and *Gladneſſe*, as ——*Hæc eſt dies quam fecit Dominus*. Againe ——*Miſerecordia Dei magna*, and laſtly, ——*Omne quod vivit laudet Dominum*. And to teſtifie what they meant, he writes upon the 30. *day* following, *Maſter Edward Kelley did open the Great ſecret to me. God be thanked.*

Whiles they lived at *Trebona*, *Sir Edward Kelley* went dives times to *Prague*, and the 15. *of Ian.* 1587. he went into *Poland*, but returned the 9 of *Febr.* after, And 'tis probable theſe *Iourneys* were made in queſt after ſome famous *Chemiſts* Things were not carried here ſo privately, but *Queene Elizabeth* had notice given her of their *Actions*, whereupon ſhe uſed ſeverall meanes by *Letters* and *Meſſages* to invite them back into *England*, where it was believed ſhe had ſo far prevailed that *Maſter Simkinſon* and *Maſter Francis Garland's Brother*
x) 8. Dec. 1587 *Robert*, coming from *England* to (x) *Trebona* ſuppoſed they had beene ready to come over to *England* upon the *Queenes Letters* formerly ſent them. And
y) 1 May 1589. though *Sir Edward Kelley* ſtaid behinde, yet *Doctor Dee* (y) left *Trebona* and and came for *England*. But whether occaſioned by ſome unkindneſſe received from *Sir Edward Kelley* or falling out of their *Wives*, or the *Solicitation* of *Queene Elizabeth* (or all theſe concurring) I am not yet certaine, not unlike but each of them might contribute to their *Seperation*.

For that there was ſome *Greate* and *Wonderfull* unkindneſſe paſt from *Sir Edward Kelley*, appeares, by his ſending for *Doctor Dee*, the beginning of *Ian.* 1588. under ſhew of *Reconciliation*, and diſcovering more then an Ordinary *Intimacy* and *Compliancy* about that time, which *faire ſhewes* the *good Doctor* notes with this *prayer*. *God leade his heart to all Charity and Brotherly love*: As alſo by *Letters* ſent from *Doctor Dee* to *Sir Edward Kelley* and his *Wife* the end of *March* following, requiring at their hands *Mutuall Charity*, which
z) May 9. (z) after upon *Miſtris Kelleys* receiving the *Sacrament* ſhe gave her hand to *Doctor Dee* and his *Wife* in *Token* of *Charity*. But it ſeemes theſe things were not cordiall but onely outward; for 9. *Sept.* following, (the Lord *Chancellor* coming to *Trebona*) the *Rancour* & *Diſſimulation* was more evident to him, and it ſeemes grew up to a greater height then he could beare. And thereupon he thought wiſely to avoid the further *Danger* by leaving *Germany* which occaſi-
a) 4. Jan. 1589. oned him to (a) deliver to *Sir Edward Kelley* the *Powder*, *the Bookes*, *the Glaſſe*, *with ſome other things*, and thereupon received his *Diſcharge* in *writing* under his *Hand* and *Seale*.

While theſe *Diſcontents* continued, ſeverall Letters paſt betweeen *Queene Elizabeth* and *Doctor Dee*, whereby perhaps he might promiſe to returne; At
b) 1. Mar. 1589 length it ſo fell out, that he (b) left *Trebona* and took his *Iourney* for *England*.

The ninth of *Aprill* he came to *Breame* and had not ſtayed there three dayes, but the *Landtgrave* of *Heſſe* ſent *Letters* of *Civill Complements* to him, and within three daves after, Doctor *Dee* preſented him with his *Twelve Hungarian Horſes*

Horſes, that he bought at *Prague* for his *Journey*. (e) Here that famous *Hermetique Philoſopher*, [Doctor *Henric Kunrath* of *Hamburgh*] came to viſit him: The 16. of *Nov.* he went thence to *Stade*, where he met with Mr. *Edward Dyer* going *Embaſſador* for *Denmarke*, who the yeare before had beene at *Trebona*, and carried back *Letters* from the *Doctor* to Queene *Elizabeth*; He was a great Coreſpondent of Doctor *Dees*, and as earneſt a *Searcher* after the *Stone*.

c) 27 June 1589.

The 23. of *Novemb.* following, he arrived at *Graves end* having beene out of *England* 6. *yeares* 2. *Moneths* and 2. *Dayes*, and the 9th of *Decemb.* preſented himſelfe to the *Queene* at *Richmond*, where he was favoured with a kinde *Reception*.

Being ſetled againe at *Mortclack*, the *Queene* uſed to call at his *Houſe* to viſit him, and ſhewed her ſelf very Curteous to him, upon all Occaſions Againſt *Chriſtmas* 1590. ſhe ſent him *Two hundred Angels* wherewith to keep his *Chriſtmas*, and a *hundred Markes* againſt *Chriſtmas* 1592. ſhe likewiſe ſent him word by Mr. *Thomas Candiſh*, to doe what he would in *Alchymie* and *Philoſophy*, and none ſhould controule or moleſt him: and not unlike by the *Queenes example*, divers *Perſonages* of *Honour* at *Court*, frequented his *Company*, and ſent him many *Guifts*, from time to time. Amongſt others Sir *Thomas Jones* moſt nobly offered him his *Caſtle* of *Emlin* in *Wales*, to dwell in, free with all *Accomodations*.

His *Favour* was faire at *Court*, the *Queene* her ſelfe bad him finde out ſomething for her to beſtow; yet all the preferment he gain'd was the (*d*) *Grant* of the *Chancellorſhip* of St. *Pauls*, and the 27 of *May* 1595. his *Patent* paſt the great *Seale*, for the *Wardenſhip* of *Manchester*, whither *He*, his *Wife*, *Children*, and *Family* came the 14. of *Feb.* 1596. and the 20. day following was *Inſtalled*, and in this *Wardenſhip* (wherein he had the unhappineſſe to be often vext with the *Turbulent Fellowes* of that *Colledge*) dyed, deſerving the *Commendations* of all *Learned* and *Ingenious Schollers*, and to be remembred for his remarkable *Abilities*.

d) 8. Dec. 1594.

After Doctor *Dee* came into *England* (as is before remembred) *Correſpondency* was ſtill maintained betweene him and Sir *Edward Kelley*, in Letters ſent by Mr. *Francis Garland* and others; (and ſome expectancy of Sir *Edwards* comming over: (*e*) Mr. *Thomas Kelley* (his Broher) putting the *Doctor* in hopes thereof likewiſe) but at length Sir *Edward* was clapt up *cloſe Priſoner* by the *Emperour* (for he had ſo unwarily and openly managed the *Secret*, that it had given the *Emperour* occaſion to carry a ſtrict *Eye* over all his *Actions*, out of a deſire to be ſharer, with him in his good fortune) yet it ſeemes the *Emperour* ſet him at (*f*) *Liberty*, and Doctor *Dee* had notice of it the 5. of *Decemb.* after. And though he began to grow into the *Emperours favour*, in hopes to be entertained into his *Service* (for ſo he certified Doctor *Dee* by Letters in *Auguſt* 1595.) Nevertheleſſe he was clapt up againe into *Priſon*, and attempting to make his *Eſcape* out of a high *Window*, by the teering of his *Sheetes*, which were tyed together to let him downe, he (being a weighty Man) fell and broke his *Legg*, and thereof *dyed*: (The *Aſcendent* then coming by Direction to the place of the (*g*) *Moone* with *Latitude*, ſhe being *Lady of the* 8th. houſe in the *Radix* and poſited in *Aquarius*.) And this is one report of his *Death*; others there are, but Doctor *Dee* mencions none at all of the manner thereof

e) 23. Dec. 1589.

f) 4 Oct. 1593

g) See the Scheme of the Nativity.

h) Anno 1595. thereof; onely this, (h) *Novemb.* 25. Newes that Sir *E. K.* was slaine.

Pag. 365. **A Dialogue betwixt the Father and the Sonne.**

i) Placed in pag. 338.

THis *Dialogue* is there placed among the *Anonymi*, in regard I then knew not the *Author*, but afterwards I met with the intire (i) *Worke*, and found it to be that of *Ripley's*, which is called the *Mistery of Alchymists*, and that this *Fragment* was but drawne out of it, only dreſt up with another *Tytle*; which if the *Reader* compare he ſhall readily finde.

For the want of *Senſe* in ſome parts thereof, as alſo in other *Elder Pieces*; I hope the *Dimnes* of the *Taper* will be excuſed where there was no *cleerer light* to be found. For though (like the *Sun*) they may ſeeme to have ſome *Spots*, yet the candid Peruſer muſt confeſſe they are not without their peculiar *Glories*. The truth is, ſome Paſſages through them were ſo obſcure and dark, and the *Paths* I followed ſo rugged and uneven, that I could neither ſtay in them without manifeſt *diſparagement*, or goe out of them without ſome *Danger*: and from my *diſcoveries* fraught thence, I am well aſſured I might have more contented the *Reader*, could I have ſatisfied my *Self* better. However, I durſt not adventure to *Rectifie* what I found *amiſſe*; but thought it better to leave it to the *Iudgement* of each that takes the paines to *ſtudy* them, then obtrude my owne *ſenſe*, leſt what I judge an *Emendation*, others may cenſure as a *Groſſe fault*: and withall ever remembring the ſtrict *Charge* the generality of *Philoſophers* have continually given to *ſucceſſion*, not to *meddle* or *alter* any of their *Workes*; I, (even in what I feare are manifeſt *Imperfections*) dare not but moſt inviolably obſerve them, and amongſt them all this *Credible* and *Truſty Philoſopher* is not unworthy of our taking notice of, who thus requires the ſame.

k) Hunt. green. Lion.

k) Therefore in Charite and for the Lordes ſake,
Let no man from my writing take
One word, or add thereto,
For certainely if that he do,
He ſhall ſhew malice fro which I am free,
Meaning Truth and not ſubtily.

Pag. 368. lin. 5. **And alſo with grete diligence.**

l) Lib. 4. fo. 76.

THis *Piece* is the *Worke* of Sir *John Gower*, and Collected out of his *Booke* (l) *De Confeſſione Amantis*. He is placed in the *Regiſter* of our *Hermetique Philoſophers*: and one that adopted into the Inheritance of this *Miſtery*, our famous *Engliſh Poet*, *Geoffry Chaucer*. In this litle *Fragment* it appeares he fully underſtood the Secret, for he gives you a faithfull account of the *Properties* of the *Minerall*, *Vegitable*, and *Animall Stones*, and affirmes the *Art* to be true,

This

This Trakt is wrought by wey of kinde,
So that there is no fallace in.

And againe,

The Scyence of himselfe is trew,
Upon the forme as it is founded.

He was an eminent *Poet*, and hath (*m*) written the story of the *Golden Fleece*, like an *Hermetique Philosopher*: which *Philosophicall* veine is to be traced through severall other parts of his *Works*. The first acquaintance betweene *Him* and *Chaucer* began at the *Inner Temple*, where Sir *John Gower* studied the *Lawes*, and whither *Chaucer* came to follow the like course of studies upon his returne out of *France*. He was (saith *Pitts*) a (*n*) noble and learned *Man*, *Galfrido ferè per omnia similem, quique eundem prorsus habuit omnium studiorum suorum propositum finem*, resembling *Geoffry* almost in every thing, and who had surely the same proposed end of all their *Studies*; their soone perceived the similitude of their manners, quickly joyned in *Friendship* and *Labours*; they had dayly meetings and familiarity, and all their endeavour was to refine and polish their *Mother Tongue*, that there might appeare the expresse footesteps of the *Roman Eloquence* in our *English Speech*.

m) *Lib.* 5.

n) *pag.* 573.

This appeares by *Chaucer's* sending to *Gower* his *Troylus* and *Cressida* after he had finished it, for his perusall and amendments.

o) O Mozall Gower, this Boobe I direct
To the, and to the Philosophicall Strode
To vouchsafe, ther neede is, to correct,
Of your Benignitees and Zeles good.

o) See the end of Troylus and Cres.

And surely these two added so much of splendour and ornament to our *English Ideome*, as never any the like before them: for they set foote to foote, and lovingly contended, whether should bring most *honour* to his *Country* both endeavouring to overcome, and to be overcome each of other, they being not only the *Remembrancers* but *Imitators* of him,

Quod lingua Catonis & Enni,
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit.

p) *Stow* Margens it, that he was no *Knight*; yet we have it (*q*) from *Bale* that he was *Vir Equestris Ordinis*, of the Order of *Knighthood*, and *Leland* sayes that *Abillustri stemmate originem duxit*, that he had his Originall from an *Illustrious Pedigre*.

p) Surv. *fo.* 450.
q) Cent. 7. 524.

He (r) built a great part of St. *Mary Overies Church* in *Southwarke*; and when *death* had snatcht out of his bosome his deare Companion *Geoffry Chaucer*, he then prepared a resting place for his owne *Body* in the *Chapell* of Saint *Iohn* in the said *Church* where he founded a *Chauntry*. He was very *old* and *blind* when he *dyed* and *lived* but two yeares after *Chaucer*. He had a stately *Monument* erected, wherein was his whole *Portraicture* cut in *Stone* in the *Wall* on the

r) Stow. Ann. P. 326.

North ſide of the ſaid *Chapell*. The *Haire* of his *Head* Aburne long to his Shoulders, but curling up, and a ſmall forked *Beard*; on his *Head* a *Chaplet*, like a *Coronet* of foure *Roſes*, a habit of *Purple*, (Mr. *Speght* ſayes *Greeniſh*) *Damaske* downe to his *feete*, a *Coller* of *Eſſes* of *Gold* about his *Neck*, the *Ornaments* of *Knighthood*, under his head the likeneſſe of three *Bookes* which (amog ſeverall others) he compiled, the firſt *Speculum Meditantis*, written in *French*, the ſecond *Vox Clamantis* written in *Latin*, the third *Confeſſio Amantis*, pen'd in *Engliſh*, which laſt was printed the 12. of *March* An. 1554. His *Armes* were theſe, *Argent*, a *Chevoran Azure*, three *Leopards heads* thereon *Or*, their *Tongues Gules*, two *Angels Supporters*, and on the *Creſt* a *Talbot*.

His Epitaph

Armigeri Scutum nihil a modo fertibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus Exutum ſe gaudeat eſſe ſolutum,
Et Abi virtutum Regnum ſine labe ſtatutum.

——Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.

Courteous Reader, thou art desired to rectifie these following mistakes, in some Copies, (committed by the Printer) in the Table of Obsolete words.

Bent,r. Blent Doncle,r. Doulce Erve,r. Erbe Leah,r. Leth Maver,r. Mazer Quall,r. Quell *Libellus*,r. *Libellus* Wex,r. Wax Weude,r. Wende Wll, r. Woll Wame, r. Wome Wanne,r. Wonne Waulden,r. Woulden.

Of

Samuel Coates

His Book Ano

domi 1702

A TABLE OF

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A *Table* explaining the *Obscure, Obselete,* and mis-spell'd *words* used throughout this VVorke.

A

Aboven above.
Abrayde, aroſe, recovered, upſtart.
Agone, gone, fled.
Alconomie, Alchemie, Chemiſtrie.
Algates, Notwithſtanding, ever, forſooth, even now, altogether.
Alleviate, Elevate, lift up.
Alle, all.
Als, alſo, as well.
Ana, of each, a like quantity.
Anoder, another.
Annuellere, ſecular.
Appale, decay.
Appearage, appearing.
Appetible, deſireable.
Askaunce, as though, as if, aſide.
Askys, aſhes.
Auctors, Authors.

B

Baines, Bathes.
Bale, ſorrow.
Baine, Balnea Maria.
Behite, or Behoote, promiſe.
Belive, anon.
Ben, byn, be.
Bepet, begotten.
Bleut, blind, turned back.
Blive, quickly, gladly.
Bloe, blew.
Blynne, ceaſe.
Boote, helpe.
Bawne, ready.
Brast, breake.
Brede, bredth.
Breve, brevely, briefe, ſhort.
Brenning, burning.
Broder, brother.
Brozt, brought.
Burbeley, bubling.
Burgeon, bud.
Byforne, before.
Byth, by.
Bythe, be.

C

Certes, undoubtedly.
Cheese, chuſe.
Cheepys, ſheepes.
Cheve, thrive.
Chorle, ſlave, clowne.
Chryſtis Chriſt his.
Chyte, chiteth.
Clatter, brable.
Clapp, prate.
Clot leafe, Bardana, or greate Burdock leafe.
Clypses, Eclipſes.
Coart, inforce.
Convenable, Convenient.
Coude, could.
Couthe perfectly, know.
Cowlys, Monkes hoods.
Crop, topp.
Croslets, Crucibles.

D

Debonair, Humane, civil, meeke, humble

humble, gentle.
Delen, deale.
Demyd, demeth, Judged.
Denigrate, make black.
Depured, clenſed.
Derke, darke.
Diſcever, ſpend.
Dight, made ready, handled, uſed.
Dole, grieve, ſorrow.
Done, doth.
Doucle, douce, ſweet.
Dzaff. filth.

E

Empriſſe, interpriſe, faſhion, order.
Engluting, ſtopping.
Engine, witt, device.
Er, untill.
Erbe, Hearbe.
Erſt, earneſt.
Eſſell, Viniger.
Every eche, every one.
Eyre, wrath.

F

Fader, Father.
Fagg and faine, gloſe and flatter.
Fals falſe.
Fallacie, Deceipt.
Fanels, fanes.
Faſtlely, firmly.
Faute, want, lack.
Fay, truth.
Fayne, glad.
Febis, Phæbus.
Fecis, dreggs.
Federis, fethers.
Fet, fetched.
Fende, Devil.
Ferle, ſtrange.
Fepneth, faineth.
Flewme, phlegme.
Foemen, Enimies.
Foltiſh, fullich, fully.
Folys, fooles.
Foyſon, plenty.
Frape, Company, a rable.
Fright, fruite.
Fyll, firſt.
Froze, frozen.
Fructuous, fruitfull.
Fychyes, Fiſhes.

G

Gafe, gave.
Gayer, Gaudier, Braver.
Geaſon, ſtrange, rare.
Goude, good.
Gowns, gownes.
Gleire, white.
Godlieth, kinde, reſpective.
Grwyth, groweth.
Guerdon, reward.
Gyfe, manner.
Gynns, ſnares.

H

Halſe, Neck.
Hallow, hollow.
Haunt, uſe.
Hauſe, imbrace.
Haubergeon, a Coate of Male.
Height, called.
Hem, them.
Hende, gentle.
Henting, catching.
Herdy deed, ſtout act
Hernes, vallies, corners.
Hert, Hart.
Heſtys, wills, promiſes, commandements.
Heyle, health.
Heyne, labourer, drudge.
Hing, hang together.
Hole, whole.
Hos, who ſo.
Hyr, their.
Hyt, it.

I.

Jape, Jeſt, yet by abuſe drawne into a more wanton ſenſe.
Jcleped, called.
Jch, I.
Jdeale, meddle.

Jette,

Jette, deuice.
Jlke, same.
Jlyche, alike.
Jngine, wit, deuise.
J now, enough.
J not, I know not.
Jntreate, handle.
Jnterdite, prohibited.
Jren, Iron.
Jtake, taken.
J wys, verily.
Jyke, if.

K.

Keele, coole.
Keepe, care.
Ken, know.
Kid, made knowne.
Kidles, Kindles. i. e. fœtus, young ones.
Kythe, made known, shew, acquaint.

L.

Latt, let, hinder.
Laude, praise.
Laber, rather.
Laurer, lawrell.
Lay, law, song.
Cease your Lay, hold your Tongue.
Laysir, leasure.
Leare, learne.
Leasings, lyes.
Leese, loose.
Leech, Chirurgeon.
Lefe, left.
Leike, deare.
Leman, Concubine.
Leute, gentle.
Lettrure, a Booke of learning.
Lewde, ignorant.
Lewys, leaves.
Lexer, Elixir.
Lyken, affect.
Lite, little.
Lix, soft, plyable.
Longyth, belongeth.
Lossells, Crafty fellowes.
Losen, lesyth, loseth.
Loze, lost.
Lore, Doctrine, learning, knowledge.
Loef, love,
Loute, kneele, honour.
Lyche, like.
Lygg, lye.
Lysten, liketh, pleaseth.
Lyvelode, livelyhood.

M.

Maden, made.
Malison, curse.
Maugre, despite.
Mawer, a broad drinkng-bowle.
Mede, mete, reward, help.
Medled, mingle.
Meger, leane.
Meie, meddle.
Menge, mingle.
Merds, Turds.
Mere, merry.
Meveth, moveth.
Mickle, much.
Mo, more.
Moder, Mother.
Mollock, Earth, Dung.
Mote, must goe.
Mought, mowte, might.

N

Nas, was not.
Nathlesse, nevertheless.
Ne, not.
Nere, were not.
Nemene, name,
Nesshe, Tender.
Wilde Nepe, Catmint.
Nis, is not.
Nones, condition, purpose.
Nould, nolde, could not.
N owbelson, Rose noble.
Nowther, neither.
Nye, is not
Nythe, neere.

O

Oder, odther, other.
Oft sythes, oughteſt.
Onychyne, Onix.
Oznate, decked.
Ourwyn, depart, ſeperate.
Owthrys, oughteſt.

P

Panter, pitfall.
Parde, truly.
Parfite, perfect.
Paukners, purſes.
Pleſaunce, delight.
Plyte, condition.
Plyght, turned, catched.
Pome-lgryſe, daple-grey.
Pozpheries, Marble mingled with red.
Poyetes, Poets.
Pzeaſe, ſubjection.
Pzeke, pzeve, proofe.
Pzeked, ridden faſt.
Pzebitie, ſecret.
Pzolle, to prole after a thing.
Pzawe, profit, honour.
Pyght, caſt, ſetled, propped.

Q

Queinte, ſtrange.
Quall, daſh, deſtroy.
Quyte, requite.

R

Rache, a litle cur Dog.
Rad, reade.
Ragounce, a kinde of precious ſtone.
Rath, quickly.
Recozden, recordeth.
Recure, recover.
Rede, meaning.
Rede, help, advice, ſpeeche, arte.
By **Rewe**, in order.
Ribaudzy, baudry.
Ryghtfull, Juſt.
we, ugly, blodily.
ue, whiſper.
Ru red.
Rumbled, made a noyſe.
Ruth, lamentation.
Ryke, frequent.
Ryve, rende.

S

Salew, honour.
Samples, ſorts.
Sans peere, without Fellow.
Sauter, Pſalter.
Scolys, ſchooles.
Schalt. ſhalt.
Sche, ſhe.
Schould, ſhould.
Schrevy, ſhreve.
Scuche, ſuch.
Seech, seeken, ſeeke.
Secree, ſecret.
Seild, ſeldome.
Sembleadyl, like.
Sewend, followes.
Shene, schine, ſhining.
Shent, harmed, infected.
Shrewes, Infortunes.
Shrap, ſcrape.
Sith, by and by.
Slotlyche, ſlovenly.
Slyped, burniſhed.
Some dele, ſomewhat, ſomething.
Soote, ſweete.
Soothfastly, insooth, truly, truth.
Sours, ſpring.
Spzay, ſprig, bough.
Spurred, enquire.
Squames, ſtales.
Stabull, ſtable.
Stante, ſtand.
Steven, Stefen, ſound, alſo time.
Stillatozie, Alembick.
Stounde, time, moment, dumpe.
Strande, a banke.
Stynt, ceaſe, ſlacke.
Substray, ſubſtract.
Succended, inflamed.
Suffren, ſuffer.
Suster, ſiſter.
Swezte, ſweete.
Swm, ſome.

Swych,

Swych, such.
Swynke, labour.
Swythe, swiftly.
Syker ynow, sure enough.
Sykerley, assuredly, stedy.
Syken, certain.

T

Tallages, payments, customes, taxes.
Taunte, a reprochfull Checke.
Temps, times.
Tents, heede.
Teyne, an Ingot of Mettal.
Tell, a devise to try Gold with.
Tho, although some.
Threpe, affirme.
Titled, intitled.
Toder, the other.
Tofore, heretofore.
Togedur, together.
Trenete, Trinity.
Trifly, sad.
Trowe, trust.
Trowys, suppose.
Trusten, confidence.
Twayne, two.
A Twin, in two seperated, parted.
Twenes, Tunes.
Twifolde, double.
Tyte, handsome.

V

Vade, fade.
Vere, spring.
Vnbound, delivered.
Uncouth, uncouth, strange.
Underfongeth, taketh in hand.
Unnethe, scarce.
Unwitt, unwitting, unknowne.
Uybelyche, earnestly heartily.

W

Walken, walke.
Warke, worke.
Wastle bread, *libellus* fine Cimnell.
Wex, Wexe increase.
Weerish, waterish.
Weene, thought, doubt.
Weening, thinking.
Welleth, riseth, springeth.
Wende, goe.
Wit, understanding.
Werne, were.
Whilome, ere while, sometimes.
Wile, deceipt.
Witt, knowne.
Wall, will.
Wame, wombe.
Wanne, dwell plenty.
Woode, made.
Wooyche, Wooychen, worke.
Wolbig, thinking, judging.
Wols, was.
Waulden, would.
Wreach, wreake, revenge, wrath.
Wrenches, trapps.
Wrighten, written.
Wych, which.

Y

Yboye, borne.
Ydo, stayed.
Yef, Yeave, gyf, give.
Yefet, fetched.
Yern, Iron.
Yllumine, enlighten.
Ynawe, sufficient.
Ynde, Indie.
Yode, yede, went.
Yre, erewhile.
Ythe, thrive.
Yvel, apaid.

FINIS.

It will concerne the Studious Reader to Correct the faults escaped in this Worke, The most materiall whereof follow.

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